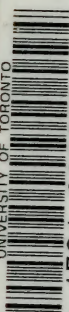


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AMONG THE

SPANISH PEOPLE



REV. HUGH JAMES ROSE



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AMONG THE SPANISH PEOPLE.

BY

HUGH JAMES ROSE,

ENGLISH CHAPLAIN OF JEREZ AND CADIZ; AUTHOR OF "UNTRODDEN SPAIN."

"Τοὺς πτωχοὺς πάντοτε ἔχετε μεθ' ἑαυτῶν.
Τῶν πτωχῶν ἵνα μνημονεύωμεν."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



LONDON :


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1877.

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TO THE SAINTLY SPANISH LADY
WHO,
HERSELF IN DELICATE HEALTH AND POVERTY,
NURSED NIGHT AND DAY FOR FORTY DAYS WITH
UNREMITTING CARE AND TENDERNESS,
A FRIENDLESS ENGLISHMAN
WHO WAS SUDDENLY SMITTEN WITH ILLNESS
IN HER HOUSE IN MADRID,

These Volumes
ARE AFFECTIONATELY AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY
THE AUTHOR.



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PREFACE.

THE author's last book, "Untrodden Spain," was so kindly received by the English press and public, that he does not hesitate to offer another work, the result of many years' observation on the same country, to their kindly consideration.

The history of the present book is soon told. By the generosity of friends the author was enabled to travel throughout nearly the whole of the Peninsula. Being very poor, he frequently had to travel on foot, and dine and sleep with the poor, and knowing familiarly the various low *patois*, he mixed with the peasantry, and was able to talk with them. In the Spanish peasantry he found, what he had often sought, but not hitherto found, truth, brotherly kindness, chivalrous devotion, true nobleness of character, religion without cant, and every virtue—mixed with a little dirt.

The author made the Spanish poor his friends, and their ways his study; and though he cannot tell you anything, gentle reader, of the high ones of the land, he can introduce you to the truly great and noble—the peasants of Spain.

H. J. R.

October, 1877.

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AMONG THE SPANISH PEOPLE.

THE POOR MAN AT HOME.

MUCH has been written about the Spanish peasantry, and yet, to one who has lived among them, and made them his companions for several years past, what has been said does not convey by any means a perfect or original picture of *the poor man as he is* in Spain.

Little has been said of his ideas, his literature, his state in the hospital or the prison of his province. In these pages, I intend to present him to you exactly as he is.

My sketches, be it premised, are taken chiefly from Andalusia, the Castiles, Valencia, Murcia ; in a word, from the southern, south-eastern, and central provinces.

Justice has not been done to the Spanish poor. In my opinion, they are superior both in mental and moral qualities to the poor of France,

Germany, or England. It will be said that the amount of crime among the Spaniards exceeds that of any other European country, and the assertion, as regards crime of a certain kind, viz., murder and manslaughter, is true ; but what then ? Circumstances must ever be taken into account in forming a just estimate of individual as of national character ; and in estimating the character of the Spanish poor, it must be remembered that the greater part of their virtues is due to natural goodness of heart ; the whole of his cleverness to natural talent. Religion has hardly visited the stone-built cottage of the poor man, save in the form of gross superstition ; government has not visited him to protect him, but in the shape and burly form of the tax collector, or of the carbineer or civil guard who comes to take away his son for the *Quinta*, or conscription ; education has, in the remote provinces, hitherto been almost a stranger to him. And so he has little to rely upon but a vague sense of honour, instilled into him with his mother's milk, and that natural goodness of heart which is inherent in the Spaniard, and which many attempt to confound with the influence of revealed religion and moral culture.

He is then, this Spanish peasant, a child of Nature ; but a very noble child !

As to crime, in the authorized "returns" the *Madrid Gazette* of November, 1827, shows that in the previous year, when the population of the

Peninsula barely reached fifteen millions, one thousand two hundred and twenty-three murders, and one thousand seven hundred and seventy-three attempts at murder or manslaughter, chiefly by the knife, were committed: while in England and Wales during the years 1826 and 1827, there were only seventy-four convictions for murder and attempts at murder or manslaughter, *i.e.*, thirty-seven in each year. This looks bad indeed for Spain.

But let us also look at education as a preventive of crime.

In 1803 only one in three hundred and fifty men could read; in 1865, or about that time, one in every fifteen could read; and now, in 1875, one in every five or six can read or write or do both; and, as a natural consequence, crime has diminished; and, instead of three thousand attempts at murder and manslaughter, the returns would probably show, if published, not more than twelve hundred for the last year.

We see thus very plainly that, in proportion to the spread of education, crime has diminished.

Were true religion offered to these people; were they taught something of the dignity of self-control, and the power of moral culture in addition to education; and, above all, were a decent and cheap literature, such as is offered to the English poor by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, offered to these people, I believe that morality would have as firm a stronghold in Spain as in any other European country.

If our peasant be one of a large family, if it be his lot to be number seven or eight, he generally commences life in the turn-box of the Foundling Hospital; on his tiny hand is, however, a little "birth-ring" of brass or tin, so that, should affairs mend at home, his mother can claim her lost darling. If not soon claimed, however, he is "farmed out:" in other words, the provincial authorities pay a wet nurse in town or village to suckle him for a few months, at the rate of three or four dollars per month; and, after that, the wet nurse becomes, to all intents and purposes, his mother, taking care of him until he is seven years old, when he is sent to the nearest *hospicio*, or workhouse, to learn a trade, and also reading, writing, and arithmetic. In this case, although the poor little fellow has had during the first seven years of his life a very hard time of it, his condition is good in the *hospicio*; he is well cared for, well fed, and enabled to go out when of age and earn his bread by working at his trade. It is by this means that education is spreading, and finding its way into remote *pueblos* and hill-villages, throughout the whole of the Peninsula.

But, supposing our peasant to be a home-bird, his living is rude and rough indeed, his education *nil*; for, although very fairly conducted in the large towns, the schools of the small towns and villages are worthless. So he learns nothing, save how to scratch on; he runs about bare-footed, helping his father to plough or sow, to dig the

vineyard, or prune the olives; or, if he be of the fisher race, he commences night-work with the trawl or drift nets on the boisterous Atlantic or the languid Mediterranean. Moral discipline on the part of the parents is hardly known: when they are in a passion, the child is severely beaten by them; when they are good-tempered, he is petted and spoiled. However, a certain keen sense of honour is the lad's guide, and, with poverty, keeps him straight until he is carried off for his two or three years' service as a soldier; or, having drawn a lucky number, he is exempt, and wins the heart and hand of some black-eyed lassie, to whom he religiously gives the larger part of his earnings, always keeping back just enough to pay for his two luxuries, the lottery ticket and tobacco.

The house accommodation of the peasant is of the roughest, and the dark corners and glassless windows of his cottage would appear comfortless to an English observer; but the walls are generally thick, the windows few and small, and thus heat—his one enemy—is kept at bay by darkness and by the small currents of air passing in and out.

As a rule, there are not many villages in Southern Spain; the peasantry generally live in the *pueblos*, or small towns, scattered over the country; and, as these crumbling stone houses are large, two or more families live together in the same house.

Then there are the little ground-floor houses built among the vines or olives, where the guard

of the vineyard, or olive-grove, lives; and in the fertile, irrigated garden grounds of Murcia and Valencia, where the land yields four crops per annum, each garden plot has its tiny stone cottage.

Again, around some of the most flourishing of the Andalusian mines, colonies of working miners have hollowed out small caves in the rocks and cliffs, lighted up night and day by a tiny oil-lamp swinging from the roof; and there, in order to be near their work, they pass their days.

A most interesting day may be passed in one of these mining colonies. The owner or manager of the mine (often an Englishman) lives in a small, Swiss-like chalet among his miners, enjoying the mountain air and magnificent Alpine scenery, where the wild, bright-tinted hills come in unbroken succession to his very door, and groves of sombre, stunted Spanish evergreen oak clothe the untilled plains as far as the eye can see. On the mine which I recall, the colony is bound by its own little laws and codes of honour; it supports its "store," where all the toothsome luxuries that delight the palate of the Spanish poor may be purchased; the wine-seller, with his mules laden with skins of rich red wine (*vino tinto*), or pale, straw-coloured *val de peñas*, comes twice a week to sell his "pure juice of the grape," or, as the peasantry call it, "*leche de los ancianos*," i.e., "*old folks' milk*." Each of these miners' caves is generally tenanted by four or five bachelors, the weakest of whom, or the in-

valid, is constituted steward and cook, and stays at home to get the evening meal ready for his mates before their return after the eight hours underground. Their rugs are spread upon slabs of the rock left around the sides of the cave, and used for beds; the little image of "Our Lady" is, save a few fowling-pieces, the only ornament of their abode. You will think this a somewhat rude abode, but it is the warmest in winter and the coolest in summer, the miners will tell you, and "*We like it as well as a palacio.*" They also support a dame's school, where the children of the married couples are educated, after a fashion, taught to sing hymns, and to say their prayers.

The ordinary tenement of the poor is a crumbling stone building, one-storied, the floor being of baked earth or flagged with stone, or in some cases neatly "pitched;" around the walls hang crucifixes, coarse pictures of the saints, and strings of melons, gourds, dried herbs, garlic, with the bright flame-coloured *pimientos picantes*, or *pungent capsicums*. There may or may not be beds. Often, in the summer heats, if the stable or barn be empty, the gudewife, as an act of grace, will allow her superfluous bairnies to sleep on sacks in them. Only the other day, going into a small stable attached to a fisherman's house on the Valencian coast, I stumbled over something: a light was brought, and there were two little brown, naked urchins sleeping soundly, each up to his shoulders in a sack!

The Spanish, in character and habits, are much like the Irish poor; and dogs, cats, goats, small pigs, cocks, and hens are accommodated within the walls of the sitting-room. Generally, too, there is a stray fox, or the conventional magpie hopping about the floor.

With all this our peasant grows up somewhat rough, a child of Nature. He is full of fine qualities, brave, generous, very loyal to any one whom he serves, full of wit and natural intelligence, and with a very keen sense of justice. I have seen children turn away with a blush when their elders were palpably cheating a stranger (which is not often the case, however), saying, "It is not just, no!"

And oh! the pity it is that these people, with all their inherent nobleness of character, and with a great amount of natural talent, fluency of speech, quickness of apprehension, and real powers of oratory, should be neglected as they are. The Spanish peasant has all the makings of a fine and noble man, but he is deprived of true religion and useful learning, and so he is, as he is at this day, a spiritless, down-trodden drudge, yet withal at heart the pattern of the Christian gentleman.

You cannot go into his lowly abode, and sit down and chat with his wife or sweetly pretty daughter, without feeling that they are your superiors in every natural grace and virtue. Their instincts and high feelings are those of the noblest of the noble, and never will one word be

said, or one deed done by them, that need give offence to a stranger.

I venture to offer this challenge to those who depreciate the Spanish character—men who too often imbibe their ideas of the country from the *casinos* or gambling-hells of Madrid, or from their visits to the *show-gipsies* of Seville or Granada. Is there any county in England where a Spanish gentleman, in his national costume, could walk about in obscure villages and rough mining districts, by night and by day, without being laughed at or molested, as an English gentleman can do? I, from my experience of the English country districts, should say that there is not!

We have seen our peasant, or fisherman, or, in a word, poor man, in his youth. We must now take a glance at his costume.

In this he is intensely provincial. If he be a Murcian, or Valencian, he will wear nothing but the coarse white linen, or rather cotton, shirt, and baggy trousers to the knees, of the same material, his legs below the knee being bare, and his feet encased in the strong hempen sandals worn also by the Spanish soldiery generally in the south, and called *alpargatas*. If he be a native of La Mancha, he will wear the rusty-brown trousers, heavy boots of untanned leather, and thick woollen jacket of that most disagreeable province, where the fiercest heat alternates with the most searching, dry, biting cold; or, perhaps, he is a regular

Andaluz, and wears the short black jacket and striped woollen trousers of the kingdom ; while, if he be a *majo* or dandy, he wears a plaited pigtail of hair, tight black jacket, crimson sash, and tight-fitting, horsey black trousers.

The head-dress of the Spanish poor, as a rule, consists of nothing but a gay-coloured cotton or silk handkerchief, tied in such a manner that the two ends hang down behind ; sometimes this is surmounted by the *sombrero*, or pork-pie hat, but not always.

The costume of two classes deserves a moment's mention : that of the charcoal-burner from the mountains, the peasant of the *Sierra*, whose tiny shanty gives shelter to banditti and travelling police indiscriminately ; and that of the *calesero* or *cochero*, i.e., driver of a *calesa* or *diligencia*.

The costume of the charcoal-burner is most picturesque ; he is absolutely "all clad in leather," like the hero of the old nursery rhyme. He wears a leathern jacket with a double row of steel buttons on either lappet ; leather breeches, loose above and tight below the knee, but as they are never buttoned below the knee they show a tight-fitting and oftentimes coarsely embroidered stocking ; this dress is very expensive, and, as a rule, the mountaineer can only afford a new suit once in three, four, or five years.

The *calesero*, or driver of a public gig, is a dandy in his way ; he affects a jacket of black

sheepskin, with a double row of tin or steel tags on either lappet; and, in summer, a bright-coloured shirt, with open waistcoat of fancy silk. Light-coloured trousers, sandals, and the thong of his whip curled round his shoulders, complete his costume.

The general head-dress of the poor of any trade or class is the coloured handkerchief knotted over the back of the head, and the pork-pie hat, the folds of which last are used as a receptacle for the cigars or bits of sausage or bacon which the owner may possess.

The dress of the women is hard to describe in a few lines. They need no bonnet, for their hair is their glory. They wear, as a rule, sandals, with embroidered stockings. Their dress consists of a trailing cotton or short flannel skirt showing the ankles; a white or black silk handkerchief pinned over the head in rain, dust, or heat; and a tiny shawl, of the brightest colours of the rainbow, thrown loosely and gracefully over the shoulders.

Look at the Manchegan peasant on a Sunday or feast-day; admire her modest, if somewhat wooden face, her homely stuff gown, her black silk handkerchief for the head, her tiny silk *saya*, or shawl, drawn over her shoulders. She looks what she is—a thrifty, homely housewife.

Admire the Murcian girl: her short, *embon-point* figure, rolling hips, and face at one moment pensive, downcast, and even melancholy, at the

next all rippled over with a naïve, semi-impudent smile; her tiny emerald-green shawl thrown loosely over her shoulders; her short gown—red, perhaps, or bright yellow—hardly reaching to the ankles; her magnificent hair, rolled up at the back in a square, spreading plait; a girl who can one moment cry her eyes out at the loss of a copper, in the next burst with laughter, and in another take up (metaphorically speaking) half a ton weight and carry it off before your amazed eyes. Just now you had been gazing at her delicately chiselled features, her short, semi-*retroussé* nose, her tiny, beautifully shaped hand and foot, and now, in a moment, she is devouring half a pound of bread and six ounces of sausage, and shouldering a load that would tax a horse. But, surely, this is the perfection of women—delicacy of form with strength of limb; he who wants more, who wants, in his ideal woman, learning, and “all the rest of it”—in fact, who wants anything more than the perfection of symmetry in form, *abandon* in manner, and refined beauty in face, should not come to Southern Spain on his quest.

Believing, as the writer of these pages believes, that your “blue-stockings,” “women who can be companions,” and “clever women,” are the greatest anomalies, and certainly the greatest bores, in the universe, and that all that a man *should* want in a woman is a being whose bright prattle shall act as a relief to all the solid talk and many cares of the day, and who shall be “true to him,

and sleep peacefully in his bosom" (so runs a Spanish refrain), he can, without hurting his conscience, praise the Spanish poor women up to their eyes—not the least part of their beauty—and declare that they are the most true, tender-hearted, affectionate women under the sun. Much has been said about the impurity of Spanish women. The real fact is, the impurity, or the sin of it, rests with the men; if her husband keep true to her, no Spanish girl ever plays him false. These women are most lovable, childish in disposition, true as steel, only desiring a faithful heart and strong arm to which to cling; they are best kept straight by human love and truth, and sterling qualities; of religious support they have little.

English women sometimes affect to laugh at Spanish women. So they may, of course, if they like. But they only make absurd fools of themselves by so doing. As I have said, the Spanish girl is better, more lovable, more a child of Nature than the English, and more apt and ready to appreciate what is good and sterling. Besides this, flirtation, in its vile and bad sense, is unknown in the despised Peninsula. In England it is the custom for a girl, because, and only because, she is pretty or rich, or (a rare case indeed!) rich and pretty also, to trifle with a man's feelings. She encourages him up to a certain point, then when he presses his suit, gets indisposed, goes to the sea-side, and, finally, writes him a letter (dictated by father, uncle, or mother),

saying that the state of her feelings is "not sufficiently settled," etc., etc., etc., and that "it is better we should not meet again;" and all this because she has not and never had any true feeling towards the man she has encouraged, and because she has sent out her scouts, and found out that he is "not rich."

Now, Spanish women (rich and poor) offer a marked contrast to their English sisters in this respect. It is a matter of simple honour with them—brave, loving, generous, passionate creatures as they are—never, having once won a man's heart, to throw it away. Come what may, your Spanish girl will neither forsake nor betray you. You have suffered for her, waited for her; she will suffer for you, wait for you: never will she betray you, lie to you, throw you over—never! And so, the poorest peasant-girl who has "given her troth" will wait for years and years, until he who owns and holds her pledge shall return from the wars.

But, perhaps I have digressed too much upon the subject of the poor women of Spain.

Suffice it, therefore, to say, that before marriage they are far purer than the English peasant women; and after marriage they are very much what they are made by their husbands. If the husband be a dissolute fellow, the wife will sometimes find her own lover; if he be an honest man, she is true as steel to him.

When the young peasant grows up, he goes

for two or three years to serve his king and country as a soldier; but, before this, he has donned the *faja*, or sash, and the *navaja*, or clasp-knife—marks of his manhood.

The *faja* is simply a woollen or stuff sash, bound in four rolls round the waist. The peasant wears a black sash in summer, scarlet in winter; having just the same faith in the virtue of that colour as a heat-giver as the south-country poor of England have in the virtues of *red* as opposed to white flannel.

The clasp-knife is generally of a scimitar shape, running to a point, and is the cause of more than half the violent deaths in the Peninsula.

Marriage, before he has served his period of military service, is discountenanced by the parents of the Spanish girl whom our hero loves or worships, as the slender pay of a private soldier allows but little to support a wife; and, indeed, marriage is hardly legal until after the military service, at least in the eyes of the Government. Like the children of all semi-oriental nations, the Spanish lad and lassie are very precocious; a girl of fourteen is a woman, and many bear children at that age, being assisted in the operation by some wise gudewife of the village, and not, generally speaking, by the doctor. Hence it is, that constantly throughout Andalusia, the painful spectacle of men with their feet turned, or rather twisted round the wrong way, the toes pointing to the back, is seen, a spectacle so

common that the deformity has obtained a special name among the poor. These cripples, however, walk upon their heels, from long habit, well and quickly. Though there is much laxity of morals after, and a certain amount before marriage, yet houses of bad fame are rare in the provincial towns, and in the large cities they are fewer than in England, and very well conducted indeed, if such a term can be applied to such vile places. Many a man, finding himself drunk, or having been drugged, and conscious that he has money about his person, will select the nearest brothel as his haven of refuge, pouring the gold into the lap of the first girl who meets him there, in which case his money, intact, will be restored to him in the morning.

In the mining and actively manufacturing districts, the standard of morality is shockingly low, and the awful spectacle is sometimes seen of a mother selling the honour of her child for a few pounds. This, however, for the credit of humanity, is, it must be said, a rare and exceptional state of things.

It will be asked, how fares the peasant in illness, or when out of work, as regards out-door relief?

When out of work, he gets a petition drawn up for him, if he lives in a town; or, if ill, he can have, upon application to the *ayuntamiento*, or town council, the attendance of a doctor, and medicine, gratis. Out-door relief, in food or

money, is rarely, if ever, given—a serious blot on the Spanish system of poor-law relief, which, in some respects, is admirably administered. But, generally, the poor fellow is carried off to the provincial hospital, and when there, he is well looked after, and kindly nursed by Sisters of Charity.

In many of the wild, mountainous districts of Spain, there are villages, and little settlements and colonies of people, who have neither school nor doctor, who talk a most unintelligible lingo of their own, and who live and die like the brutes that perish. The study of these waifs and strays—of their superstitions, simples, conversation, and the like—would be most interesting; but it would need much time, patience, and money, to undertake and carry it on to completion.

In the winter months it is to be feared that the sufferings of the poor, from want of food, are very great indeed; sometimes they seem driven frantic by empty stomachs, and by cold refusals on the part of their betters to help them. Still, they are a most patient race—patient and long-suffering to a fault. Last winter, returning to my home late at night, I was followed to the door by two rough-looking working men. They pressed into the portico, and demanded relief with a savage energy that absolutely alarmed me. Telling them that I never gave alms after nightfall, I bade them begone. They refused. I said, with a strong expression, “Be off, or I shall call the

police." Both men drew themselves up in the most dignified, nay, even haughty manner, put their hands to their respective *sombreros*, and said, "*Que pas' usted bien. Adios,*"—i.e., "May you fare prosperously. Adieu." And I may safely say that such a lesson I have never received, or such an exemplification of the wisdom of the command never to "turn our face from any poor man" without due inquiry.

Self-respect and a certain lofty pride are characteristic of the poor of Spain. It is a great offence to offer broken bread to a poor man; and, to get rid of troublesome begging children, you need only say, "Do you want bread?" when they will colour up, and run away in indignation at the insult. Yet, last year, so sad was the distress in Spain, that on several occasions I have given even broken bread to the poor, and been thanked for so doing.

The wages of the agricultural poor in Spain vary from 1*s.* 8*d.* to 2*s.* 6*d.* per diem; to which must be added, a daily dole of two farthings for the "*mañana*," i.e., the "morning." Just as the Scotch peasant calls his matutinal dram of whisky his "mornings," so the Spanish peasant calls his *copa* of *aguardiente* his *mañana*. In the chill, early morning, a dram of *aguardiente*, flavoured with rosemary, and a chew of a garlic bulb, are needful to keep the wind out of the stomach; and along the road to farms or mines are always set up little reed huts, or shanties, called *ventorillos*, where the

dram can be purchased, and, as a rule, it is, though coarse, very good indeed.

The ruin of the agricultural poor, however, is that, owing to the drought, no work can be done on the lands from the end of harvest, *i.e.* July, to the end of September; and during that time the labourer, having no wages coming in, the legalized pawn-shops, called *montes de piedad*, are full to overflowing. This pawn-shop, so called, is different from the ordinary Spanish *agencia de préstamos*, inasmuch as the latter is equivalent to the common pawn-shop of England, whereas the former is worked upon a better system, namely, that the owner of the goods, at the end of twelve months, when he sees his ancestral watch or cupboard advertised for sale in the provincial paper, can go to the shop and redeem the articles pledged, without paying any large interest!

In old age the peasant is oftentimes taken in and sheltered by his son or son-in-law, or some other member of his family, the passionate strength of attachment among the Spanish poor being one of the brightest and most hopeful traits in their character. It is but the other day that, on Cadiz wharf, I saw an aged woman (she was eighty-nine!), small, withered, and in poor clothes, leaning on the arm of her son, a stalwart boatman, who, with a sick wife and sons of his own, absolutely emptying the pot and the cupboard at home, gave a weekly allowance to his aged mother. Many a time has he gone supperless to

bed that the "old woman" may have a savoury stew, and all this just because, as he himself says, "It is no more than natural." This I could not help contrasting with the conduct so common among poor and rich alike in my own country. There, if a man only be poor, and his relations rich, it is the fashion—at least, that it was when I left England I can testify—for the rich relation to ignore and never aid the poorer brother; here, in Spain, such villainy is unheard of—from such conduct men would shrink with a blush!

Among the English agricultural poor, how often does one see the son of twenty years, who earns a man's wages, and lives with his aged father and mother, eating, in one corner of the room, his tasty and juicy beefsteak, and plunging his mouth into the foaming pot of porter, while his poor old father and mother, brothers and sisters, have nothing but pork and cabbage, washed down with cold tea—or what is called tea by courtesy. To this I testify from a personal experience of seven years in an agricultural parish;—the practice prevailed in one district to such an extent, that the rector of the parish actually felt it incumbent upon him to preach a special sermon against this form and phase of human selfishness. I once told a Spanish fisherman of the fact just related—a poor, godless, swearing fellow—and his comment was, with a shudder of undisguised horror and amazement, "*Por Dios, hombre, son cosas esas del infierno!*"—i.e., "By God, man, those are

affairs of hell!" And his comment expresses the sentiment acted upon by the Spanish poor: they throw *all* their earnings together, and eat out of the same pot, or pan; and any one of them who should act as does, too often, the Sussex peasant, would be called "no gentleman," nicknamed the "*bruto*," and, if his conduct went very far, would very likely be quarrelled with, and stabbed for his meanness! "And very proper, too," the uncultured child of Nature in this sunny land would say; for these Spanish poor have very strict ideas of honour! Go into one of the meanest wine-shops, and ask for a *caña* (half a wine-glassful) of wine, the *montilla* or *amontillado*, which are drunk as liqueurs, and drink it off at two several pulls; the waiter looks aghast; in a whisper he says, "He can't be a *caballero* (gentleman)." And why not? Because it is a *point d'honneur* only to drink what you can toss down at one gulp, leaving the remainder to go where it may—on to the floor, or back into the *bota*, or, possibly, down the waiter's thirsty throat.

If, in his old age, the peasant is not taken into employ by some kindly landlord, or, as is often the case, "set up" in business with one of the small water-stalls in the streets, or sheltered by his relations, he goes, in his old age into one of the many "*asilos de los ancianos*," or asylums for the old, which abound throughout the Peninsula—worked chiefly by the Sisters of San Vicente de Pau, who, throughout Spain, carry off

the palm for good works—and there he passes the remainder of his life. He is kindly tended; allowed to garden; to work at his trade, if he have one—in a word, to fancy he is supporting himself, and contributing greatly to support the State too! His old wife is there too, separated from him at night, as in an English workhouse, but allowed to be with him in the daytime.

The Spanish poor have but few amusements. They seldom read, and they never write; and, considering the bad or stupid tendency of the only literature within their reach, it is best, perhaps, at present, that they should not read. But they gamble to a tremendous extent. A woman, in talking over the week's wages, and how they are expended, will say to her lord and master: "Yes, quite right; quite right: one shilling and sixpence for the lottery tickets, or the raffle; one real for tobacco—and the open-air theatre?"

The open-air theatre needs a word of notice. A tent, during the summer months, is pitched upon the sandy plains outside the provincial town. For half a real, or a real, you can enter and see two hours of rough acting. Of course, all is rude and rough; but the women who act are pretty, the provincial songs wild and plaintive, and now and then, when the tragedy is not engrossed with love intrigues, there is a certain amount of wild cleverness exhibited. I went, in the heat of last autumn, to the open-air theatre near a town in the province of Murcia, and the last two acts of the play

were singularly instructive and good. These were skeleton plays! An old rascal, by cheating and other means, gets a large sum of money. Like all who by such means have become rich, he cannot enjoy his fortune; he can only read over to himself, in solitude, his banking-book, and count up his gains. While he is sitting, adding up his "sum-total in hand," a figure, Death—an image of a skeleton, in fact; the skeleton being beautifully represented by a man with a skull-mask, black, tight-clad body, and ribs of grey stuffed silk, which, on the black ground, with torchlight, gave him exactly the appearance of a skeleton—comes to his back, and gives him one grip. He drops the banking book, shudders, and turns round: lithesome as a snake, the skeleton figure has gone. The old Jew goes into £ s. d. again. Just as he becomes immersed in his study, the skeleton glides up to him, seizes him round the waist, and holds him in his grasp; then glides away, and so on, each successive visit being more severe than the last. "I've got, then, £20,000 in the bank, and no wife, and no discarded mistress, to take it out of my grasp; and ten"—the skeleton pins him, saying the single word "Death!" and the hoary old rascal's teeth chatter in his head. The applause is great—greater still when he dies, and his heir, a gentle-faced youth, with a delicate girl for his bride, comes forward and says: "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*: but I and Francisca shall give our money to our poor." These plays, largely

frequented by the poor, might be, if properly conducted, productive of more good to the country than all the religious processions put together.

Go and visit the peasant in Spain for yourself, and do not be like other tourists. Lie down on his humble shake-down; rise up at the whistle of the *sereno*, or night watchman, at 3 a.m., as he summons the peasant to pannier his donkeys, and, laden with fruit, be off to the nearest fruit market. Sit with him and smoke your pipe, and hear how he thinks that the Government of Madrid is the "greatest thief under the sun," and that, although he loves, and relies on the sympathy of the Virgin, he has received no benefit from the Church of his fathers. He has no education, no religion, nothing but superstition. Of foreign lands he knows nothing; but they have told him, says he, that "all Protestants and Jews are born with a hairy tail."

Then, at last, the end cometh: the autumn rains pour down, the air is damp, the river runs hard by; "the doctor, good Lord! he would not come so far, and so I die." His wife says a last prayer to the Virgin, not to God or Christ—of them he knows little or nothing, nor does she. The fever has increased; the strong frame quivers in death; the warm, kind, honest heart grows still, and throbs no more; the eventless, animal, useless, and unhappy life is over at last, and the spirit has returned to Him who gave it.

Well, and on the morrow—for, remember,

twenty-four hours is the utmost time allowed by law to intervene between death and burial—well, on the morrow, at 9 a.m., four men, with the parish coffin, will come to the dead man's house; into that coffin, in its everyday clothes, will be put the "poor man's body," and then, at the cemetery, it will be thrown, just as it is, into a great hole where all the poor lie together; a little quicklime heaped upon it, a few shovels of earth raked over it, and then—the affair is ended! For the rich and the powerful the Spanish Church provides grand burial rites—rites the beauty and solemnity of which are exceeded in few countries; and for them, since they can pay, there is every hope of their speedy escape from purgatory. But, for the poor, no! Still, so superstitious are the Spanish peasant women, that oftentimes they will beg two or three dollars to pay for masses for the soul of the lost whom they loved so well.

And now, gentle reader, you have seen the Spanish peasant as he is; have followed him, as it were, from his cradle to his grave.

On his prospects, and the like, I can offer little. You know all that I know; you can, therefore, judge for yourself. But I throw out one or two hints for those who think about the prospects of this down-trodden country.

In the first place, education is spreading; the schoolmaster, in large towns, in the barrack, in the convict establishment, is hard at work, and is turning out some thousands of educated peasants every year!

In the next place, a great many of the peasantry are now sending their children to learn to read and write at the various Protestant schools established in different towns throughout the Peninsula.

They send their children there, not because they are Protestants, far from it, but because those schools offer the best and cheapest education for their children.

Add education, and a glimmering of true morality, to the inherent virtues of the Spanish peasant classes, and is it not likely that they will be the means of redeeming their country?

Anyhow, they are not going to bear much longer the tyranny of Church and State to which they have been so long subjected. And so, they, with the thousands of well-educated and high-principled sons of Spain, will become "Republicans" (so-called), and aid their country in once more taking her high place among the nations of Europe; that place to which, by tradition and by the inherent virtues of her people, she is justly entitled.

PROVEND OF THE POOR.

MUCH has been said by different writers upon the subject of the provend of Spain generally, but little upon that of the poorer classes in the Peninsula, among whom I have passed most of my time. Believing, therefore, that it will interest many of my readers, I propose to offer a few remarks upon the subject.

If a traveller, in the heat of summer, should establish himself in one of the small provincial towns of Andalusia, and go forth, at ten or twelve of morn, in true British fashion, to “shop,” he would return home empty as he went, and wofully disappointed, saying within himself, “There is absolutely nothing to eat.”

The fact is, he is too late in the field; the dinners and suppers have all been laid in at five or six o'clock in the morning, at the *plaza*, or fruit-market; shops are semi-shut now until the cool of evening, and the fruit and vegetables in the *plaza* are covered over with sacks; the meat stalls are darkened to keep out heat and flies.

The shops for provisions in the small towns, when open, are unpromising of aspect. They are small and dark. There is the meat shop, where the flesh of the season, pork, lamb, or goats' flesh, can be had: the meat is cut into all manner of odds and ends, not fit for placing on the table in the form of a solid joint, but for stewing in the famous savoury *olla*, or stew. Bacon, however, can always be bought, and salt fish in abundance; while the little stall, absolutely festooned with sausages—a staple food of poor and rich—indicates the taste of the national palate.

Then there is the grocer's store, with its lentils, *garbanzos*, haricot beans, rice, garlic, and oil, and the sweet-shop, or *dulceria*. And there the list begins and ends. The fact is, the best of everything is to be procured at the fruit-markets, to some of which I now propose to make a visit.

The Market Square, or *Plaza de Fruta*, where are sold meat, fish fresh and dried, vegetables, and fruit, is one of the most gorgeous, and, in early morning, busy scenes in the Peninsula, and as well worthy of the pen of the writer as of the pencil of the artist.

Here is a typical fruit-market, in a well-known town—Alicante, in the kingdom of Valencia. I take this especial market for our study, because it is supplied by the most fertile district in Spain, namely, the irrigated garden lands of Murcia and Valencia. It is due to the industry of the worthy Moors, and, in few cases, to that of their suc-

cessors, that an ordinary garden in either of these two provinces will produce three, or even four, first-rate crops of vegetables annually.

Here is a slight sketch of the Market Square. A wide-spreading stone quadrangle, or rather three or four quadrangles, divided into portions for the vendors of vegetable and animal produce respectively; it is open to the sky, but awnings are put up by those who sell; all around the quadrangle are the shops (*tiendas*), or stalls of the sellers of meat, salt fish, dried vegetable produce, and sausages.

Fruit and vegetables are heaped upon the ground; fish and flesh have pegs to hang upon, and counters for their accommodation. These men, who sit cross-legged, and smoke and sell, are all attired in the white petticoat and baggy white calico trousers of the Valencian peasantry. There is not a pair of boots to be seen among the men, and very few among the women. All the men wear the strong hempen sandals, made in work-house and convict prison.

As you enter the first quadrangle, you will wonder what some large, flat, red and brown, oval-shaped bags or skins are, averaging from one and a half to two feet in length, that hang above most of the stalls. They are the "*uevos de atung*," or roe of the tunny fish. This fish, caught in great abundance in the Mediterranean—notably at Cadiz and Barcelona—forms a staple fare of the poor; its flesh falls to their share, its roe to

that of their wealthy brothers. The fish is of huge dimensions; it is cut into squares, and salted down, and sold at a very low figure. Indeed, the poorest eat it, soaked in oil, and its close, luscious, but rather coarse flesh is considered very nourishing; the nearest approach to it is the flesh of the sturgeon. Piles upon piles of salt cod, here called "*bacallao*," lie all over the market; this hard, wooden fare must be soaked twelve hours before it is stewed, and even then, to eat it, is like chewing shavings! It is sold at the rate of sixteen and eighteen farthings per pound.

Every poor woman who can possibly afford it, buys a piece of salt fish for her stew, and, considering the saccharine and washy character of the vegetables and fruit on which the peasantry chiefly subsist, she seems to me in her selection to show much judgment.

The other large fish, eaten dried and salted, and coarser in character, is called "*mojama*," and is, in colour and substance, much like a piece of mahogany.

Add to this the smaller fry, such as dried sardines from the coast of Galicia, the trade in which is very large, and sprats, and the housewife's list of salt fish is complete, or nearly so.

The Government tax, called "*consumo*," on all eatables and drinkables imported into Spain from foreign lands, is terribly severe, and the curses of the peasantry at having their favourite salt cod taxed are, if not loud, certainly deep. It

may interest many of your readers to know that a company of Norwegian and German gentlemen is now being formed, in order to utilize the fisheries of one of the Canary Isles. Their proposal is to found large fisheries and a salting and drying establishment in the *Isla Graciosa*, one of the smallest islands of the Canary group; the fish sent thence into this country, coming from Spanish territory, will be untaxed, and cod and other large fish will be offered to the poor at a reasonable rate.

The fresh fish in this market, being entirely from the waters of the Mediterranean, is inferior both in kind and quality to that of Cadiz, and but little eaten by the poorer classes. The best are the *salmonete*, or red mullet, and the *dentol*, a large and scarce fish, weighing from twelve to twenty pounds; but these are very dear, costing from eightpence to one shilling per pound. The other fresh sea-fish sold here are of very inferior quality; the *bogas*, a silvery fish, some five inches long, is caught in shoals with the drift net, and sold at fourpence per pound; the *gallina*, a heavy fish, a foot and a half or two feet long, and very clumsy, covered all over with spurs and eccentric fins, rich vermilion in colour as to its fins, body mottled red and brown; the *langosta* (literally locust), a sort of lobster, a foot long, of a yellowish brown colour, with fine legs on either side, and a horny shell coating its back, in their thick armour-like sheaths: and the reptiles, such as are known by the name of "bishops," "spotted cats," "toads,"

and the like oily, coarse fish, or rather sea reptiles, which are sold at the rate of twopence per pound.

Let us pass on to another set of what are called here "dry stalls." Here is a stall besieged by a dozen pretty Valencian girls, with sandalled feet, bare heads, tight-fitting bodices, and gaudy short skirts, all clamouring, bargaining, screaming, and even, I fear, swearing. Rice, lying in heaps upon the ground, from the *rivera* of Valencia—those rice swamps where the poor are old before forty, and die at fifty-five! This rice sells, the best at eleven farthings, the commonest at eight farthings per pound; here is the ground dust of the *pimientos*, or capsicums, a flour of a rich brick-dust hue, which gives colour, and (so they say) flavour to every stew in every part of Southern Spain. A girl who has no *pimiento molido* for her husband's dinner will sit down and burst into tears. Poor thing! it only costs fivepence per pound, and "a little of it goes a long way." Then there are haricot beans, called "*habichuelas secas*," a small, flat, brown seed, called "*lenteja*," a sort of lentil; and the inevitable *garbanzo*, or chick pea, at twenty-four farthings per pound. Lastly, there are olives in brine, and a fair amount of pungent, dried capsicums, or red peppers, festooned gracefully in red and yellow strings around the stall.

Add to this stall the strings of onions and garlic, and the picture is complete.

Succulent vegetable, relieved by savoury and salt—such the characteristic of the provend of the poor.

How much do the vendors pay for their stalls? you will perhaps ask. Fivepence per diem—no more. But “the stall” only means a little space, two yards broad, by three long, in which to deposit the store.

How much shall I pay for a basket to carry home rare fish, or curious fruit? You can buy one, I answer, for one farthing—an esparto grass basket, which will do its work for thirty days! Let me, however, recur a moment to salt fish, in treating of which I have forgotten to mention the debt owed by the peasantry of Southern Spain to the fishermen of Mount’s Bay, in Cornwall. The *pilchards*, here called “*sardinas*,” caught in such enormous quantities during the months of August and September, are largely exported to Spain and Italy, where they are great favourites; indeed, the export trade in pilchards is confined, I believe, exclusively to the shores of the Mediterranean, and from the fact that a fishing station like St. Ives alone exports, on an average, 22,000 hogsheads of pilchards, and that there are from 2000 to 3000 fish in a hogshead, some idea may be formed of the demand.

Having spoken of dried salted fish of various kinds; of chick peas, rice, lentils, beans, garlic, and onions; and of pork and sausages, which form the more substantial portion of the peasant’s fare, let us wander a few moments among all the wealth of fruit.

Here you tread a sprig of black grapes under

foot, and the vendor deems it too much trouble to recover the undamaged part; here you take up a small melon, and eat it, and a halfpenny is considered a fair remuneration; here you wish to buy one pomegranate, and the vendor says, "Take three as a present;" here you fancy three figs for breakfast, and are told, "Oh! I cannot charge for that."

No one who has not seen and studied the fruit markets of Murcia and Valencia, of Ronda and Port St. Mary, in all the varying seasons, can have the slightest idea of the enormous size and beauty of the vegetables and fruit. In Port St. Mary's market, radishes (called "*rabanos*") average from eight inches to a foot long, and, being of very quick growth, are also tender and juicy.

Before touching upon cooking, and before following the peasant girl to her home, laden with her store of fruit and fish, let us take a bird's-eye view of the fruit and vegetable stalls. Let me premise that this sketch of Alicante Fruit Market is an autumnal sketch, taken during the month of September.

Here is a pile of *calabasas*, or gourds, some of them looking like gnarled, twisting boughs of a hoary oak; some round and flat, measuring one foot in height and a foot and a half in diameter. Their yellow flesh is tasteless, but they are in universal request: sold at two farthings per pound, every poor woman buys a lump of gourd flesh for her stew. Some of these weigh as much

as fifty pounds avoirdupois; the smallest which I weighed turned the scale at ten pounds.

Here are water-melons (*sandias*), weighing from ten to fifteen pounds apiece, their crimson and lake-coloured flesh, as they are cut, contrasting beautifully with the dark green, unpromising-looking rind of the exterior. Beside them is a pile, five feet in height, eight in length, and four in breadth, of fragrant melons of all kinds, shapes, and colours, called "*melones de olor*," which average four pounds in weight, and are sold at three farthings per pound. Here, in hundreds, are rich lemon-pippins, called "*perillas*;" heaps of crimson, yellow, and purple plums, or *ciruelas*; sweet crab-apples; purple and green figs, large and luscious; tomatoes by the million, some of which are of the weight of three-quarters of a pound; *pimientos*, bitter and appetizing capsicums, of which the plants take six months before they bear and ripen fruit (some of these *pimientos* are so large, that, although they are empty, or nearly so, they weigh three ounces apiece); heaps of parsley, cabbages, and cauliflowers, which last put their comparatively tiny brethren in England to the blush; lettuces (the old-fashioned cos lettuce), of which two or three go to the pound, the pound costing but two farthings; almonds, cocoa-nuts from Havannah; *algarrobos*, or carob beans; green tomatoes for pickling (to be had for the asking); small cucumbers and gourds (*pepinos* and *calvasinos*), two for a farthing, used for

stewing with slices of ham ; baskets of black grapes, each basket weighing twenty pounds, sold at three farthings per pound ; baskets of pungent bird-peppers (*pimientos picantes*), of green, red, and bright gamboge colour, sold at one penny per pound—are eaten raw, or in vinegar ; potatoes (*papas*) of large size, strewed in heaps over the ground (some of them weighed one pound apiece, although this weight is, of course, exceptional) ; they are sold at three farthings per pound. Add to these French beans, green unripe lemons, a few unripe oranges, white grapes, quinces, and peaches in abundance, and the stock of fruit is complete.

Before All Saints' Day, the chestnuts and walnuts will, to use a vulgar but expressive phrase, have "swamped" the market, the colouring of which, from that day until about the tenth of December, will be of a pervading tone of russet-brown ; about the middle of December the oranges will have come into season, and the whole market will be one vast orange store.

The stone fruit of Southern Spain deserves a moment's notice. The apricots and plums in June are the finest in the world, and very cheap, viz., three farthings per pound ; the peaches and nectarines, in season from July to October, are, although large and handsome, very hard and insipid, and only fit for stewing.

Apples and pears are fine ; but they are not found in large quantities, and, as a rule, are rather hard, and not so fine as those of Engand.

Taking a general view of this market in September, it may be said that grapes are the chief fruit, tomatoes and *pimientos* and onions the chief vegetables to be seen.

Here is a model stall:—

A heap, some three feet high, of honest brown potatoes, flanked by flame-coloured tomatoes; in the background, gourds of every uncouth size and shape piled up to a very great height; melons, lettuces, and grapes lying in front; above, strings of purple onions, white garlic; yellow, green, and red bird-peppers, gracefully festooned from one support to the other; pomegranates, bursting open and showing their delicate transparent crimson grains; quinces, heaped up and knocked about carelessly here and there—for, as yet, they are not ripe, and are only fit to add piquancy to the savoury stew of the abbot; baskets of grapes, black and white; and peaches, of large size and rich gamboge colour; a border of lettuces, cabbages, and parsley, with some tufts of aromatic herbs; a few cages of canaries and goldfinches. Add a peasant, sitting cross-legged on a stool, and smoking his cigarette, and our picture of the model stall is complete.

We may pass, for a few moments, from the autumnal to the winter's fruit market. In this latter, on the first day of November, the russet hue—the hue of “the sere and yellow leaf”—will prevail; chestnuts, filberts, walnuts, will be among the stock commodities, and will displace the juicy grape and the glowing tomato.

Here is a typical fruit market of Andalusia in the month of December:—

Oranges, in heaps upon heaps, sold at the rate of four for one farthing; lemons, two for a farthing; half dry and very sweet grapes for twopence a pound; pomegranates, dried figs (many of which come from Huelva); quinces without number; a fair show of apples and pears; chestnuts and walnuts from Ronda and Estremadura. So much for fruit.

Now for vegetables: crisp endives border every stall; radishes, some of them a foot long, are thrown about in little bundles of a dozen over every stall, and sold at four farthings per bundle; carrots, at the same price; turnips (very hard and pungent), ditto; parsnips (hard and stringy), ditto also; then there is beetroot, as a rule hard, small, and stringy; white vert, called "*acelga*" (*beta vulgaris*), in such profusion that oftentimes it forms the substratum for half a ton of other vegetables; potatoes, very cheap, and that never have known the touch of disease; celery (*apio*); gourds, in numbers; tomatoes, which are to be had from year's end to year's end; asparagus, from the salt marshes near Cadiz; bundles of dried marjoram, sage, thyme, mint, and green parsley.

Add festoons of onions and garlic, and our sketch of the winter market is complete.

Perhaps some English reader will ask, Why should I take any interest in the Spanish poor and their provend? and I answer, Because the Spanish

poor are the hope—nay, the only hope—of the nation. They are far nobler, and have better instincts and higher impulses than the poor of England, or France, or Germany, so far as my own experience goes; and although but poorly educated, and oftentimes, as a natural consequence, very brutalized and even animal, they yet show very clear signs that, when, in the coming generation, education shall have spread among them, they will form a great, sensible, and not-to-be-despised power in a nation which will yet be great.

A consideration of their provend is instructive, as showing how completely they are children of Nature: what Nature offers, they take; nothing out of season has any charms for them.

During the summer they eat goats' flesh, for it is the season for it; in early spring they eat, if they can afford to buy it, lamb; on All Saints' Day (for eating and the festivals of the Church are closely connected) they begin to eat pork, and chestnuts, and sweet *batatas* of Malaga. Only look at the droves of fat, chestnut-fed pigs from Huelva landed on Cadiz wharf on All Saints' Day; it is quite a "sight for sair ee'n."

Having finished our survey of the fruit market, let us now follow the Spanish peasant home, and see how his cookery-book stands.

It is "Hail, fellow, well met" in this country, especially among the peasantry; and you are heartily welcome to a share of the poor man's stew.

“No hay olla sin tocino,
Ni sermon sin Agostino,”

says the Spanish proverb (“No stew without bacon; no sermon without a quotation from St. Augustine”). And, in this refrain, you have the key to Spanish cookery—stewing and salt meat.

Another proverb says, “Every Spaniard knows how to stew;” and this is true. In the prisons of Spain it is not a cook who becomes the cook, but the man who conducts himself well, it being taken for granted that he is able to cook.

The cookery of the poor is after this fashion:—

In the cottage is a brick shelf with two little holes, each about a foot deep and half a foot in diameter; these are called the “*hornillas*,” or cooking-stoves. The charcoal is placed in the bottom of these holes, and is fanned into a flame by the shaking to and fro of a wisp in front of the outlet from the *hornilla*, opening to the front. On the top of the two *hornillas* are placed the two earthenware pots, or *puchéros*, which contain the viands to be converted into *ollas*, or stews.

French or English stoves have hardly found their way as yet into the Spanish kitchen. In the best houses you will constantly see the cook fanning her charcoal fires, and the two little brown pots simmering over the blue, flickering flame, while the quails and decoy partridges chirrup and chirp as the savoury scent fills the air.

Roasting, boiling, are all but unknown; every-

thing must be stewed. Without a stew our stomach cries aloud!

If to a stew the Andalusian peasant can add a dish of snails so much the better. But, poor fellow, he rarely can do so. Meat is, owing to the drought, sold at one shilling and sixpence per pound, and bread at six farthings per pound.

In Spain, in the markets and among the poor, the whole account is reckoned in *cuartos*, or farthings; and so the English buyer will be puzzled to be told that he owes fifty-nine farthings!

The cheapest stew, that which is eaten by the very poorest, is called *potaje*, or pottage—the veritable red pottage of ancient sacred story. It is composed as follows: Oil, salt, red bird-pepper, and water to the brim, are mixed together, and poured into a brown jar half full of haricot beans, or *garbanzos*, or potatoes; the whole goes on simmering upon the fire until it turns to a thick soup, when it is eaten, with bread, by the whole party out of the selfsame open dish into which it has been turned to cool, the various members of the family sitting round, each one with wooden spoon in hand, and each dipping it into the dish for his portion with marvellous regularity. But this is the fare of the poorest.

Another dish, also common to the very poor, is the *sopa de ajo*, or garlic soup. This soup is made of garlic, shredded hard crusts of bread, oil, salt, and water; and, as garlic and oil are very

cheap, and the bread is bought three days old, it costs hardly anything.

There is a proverb among the poor peasantry, "Alas, poor fellow! he has had nothing but garlic soup; he won't be able to fight."

The *pan duro*, or hard, stale bread, deserves a moment's mention. At every workhouse and hospital one man is told off daily to work a machine which slices the hard bread into shreds, and makes it fit for mixing with soups and stews. In the heat of summer, *gazpacho* (in Arabic, soaked bread) is a staple food among the poorest classes, and is also found at the tables of the rich. You see a cart tumbling along over the tracks, with two great horns slung at the back, and dripping over the dusty road, and wonder what they contain: this is the *gazpacho*, which is oil, spring water, chopped onion, lettuce, and cucumber, with a little salt added, making a kind of cooling yet sustaining soup, which can be eaten by the peasantry with impunity when the thermometer stands at 113° in the sun!

We come now to the famous *olla*, or *puchero*, the delight alike of poor and rich—the stew, the savoury mess, the pot into which all viands find their way.

The *puchero* proper is as follows: Bacon and fresh meat stewed together in one pot, until the liquor becomes soup; vegetables, such as potatoes, cabbage, *garbanzos*, red pepper, rice, etc., stewed in a rival pot. When the steam of this *puchero* is

so savoury as to arrest the dog or wayfarer journeying over these lonely wastes where no song-bird sings, and the vulture and white eagle hold their lonely sway, then the dish is finished. The soup, with swimming fat from the bacon, is poured into one dish and eaten first. It is called "*caldo*." The lumps of meat and bacon, called "*cocida*," are then turned into another huge dish, and over them is poured the whole contents of the vegetable stewpan.

This is the true *olla*, or stew, formerly called "*olla podrida*"—the veritable "*puchero*," in which the Spanish peasant's heart so greatly delights itself.

But, alas! this is a rarity! More frequently he has the *puchero* of the poor, *i.e.*, a quantity of gourd, a tiny bit of bacon, a further quantity of every sort, kind, and description of vegetables, which absolutely can be bought for a few farthings, all put into one pot, and eaten (liquor included in the "mess") when cooked.

Olla diversa, commonly known as '*versa*, or varied stew, to be had at every low wine-shop for 2½*d.* per platter, is the same as the above, but it also has a few shreds of sausage, called "*morsilla*," or "*chorizo*," or "*longaniza*."

Thus, the poor man will eat, for days and days, sardines fried with tomatoes in oil, chiefly in the early winter months; or he will have his *vacallao herbido*, or soaked codfish, stewed, with potatoes, in oil; or his *guisado de arroz*, or rice-stew, *i.e.*,

rice, salt, oil, and water stewed into a compact mess.

At sunrise, nay, before the golden beams of the sun have lent their light to purple moorland, roused the thousand waterfowl from the sluggish river, and tipped with gold the jagged outlines of the distant *sierra*, the peasant sallies forth to his work and to his labour. He carries in the brim of his *sombrero*, or pork-pie hat, his cigarettes and matches, and perhaps his bit of sausage. In the *alforja*, or saddle-bag, always of Murcian manufacture, slung over his shoulders, he carries his bread and vegetables or fruit for the day's food. The amount of bread and raw vegetables that a Spanish peasant will consume in one day is enormous. A man will take $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. for one day's fare, besides raw tomatoes, and the *fruta del tiempo*, or fruit of the season.

Girls, too, live and thrive on bread, fruit, and sausage; and, as a rule, the peasantry in Spain are much more fleshy than those of England; but I find they have little stamina, and in the case of any epidemic die fast and in numbers.

At night, you pass the door of the Spanish peasant's shanty. He and his family are sitting on stones or three-legged stools outside the door, just as the setting sun sinks to rest, and beginning their evening meal. "*Guste usted comer?*" "Will you dine?" is their customary greeting; and perhaps they will add, if it be autumn, "We have a quince, or a Ronda pippin, in our stew to-night."

A great writer on Spain, Richard Ford, gives the following recipe for a really good *olla*, or stew: "Put two pots on their separate stoves with water; into No. 1 place chick-peas (*cicer arietinum*); add a lump of beef, a chicken, and some bacon; let it boil once, and quickly, then simmer. It requires four hours to be well done. Place into No. 2 with water all the vegetables of the season—*lechugas*, lettuces; *col*, cabbage; *calabaza*, gourd; *acelga*, white beet; *azanorias*, carrots; *judios*, or *habichuelas*, beans; *apio*, celery; *ajos* or *cebollas*, garlic or onions. Add sausages and pork. When all is sufficiently stewed, take a large dish, lay in the bottom the vegetables, and, on their top, the meat; serve hot." According to the same writer, the good Roman Catholic canon, always absolving every one, believing everything, eating and drinking everything, added to his stew, on feast-days, a pippin or a quince! And, to the present day, if you ask a peasant girl to make you a stew worthy of a king, she will put among the vegetables a quince or a lemon-pippin.

And if in Spain the poor live, as surely they do live, very simply, so also do the rich. Except in Madrid, where habits of French luxury and extravagance of *cuisine* prevail, the sight of a gentleman's table in Spain ready for breakfast is a pretty, natural, and simple one. To English eyes it might appear somewhat comfortless, with its bare, whitewashed walls, stone-flagged floor, and wide open doors; its table decked with mas-

sive plate, two or three piles of bread, half a dozen decanters of the white or red wine of Andalusia, pretty in colour, but to an English palate, very weak, and plates heaped up with fruit. The soup (*caldo*) is placed upon table first, then the meat and vegetables; after which the fruit and wine are taken. Then follows the cigar or cigarette, and the repast is over.

Dinner is on the same wise—simple and wholesome. Of puddings and pies Spanish cookery knows nothing at all; ovens in private houses are unknown.

But it is not my purpose to dwell upon the fare of the rich or well-to-do. Let me recur to the poor, among whom I have lived, and describe their drinks.

Every Spanish peasant, if he can afford it, takes at early morn his *copita*, or liqueur-glass, full of *aguardiente*, or aniseed and spirit; or his *copita* of *licor de caña*, a sort of rum, distilled from the sugar-canes of Malaga, on the Ronda coast. After that he drinks little but water until night, when, if able to afford such a luxury, he has a pull at his wineskin of *Vino Catalan*, *Vino de Montilla* or *Vino de Val de Peñas*, this last either white or red wine.

Fifteen farthings for a quart of these wines is the average price.

But, as a rule, the peasant takes little stimulant save upon feast-days, and his wife and family still less. *Water, water, water* is the all-in-all as regards drink.

The meals of the Spanish peasantry are only two per diem ; viz., the breakfast at 11 a.m., or 12, and the *cena*, or supper, at 6 p.m.

To eat, drink, sleep, work, and die—that is, at the present day, the Spanish peasant's life. Of a future state he knows nothing ; for his moral responsibilities he cares nothing. As regards education—well, his son can read and write, and it may be well ; but, says he, “ I prefer to smoke, and eat, and sleep, and work, and calculate about the crops, and watch the sun go down behind the crimson sierra ; *por mi, eso es bastante* (‘ that is enough for me ’) ; but would to God I had a stew with meat in it every day of my life ; then I should be perfectly happy ! ”

ANECDOTES OF THE POOR—THE OLD AND THE NEW REVENGE.

SPAIN has seen rougher and wilder doings, acts of violence more frequent and terrible, than, perhaps, any other European nation. A naturally impulsive, wild, and lawless population has been absolutely left to itself until now; and, deprived of religion and education, with a succession of vicious and tyrannical governments, bad cottages, and an inefficient police, what could be expected but an enormous amount of crime, superstition, and licence among the masses?

It is, indeed, a marvel, not that there has been and is so much, but that there has been and is so little crime.

Thirty years ago, when the rural police was all but unknown, and the force of civil guards was in its infancy, crimes such as murder, or rather manslaughter, and highway robbery were the rule rather than the exception. Witness the

thousands of little crosses set up on rough heaps of stone, and inscribed with the words—

“PRAY FOR THE SOUL OF
(*Here follows name or initials,*)

KILLED HERE,

(*Date.*)

R. I. P. A.”

And consider also the facilities for acts of violence or robbery; the leagues upon leagues of lonely hill and waste, tenanted only by the vulture and the bustard; the rocky defile, clothed in luxuriant and dark thickets of clustering, overhanging woodland; the tangled glen, the wild hill-village.

To sit with an old Spanish peasant and his wife over their blue-flickering charcoal fire, and, while the pot is simmering for the *cena*, or supper, to hear them pour out their tales of olden days, has been one of my great interests in this country. Vividly does it come before you what the country was; and right thankful is one to be able to chronicle, with a truthful pen, the fact that things are mending; from the workhouse, the barrack—nay, even the convict prison—a tide of educated lads and men is flowing out into the length and breadth of the land; and a truer, simpler morality is, not swiftly, but, I believe, surely supplanting the ancient superstition.

The old system of eye for eye, tooth for tooth—the old system of family feuds carried on from generation to generation, was a wild, stern, and

terrible one. Men had, with good reason, no confidence in the law, and took the punishments of their own wrongs into their own hands in those olden days of the evil deed, the hot pursuit, the short, sharp, sudden retribution with the dagger or the jagged flint-stone. Nor have those days wholly gone by, but going by they surely are. It is but a few weeks since that I beheld two living witnesses to the brutalized nature of some of the masses. A man was brought into Cartagena Hospital, covered with blood and bruises, his nose smashed, one eye knocked out, his jaw broken; his adversary, in a quarrel about some black-browed Murcian girl, having felled him to the earth, and beaten his face into a pulp. He recovered. The magistrate, the police, the sister of charity begged him to yield up the name of his foe. "No," said he, with a vague idea, perhaps, of honour; "I shall take my own revenge!"

Not many weeks since, a man was absolutely stoned to death at a lone spot on the shores of the Mediterranean near Alicante; and I myself saw another man brought into hospital whose features were undistinguishable; his face, as he lay groaning, unable to utter an articulate sound, was, as I saw it by the dim light of the *mariposa*, or hospital rushlight, one mass of pulpy flesh and shivered jaw-bone.

Thirty years ago, the brother of a man now a shell-fish seller on Cadiz Wharf was killed in a low *venta* near Port St. Mary, after a fair stand-up

fight with the knife, which, to peasant-moralists, is not unfair or even wrong; it is a "*lastima*," a "great pity," say the women as they weep and wring their hands. The manslayer fled on foot to Cordova, gun on shoulder: the brother pursued him thither. The dead brother was "his blood," and had left a widow big with child. He found the slayer of his brother, in the rich glow of the autumn evening, loosening the cracking earth at the feet of the glaucous olives. "Lie down, you dog," he said, presenting his piece. The man obeyed; the avenger beat him awfully, then took a rope from his pocket and bound the fellow's hands, tied him to his own waist, and dragged him, a mass of blood, earth, tattered clothes, and bruises, to the jail of Cordova. Then he sent for his own bed—no confidence in bolts, or bars, or prison officials!—and, tied to his prisoner, passed the night beside him.

The poor wretch begged for mercy; he had begged for mercy all along the road. The avenger said, "Yes, I shall grant you mercy." He begged forgiveness. "Yes, I shall forgive you."

He prosecuted the wretch with relentless persistency. The manslayer was condemned to death, and was garrotted.

"And now," said the brother, "I grant you mercy."

This was but thirty years ago!

Here are one or two more stories of past days.

Thirty years ago, José —— was the finest, bravest, and comeliest boatman in Cadiz harbour. A woman, older than himself, conceived a violent passion for him, but he could not return it. They met, however, and rather than lose him altogether, she offered to become his mistress. This, too, he refused, loving another; but the two often drank together in the painted wine-stalls that line the mole. She offered—a common custom still in Spain—to change glasses, which was done. In a short time José was stupid: to his slumber succeeded madness. He died within seven months in the paupers' lunatic asylum. His nephew is now a Cadiz boatman, having succeeded to his uncle's boats.

The advice of the old-fashioned Spanish “doctor and bleeder,” or “barber and bleeder,” to the Spanish poor on the matter was somewhat rough. Speaking generally, he was wont to say, “Only laugh at poisoning: poison is only a strong opium, given by the women to the men to make them their tools.” Poison, opium, and cantharides were often resorted to in love affairs.

Twenty years ago, a woman of bad character in Port St. Mary became enamoured of a fisherman in the same town, and pursued him everywhere, but could not win his person or heart. At last, she persuaded him to drink with her. Just as the *campana de las ánimas* (bell for prayers for souls in purgatory) began to ring from the old church tower, summoning the faithful to say their three

Ave Marias and three *Padre nuestros*, the two went home together, the man being intoxicated. At two in the morning he began crying out like one possessed, then became speechless, spat matter of lead colour, his tongue swelling so as to loll out of his mouth. A doctor was summoned, who attempted to bleed the sufferer. No blood would flow. Next morning, as the sun rose, the man died.

The woman went about looking like a *loca*, said my informant; then, at last, she escaped in a coal-brig to Malaga. The dead man's brother followed her. She was tried, but, though it was, said the judge, a *sospecha muy clara*, she was acquitted for want of sufficient evidence.

Among the finest qualities of the Spanish poor, past and present, must be reckoned their passionate and deep-seated attachment to the members of their own family, and to their own town or village. There is no system, alas, of out-door relief; and many, when sick, hate the idea of going to the nearest hospital. Hence, their relations must come to the rescue; which they do. One member of the family gives a penny, another a penny, a third food, and so the sick man is kept alive, and tended kindly and carefully at home. Again, a woman, some poor mother, whose son has drawn an unlucky number, goes to the town whither he has been taken, to see the last of her darling. She has a distant relation there: she needs no more; for her home and food, though that relation be a beggar

will be offered to her cordially, and accepted humbly. "She is one of us; she is of our blood."

Of old, Spanish roads, and even highways, were very unsafe. There were no coaches, and the traveller needed, therefore, a guard. An old man, called André, who now is keeper of the turnbox for foundling children at the hospital in Port St. Mary, was, fifty years since, the most trusted guard on the road from Port St. Mary to San Lucar. He had a noted gun, which always killed its man; he was the crack shot, and dreaded by all the robbers. One day, on the road, he entered and slept at a small wayside wine-shop, hanging up his *alforjas*, or saddle-bags, containing two fowls and bread, over his head. When he awoke, the *alforjas* were gone. He can never forget this—that he, the dread of all the robbers, sleeping with his gun under his arm, should be robbed; and the old man, a fine, well-built, keen-eyed, hale old fellow of eighty-five, still tells the story of the number of men killed by his hand, and the one case in which he was robbed, with tears in his eyes.

This old fellow, in reward for his services, received from the *ayuntamiento* the post of trumpeter to the bull-ring, and held it until he could blow no more. He was also, thirty years ago, the first *sereno*, or night-watchman, in Port St. Mary, when the streets were unpaved and unlighted. One night, being on his rounds, he heard footsteps; challenged; got no answer. At last, by

his flickering hand-light, he saw a well-known bull, which used to wander about the streets of the Port at night in search of stray cows, and was known by the cognomen of *capa negra*, coming straight towards him. Quick as thought, dropping his lantern, he swarmed up one of the iron window-frames. To his surprise the bull quietly lay down at the foot of the window, and André was a prisoner—up a tree, in fact, until morning! “I never,” said he to me, “felt such an infernal fool as I did all that night!”

The amusements of the Spanish poor are of the simplest and rudest order: the bull and cock fights; the *rosarios*, and other religious processions; gambling (chiefly with dominoes or cards); the wine-shop, and the fairs, and the “loose bulls,” or *gallumbos*. Add to these a rough sort of bat, trap, and ball, and the game of “rough bowls,” and the list is complete.

Of the bull-fights I shall say nothing, save that then every peasant lays aside his frugal habits, takes out an ounce of gold from the purse girt around his waist, puts on gay attire, and ruffles it in wine-shop and the ring. The ladies of the higher class are fast ceasing to attend the bull-fights.

The cock-fights are matters of gambling; they take place chiefly in Biscaya and other northern provinces, and the fights are conducted on the same principle as are those in England. But most of the Andalusian towns have their cock-fight on Sundays.

The *rosarios* are processions of priests and children, lighted tapers and ghastly crucifixes, which take place about every three months. The procession promenades the streets of the town at set of sun; the priests pray; the children, and some two or three hundred "devoted" women bringing up the rear, join in the responses "*Ave Maria, madre de Dios*," and the like; the men, hats off, stand idly, as lookers on, at the door of shop or wine-store. The town promenaded, the children are treated to a sermon, and at or about seven o'clock at night the ceremony is over. It is enough; the town is saved; the evil is averted; the blessing will come; for have not the priests prayed for the town?

A word about gambling, wine-shops, fairs, and *gallumbos* :—

From his childhood, in city or provincial town, the peasant is brought up to find excitement, with the accompanying glow of success, or chill of disappointment, in staking his all upon chance—the turn of a lottery ticket, the face of a domino, the throw of the dice.

At early morning when the bells clang out for the *misa*, and the faithful go to prayers, the seller of lottery tickets stands at the church steps, with his weary and monotonous cry, "*Cuatro mil reales por una peseta*," this with reference to the provincial lottery; or (great prize indeed!) "*La suerte de quinientos mil duros*," i.e., "The chance sold here of 500,000 dollars," refers to the large Government

lotteries of Madrid. These lotteries are legally organized, and fairly and justly ordered; but this systematic gambling impoverishes the poor and middle classes, and the Government is no great gainer by it. The poor man buys his ticket; or, if he cannot afford a whole ticket, he clubs with his fellows, and so obtains a share of one. The dominoes are found on every tavern table; the pack of cards is well worn with constant use, at the bottom of the peasant's pocket, or in the ample rim of his hat.

The little child of four years old is led by its mother to the *roulette*, or turn-wheel, and stakes its one farthing for a chance of two sweet biscuits.

The peasant, save at fair times, is far too frugal to be a drunkard; frugality is one of his leading characteristics—I mean a sparing use of luxuries. True, in the mining districts the last farthing is spent each day by the wild young Andalus miners, but many of the poor are very saving; and, in this land of ever-shining sun, soft airs, and little rain, a pair of sandals, linen shirt, rough jacket and trousers—add the pork-pie hat, or *sombrero*, or in lieu of it, a handkerchief of many colours knotted around his head—are all that the outer man needs, while bread, fruit, and water sustain life. Still, at feast or fair time, the peasant dons his best suit, and ruffles it right gaily in *venta*, or *ventorillo*, or *tienda de vinos*. He, however, although drinking freely, and sometimes to excess, is rarely an habitual drunkard.

In the wine-shop he quaffs his rich *Val de Peñas* with the black-eyed girl of his choice, or *montilla* with his fellow-men. But soon he turns to cigarette and dominoes, and plain cold spring water, and if he should get drunk he is heartily ashamed of it on the morrow.

The fairs are the peasants' delight: some of these are conducted on a scale of great magnificence; and at many of them, as at that of Albacete, the business of the year is done, and the pleasure obtained. The farmer at the annual fair sells or buys his mules or wheat, as the case may suit; the housewife lays in her store of cheese, crockery, dried fruits, dresses, etc., to last her humble household for the whole year. These annual fairs show a low state of organization in the country, and a weak, old-world system of trading. They are, to Spain of to-day, what the statute fairs were to England some hundreds of years ago.

On a certain day in spring, in Southern Spain, the old custom of turning a bull into the streets, held only by a long string tied to his horns, still exists. This ceremony is called "*Gallumbo*," and may be seen in its perfection in the old-fashioned town of Port St. Mary. At nine of night the streets are lit up with pitch, charcoal, and wood fires: they are lined with hundreds of men and boys; the fair ones and the better class gaze on the spectacle from the balconies. The bull, a young one, is led into the street; the men buffet and swear and scream at him. He blunders into

a doorway, and is dragged out; smashes a glass window, and is cursed for his pains; chases some one specially obnoxious to him down the street, amid the roars and shouts of the frightened and fugitive crowd. At last he makes at the fires and overturns them, and singes himself. The lurid glow cast upon the wild faces, the shouts, the rushes, no pen can describe. Generally one or two men per night are put *hors de combat* by the bull.

The Spanish peasant is ever a lover of noise, confusion, gay colours, glitter, music, and shouting, especially if to these be added a spice of personal danger.

Open-air theatres are found—mere tents—on the outskirts of many of the provincial towns, and the usual “run of things” is a love intrigue, a forgery, by means of which last much money is obtained. And then, to give the whole affair a moral tone, a skeleton appears, and first tickles gently, then seizes and flings to earth the forger and adulterer, while the crowd of open-mouthed peasants applaud loudly.

As a rule, the Spanish poor are not revengeful; their deeds of blood are committed in the blind fury of passion. At such a moment the Christian motto, “*Parcere subjectis*,” is wholly forgotten. The other day, two men, on a tour in the province of Seville, quarrelled, and the one drawing his knife, the other fled for his life. His foe pursued him and caught him. Kneeling beneath the

market-cross, he begged for mercy. But no; blood was up, and the unhappy victim was stabbed in heart, bowels, arm, brain; half-a-dozen thrusts, in fact, had deprived him of life.

This was a quarrel about a girl; and, as the Spanish and English proverb agrees, "*A woman's hair draws more than a yoke of oxen.*"

Wonderfully ready are the Spanish peasantry to be loyal, to pin their faith on some one whom they feel to be, or who possibly is, their superior in talent, affection, or courage. Thus, when his ideal disappointed him and turned him out of doors, I have seen a Spanish peasant burst into tears, simply because the man on whom he had pinned his faith, and on whom his heart centred, forgot himself for a moment in a burst of anger! This willingness of the poor to be led, surely is, to a certain extent, the secret of the success of the Carlist leaders, with their rude followers.

A Gallician robber, who acted as guide to a friend of my own, was a very fine and noble character. He was imprisoned, but received a reprieve, and, on the principle of "Set a thief to catch a thief," was made guard of a certain lonely road. One day a traveller, while Pepé and he were sleeping in a *venta* on Pepé's beat, was robbed. Pepé was suspected, and discharged from office, although he had been a most trustworthy fellow, and had had nothing whatever to do with the theft. The moment he found himself distrusted he, as would most truly noble and sensitive

natures, sank in his own esteem, and turned robber again. On one occasion he went to prison to see a girl he had loved, and found there, to his surprise, one of his old companions. Instantly, hearing that he was a prisoner, and poor, he emptied his whole purse of golden pieces into the hands of his *ci-devant* comrade.

In coarseness of jest and general language the Spanish poor—and, to a certain extent, the well-to-do classes also—hardly have their equals. “I did not think she was large enough with child to have been confined so soon,” would be said to a man in his wife’s presence!

The obscene jest and the *double entendre* form a great part of the light banter of both rich and poor.

The language is something fearful. Among the poor the Spanish oaths “*Carajo*” and “*Ponietta*,” the root of which is in the vilest obscenity, are constantly used.

The lower middle classes, after the same fashion, and using the same awful oaths, swear incessantly.

A man wants to open a door: it will not open. He instantly has recourse to the following language: “*Carajo*, you won’t open, won’t you? *Dios mio*” (my God), “*qué ponieterra! Santa Bárbara bendita!*” (blessed be Saint Barbara). “Come down with all the saints in heaven and open the door!” The door, by the aid of Saint Barbara, at last flies open, and the assailant says, “*Alavado sea Dios;*” i.e., “God be praised!”

This blending of the invocation of the saints, and even of God Himself, with words of the filthiest indecency, is, to my mind, a proof of the sin and exceeding folly of making holy things so common. In a land where half the streets of town and city are called Jesus or Maria, where the wine-shops are called "Wine-shop of St. Paul or St. Peter," the reverence which should exist for holy names and things is at the lowest ebb. It may be asked, Is there any reverence at all for them?

Wit is a characteristic of the Spanish poor. Once, when engaged in taming a pair of wild hawks, I summoned to my aid a reputed connoisseur in the art of bird-taming. He, failing to make any impression on the *morale* of the birds, at last gave up the job, saying, "*No vale nada la doctrina por estes pájaros; una gente que no confiesa,*" i.e., "Doctrine is no good for these fellows; they are of a race that never goes to confession."

When I pressed him as to what was to be done with the birds, said he, "Send them to share the convent" (an old, grey-stoned, semi-ruined building on the outskirts of the town) "with the Jesuits."

Distrust of, and dislike to the tyranny of, the Church, are very marked and palpable features in the character and conversation of the Spanish peasant of to-day. True, the little children still run out from street corner and blind alley to kiss the hand of the passing priest, and beseech his

blessing; true, the women have in the houses, and pray to, the images of Christ, saint, Virgin, or martyr; but, little by little, the male poor population is being alienated from the Church.

They do not like the gradual return to place and power of the Jesuits; nay, the men detest it, and are not afraid openly to avow their detestation. But the women still, women-like, cling to the Church authority and the "sympathy of *Santa Maria la Virgen*." And here be it said, that, although in too many cases they are men of immoral lives, rendered immoral by the enforced system of celibacy in this southern climate, yet the priests are not bad or brutal. They constantly live an irregular life, but, so far as their slender means allow, they are generous to the poor in an impulsive, scatterly, unorganized way. And they live, in a manner, up to their light—the false, flickering, and will-o'-the-wisp light that has been held before their eyes from their childhood. You enter a second-class carriage, and three priests, in their flowing canonicals, are the occupants. Each one has in his hands his open book of prayer, and is, in whispered or muttered tones, praying—for it is the hour for prayer, and neither the screech of engine nor puff of cigar-smoke will divert him from his purpose.

To his honour be it said, no priest ever jests at or makes light of the Sacrament of the Host, the culminating mystery, and *sacrarium* of the Church.

The vagabond boys make light of this, how-

ever; and, as among the Italian peasantry, you hear the words of blasphemy, "*Frita Hostia*," i.e. "Fried Host," so you do in Spain. "*Frita Hostia, maldita*," is no uncommon form of curse or execration.

"Do they not visit the sick and the hospitals?" I inquired a few days since, speaking of the Jesuits, who had newly returned to a town wherein I was staying. "No," said my pleasant informant, "but they visit the *señoritas*." "And how will they live?" said I. "Oh, don't you fear about them; they will take very good care about the money part of the business."

Whilst the Roman Catholic Church in England commands respect, in Spain it does not to so great an extent.

Many are the traits of family love and ties of affection; of the keen sense of justice felt by the Spanish poor; of their great and genial courtesy; of their simple and sincere hospitality. As regards peasant morality, I will only say that, among the decent peasantry, the bearing of illegitimate children is not so common as in England.

But the Church has not helped them, alas! to be either moral or educated; and they feel, and are beginning to realize, this fact.

Only a few nights since, two Spanish peasants were sharing with me my humble supper. The church of the *pueblo* was opposite to our windows. Suddenly we heard loud shouts in children's voices of "*Padrino, padrino!*"

"There's been a christening," said one of my guests, "and a musical one, for which I'll be bound fifty reals have been paid."

"Do the poor pay also?" I asked.

"Yes," was the answer, "pay they must, or the *cura* won't christen the child; they must pay at least a dollar."

Then, continuing, this peasant said, "Were I a government minister, I'd knock down every church to-morrow; for *una iglesia no hay mas que un comercio grande*," i.e., "a church is no more than a great house of business."

This is too true. Everything has been, in the Spanish Church system, a matter of payment. If you can pay well for masses for the soul, for a grand funeral, for a musical christening, all is well; but if not, you are simply "left out in the cold."

Witness the funerals of the poor. No priest accompanies the body; no rites within the church walls attend it; no lights or gorgeous flower-covered coffins are seen as in the case of the rich.

No. The funeral of the poor is a sorry sight—a sorry sight indeed. The corpse of the poor man is thrown, wound in a sheet, into the coffin of the town council (a coffin kept for the use of the poor), and carried by four ruffians to the cemetery. There is no religious ceremony. Arrived at the cemetery, the body is shot into a great, yawning, sandy pit; a quantity of quick-lime is heaped above it; the sand is scraped over; the thing is ended.

Such is the burial of the poor—of those who, in colloquial language, cannot pay.

The extortions of the Church upon the poor have been great—very great indeed. But a few months since, a poor peasant-woman was unable to pay for the burial of her child, and so the *cura* refused to bury it. The little body lay stiff, cold, and putrefying. At last the civil guards (noblest of the noble in Spain) broke open the gates of the cemetery and buried the child.

This story surely shows that all sacred matters have been made in this country completely matters of money; that the priests do not trust the word of the poor, for this *cura* evidently believed that the woman had the money wherewith to bury her child; that they rely too much on good works—“you must pay your dollar” as a debt of gratitude to the Church; and that under such a system the poor naturally writhe and are indignant—with good reason.

Where, then, it will be asked, lies the hope of Spain?

The Church is hopelessly corrupt; the Government a mere house of business to make money; the upper-middle classes very corrupt. True. But the hope of Spain lies in the peasant and lower-middle class.

A more Christian, noble spirit is creeping, slowly, but yet very surely, into the minds of the lower orders. And if you ask whence it comes, and how it comes, I can only say, in answer, that

just as "the wind bloweth where it listeth nor canst thou tell whence it cometh, nor whither it goeth," so neither can you tell whence cometh, nor how will result, the growing Christian spirit among the down-trodden Spanish poor.

Yet it is a fact that such a spirit is coming in, and is becoming prevalent among the people.

As I commenced by telling the stories of the old, sad, hard, bitter Spanish revenge, let me now tell you a story—only one—of the new revenge.

In the rich province of Murcia, where there is neither winter, nor cloudy days, nor copious rain, two persons, a young man and a younger woman, were thrown together, loved one another, and were finally engaged.

The Murcian girl of the lower class is, as a rule, very beautiful; and Francisca was the belle of the village—the one *moza* whom, above all, the *mozos* sought and loved. All wooed her; but Pedro had won, as he believed, and with good cause, her heart and affections.

He loved her so well that, as he said himself, "if he only heard the rustle of her dress passing by he couldn't eat a morsel."

The drawing of conscripts came; Pedro was poor; he drew an unlucky number; and not having the eighty dollars at hand (for how should he?) he went for a soldier,—but not before Francisca had promised to be true to him—promised to be his wife when, if ever, he should return.

He went to the wars—went with an aching heart.

As a rule Spanish girls, of the lower order especially, are true as steel to one whom once they have loved.

But poor Francisca, with her sweet, pale, delicate face, now pensive in thought, now rippling over and ablaze with laughter, was a woman after all. Her parents grew poorer and poorer. A rich man wooed her. She disregarded his attentions at first; but at last, hearing that her Pedro was dead or unfaithful—feeling the poverty of her parents, and urged by them to submit—she did submit to the addresses of her rich lover.

She married him—married him with an aching heart.

Poor Pedro was wounded, and came home from the wars. He came, in haste, to claim his Francisca. Alas, she was married. He asked no more; he turned on his heel, he went to the mines—the sweltering, dusky, dreary mines of Cartagena—and there he sought for and obtained work.

Weary was his day, and more weary still his night. The low, reckless companions; their indecent talk; their jests about the holy and the pure in womanhood, all galled and vexed his heart and soul. Still, he toiled on there; living in his tiny shanty, on the outskirts of the roar and racket of the mine machinery, tended by one old Spanish woman and her little daughter.

Then came the end. Francisca and her husband came to live near Pedro. The husband was a rich mining engineer; and daily, almost, Pedro saw the man who had unwittingly robbed him of his heart's treasure. He saw Francisca sometimes; but they never spoke.

Perhaps he loved her still; and, if so, it was but natural, surely; and it was no great harm.

But, be this how it may, Pedro never spoke to the girl he had loved. In the early morning, when the sun flung its crimson light over dusky olive glade and the dusky granite heaps, and sheds and machinery of the mine, he went to his work and to his labour; at night he returned to his humble *puchero*, his guitar, and his melancholy ditty, as the moon climbed and gazed upon him sadly from the summit of the neighbouring hill.

But God does not—like man—punish us for ever; and poor Pedro's purgatory was soon, very soon to end.

He was carried home, on one scorching, sweltering autumn's evening, in the rough cradle which the mine owners keep for portage of their wounded, with his leg badly broken in two places, and deposited in his tiny, ground-floor shanty. The doctor came at once; for the mining companies, whether Spanish or English, pay a doctor, although, oftentimes, his work is so arduous, the accidents so many, the distances he has to travel so great, that he can hardly attend to all.

"Now, my lad," said the kindly doctor, "your

leg is set; if you do not get mortification you'll pull through it yet."

The little Spanish girl took her place beside the couch of the strong, rough, reckless young miner; throughout the starlit Murcian night she sang to him her scraps of love-ditties, of prayers, and the like. Three weary days passed on and all was going well. Even the bad fare and scant attendance of a Spanish mine did not crush the strong germ of life in young Pedro's broken body.

On the third day the old mother came and sat by Pedro's couch.

"Do you know," said she, "that Doña Francisca is just about to be confined?"

Pedro heard the tidings in silence. Only that day, the dead numbness, which, as he well knew, meant mortification, and meant death unless his limb were taken off, had, he felt, set in. He had been, until the receipt of this tidings, on the point of summoning the doctor to amputate his limb; he has half a mind to do so now, but a better spirit pleads within him—a spirit of unselfish and exceeding love. Still, he will write, and—summon the doctor? Let us see.

The paper is brought, and Pedro writes thus to the doctor—a lie, you will say; yes, but a very noble lie. This is what (translated) he writes:—

"Pain just the same, but no signs of numbness. My old woman quite able to dress limb for two or three days to come. Give all your attention to

Doña Francisca, who, I hear, is about to be confined."

Of course, the doctor did not come. The numbness grew, and crept up from leg to body, from body to heart; and then the strong, loving heart grew still; the firm mouth had grown thin and pale in death; the black beard lay, stiff and rigid, on the bronzed, manly breast.

Only one mourner wept by Pedro's humble couch—the little Spanish servant, who filled the night air with her cries, "*Oh! Jesu! Jesu! Jesu!*"

So the doctor's whole attention was given to Francisca; and Pedro passed away.

SPANISH HERBS AND HERBALISTS.

SPANIARDS are great believers, and not merely those of the lower class, in the virtues of the native herbs of their country, or immediate district. The doctor's office is constantly usurped by the herbalist—a wise man or woman who, partly from natural talent, partly from having received oral instruction from father or mother, and partly from long practise of the healing art, has acquired a surprising amount of herbal knowledge.

Whether their faith and skill in the use of herbs come—as do so many of their good things; to wit, their waterworks, and their temples and castles (now used as cathedrals, or hill-forts)—from the clever and industrious Moors, or entirely from their Spanish ancestors, is uncertain.

The Moors were exceedingly skilful herbalists, and in that, as in every other branch of knowledge, they knew how to turn the natural resources of the country to the best account.

Even to this day the African Moors come over, in May, the “herb harvest,” to the neighbourhood

of Alicante and Elché,—where the sierra Mariola offers a more abundant supply of herbs and aromatic shrubs than any other ridge of hills in Southern Spain—the very air grows rich with perfume as you crush the aromatic carpet with your foot,—to glean and carry home to their less-favoured clime the spoils of the land that once they called their own.

The herb-doctor's house, situated in some out-of-the-way and little-visited hill-town, is well known to all the neighbourhood. You make your visit to it, and—if it be not the herb harvest, when the doctor is out on the hills gathering in his stock of plants to dry for the winter—you will be welcomed with Spanish courtesy, and the whole house placed “at your disposition.”

“Here,” so runs the courtly greeting, “you have always your house.” It is only a simple, peasant's dwelling, somewhat dark; but the shutters (there may be no glass) are opened, and show you the doctor's abode.

From the ceiling hang bundles of dried or drying herbs of all sorts, sizes, and perfumes. Bulbs and roots hang in festoons, reminding one of the strings of onions in an English peasant's cottage, from beam and rafter, and around the whitewashed walls.

Or, if you like to see the herb-doctor doing business, you may see him sitting, during market hours, outside the little *plaza* of his town, his dried herbs in bundles piled beside him; and the

women returning from market, buying, at two farthings apiece or less, one or more of these tiny bundles, asking directions as to which will suit their case, or that of some one of their children, and as to how the medicine should be made, and how strong the decoction.

The herbalist very often cannot read or write : his or her knowledge is confined to the one craft, like that of the old wives in the West of England who still deal in simples, where the doctor cannot see them and put a stop to their guerilla or irregular warfare against the common foe.

Yet the cures wrought by such people in cases of fever, colic, rheumatism, ague, want of appetite, and the like, are very great, and being veritable, cannot be laughed down.

It must be remembered that the Spanish poor, who are thus benefited, live more temperately than do the English, and therefore their constitutions are perhaps more easily operated upon by mild herbal remedies. The Spanish poor take little meat, little stimulant, little strong pepper, little tea or coffee ; bread, fruit, vegetables, the natural produce of the country, form the chief fare of these children of Nature ; and so, their digestive and other functions having never been battered about by heavy cooking or the artillery of medical science, are more easily set right than those of others who live differently, and not so naturally.

A word must here be said about the duly qualified Spanish practitioner. He, too, is a great

herbalist, and understands and constantly prescribes, not minerals and other poisons, but decoctions of the various simples of his country; and thus the qualified and unqualified practitioner have much ground in common.

The herbalist charges nothing for a consultation; indeed, he does not, so to speak, regularly "practise;" he will only give advice in an off-hand, friendly, chatty sort of way; but he likes, naturally enough, to sell his stock of simples.

The distinguishing features of the Spanish herbs, and flowers, and shrubs, is their intensely aromatic nature, with a certain amount of bitterness.

The leading diseases among the poor are colics, wind-spasms, and tertian, or low fevers (*calenturas*).

Here, then, we find that nature, as the Spanish poor themselves say, has placed the remedy beside the disease to which it is the antidote. The bitter of quinine cures, we know, many forms of low fever; the aromatic pungency of ginger cures colics and flatulence. So here we have bitter for fevers, aromatic and pungent herbs for colics.

In writing on the subject of Spanish herbs, two great difficulties present themselves. In the first place, the language, marvellously rich in many respects, is exceedingly poor in botanical phrases and words—one name serves to denote two or three flowers; and so the poor herbalist has coined names, in many cases Moorish, or

corruptions of Moorish names and (here comes the second difficulty) these names of herbs and plants are not found in the dictionary. In this portion of my subject, therefore, I am about to open up a most interesting and hitherto well-nigh untouched subject.

Having said this, let me premise that I write as an advocate for the herbs and the herbalists, having constantly made trial of both in times of illness, and always with a marked and unmis-takable benefit. I agree with the old-fashioned Spanish theory, that Divine Providence has assigned to each locality herbs and plants which, if properly used, are sufficient for the cure or alleviation of all the local ailments. The names immediately following are those of herbs used in the south of Andalusia, some of which are found growing wild, while others are cultivated in *patios*, or garden plots. I have taken my information from the immediate neighbourhood of Medina Sidonia, said to be the oldest town in Spain, and well known to travellers from Gibraltar to Cadiz. Looking at its name, *Medinatu Shidunah*, the city of Sidon, at its crumbling battlements, its antique orange groves, and its position on the brow of a hill, in itself a proof of its ancient origin; looking, also, at the old *régime* of decay, neglect, and poverty within its walls, one can well believe that one of the old-fashioned and well-skilled herbalists lives there, culling his herbs from the sierras around the town, and that it is a seat of the herbal lore of many hundred years ago.

Foremost among Spanish herbs comes the *Yerba* (or herb) called *Yerba luisa*: this is a garden plant, the *lemon verbena* of the English garden. In England, the fine lady plucks a sprig and scents her hand with it; so does the Spanish lady, but she knows well its value, and treasures and dries for winter use every leaf of it. It is here well known as one of the finest cordials and stomachics in the world. It can be taken in two ways, either made into a decoction, with hot water and sugar, and drank cold as a *refresco* and tonic; or, better still, with the morning and evening cup of tea, thus: put a sprig of lemon verbena, say five or six leaves, into the teacup, and pour the tea upon it: you will never suffer from flatulence, never be made nervous and old-maidish, never have cholera, diarrhœa, or loss of appetite. Besides, the flavour is simply delicious; no one who has once drank their Pekoe with, will ever again drink it without a sprig of lemon verbena!

All Spanish simples are used in decoctions with sugar. Have you, reader, ever been afflicted with that most trying malady, the ear-ache? Or are you deaf from cold and suppressed catarrh? Go—so says the Spanish herbalist, and I have often seen it done—to the nearest suckling mother, and ask her for a drop of her milk. She will readily give you a little. Put that drop into the ear; bruise some leaves of *Y.* Ruda*, or common rue, and cover with them the orifice of the

* The prefix *Y.* denotes herb, or *Yerba*.

ear; bind up, and go to bed; when you awake, the ear-ache has gone.

But here comes the curious part: the cure will fail, the milk be valueless, unless it be the milk of a man-child: so you must inquire of the nursing mother whether her child be *baron ó hembra*, male or female!

Some remedies, nay, many, are common property—common to the regular and irregular practitioner.

Such are the *Flores cordiales*, of which every *botica* or apothecary's shop has a store. These cordial flowers consist of the *oroyuz*, or liquorice stick, called by the poor *palo dulce*; the *Y. altéa*, and the leaves and flowers of the common scented violet. The three are dried, mixed up together, and invariably prescribed by Spanish practitioners for ladies suffering from a slight cold, or oppression on the chest. The decoction must be drunk lukewarm.

Such, again, is the *tila*, or dried buds, flowers, and fruit of the lime, or linden-tree. Marvellous is the amount of this used as tea; in fact, with the poor women of Andalusia it takes the place of the "dish of tea" of English peasant wives and mothers. The decoction is taken hot or cold, and is said to be a sovereign cure for all slight affections of the nerves. Are you low-spirited, nervous, or suffering from a sudden shock or fright? Be sure, any Spanish woman passing by will bring you two farthings' worth of *tila* from the nearest chemist's shop.

Children suffer much from tapeworm, called by the peasantry *solitaria*, but more properly *tenia* : nature offers as the remedy the leaves of the common mint (*Y. buena*), eaten raw, and on an empty stomach.

Ap[ro]pos of tapeworm, there are some curious superstitions abroad among the Spanish poor. The animal, they say, has the power, if it likes, to kill the sufferer !

The barks of trees are also much used medicinally in decoctions ; the bark of the wild pomegranate, as an astringent ; that of the cedar-tree, as a soothing drink ; besides a dozen others.

But more used by regular and irregular practitioners than any other plant in decoction or tea, is the *grama* : this plant is the common creeping wheat grass, the *Triticum repens* of Linnæus. It may be drunk by the patient, in cases of fever, all the day, and is cooling and refreshing ; it promotes the proper functions of the bladder and bowels. This plant is used in such quantities that carts are laden with it. Needless is it to say that it is marvellously cheap, a remedy within reach of all. Many drink the decoction (cold and sweetened with sugar) as a *refresco*, instead of water, during the summer months.

Bleeding ! The very word, to some minds, has a terrible sound ; strong men quail as they see the thick black stream from the back of the hand rushing away into the warm water, and find their heart begin to go pit-a-pat. How to avoid bleed-

ing? There is the question! Ask the herbalist: he will make you drink, hot, a decoction of the *flor de malva*, or flower of the common marsh-mallow (*Malva blanca*), and as during the treatment you must be made to perspire, and must not touch food, the chances are that it *will* have a lowering effect on the system, somewhat equivalent to bleeding. The *Malva té*, or decoction of the *Corcorus siliquatus*, is sometimes exported from Cuba for use instead of tea. The *Cascara de naranjas*, or dried rind of the orange, and that of the pomegranate, are used in decoction, the former for the cure of flatulence, the latter for the cure of spitting of blood. Should a man rupture a blood-vessel, this last remedy will instantly be administered.

Manzanilla, or camomile flower, is used as in England; it is considered that camomile tea restores appetite, and cures the *calentura*, or aguish fever. The dose in vogue is, a tea-cup full thrice daily.

The decoction of *borraja*, or *borage*, recalling Oxford days of cider cup, is used to promote profuse perspiration when a heavy, feverish cold has laid hold of the system.

Two simples, not however of herbs, although recommended by the wise wives, shall be mentioned here.

There is a sort of small night-hawk, somewhat like the English night-jar, called by many different names, *pagaro nocturno*, *primilla de noche*, *pazaro*

tunante (i.e., the *roguish* bird, although anything more dissimilar to the idea of roguishness than the weeping note of this bird as you pass through some orange grove at night it would be hard to conceive), which is shot, boiled down, and eaten by any mother whose supply of milk is scanty; after four or five stews made of this bird's flesh have been eaten, the milk comes freely, and mother and child are saved. This bird has been so hunted down, and shot in the dusky evenings, that it has become scarce, and I have known a good shot make as much as two dollars for three birds!

The next simple, is a drink of vinegar, water, and sugar: take a tumbler-full on the morning after a long journey, when the shaking of a Spanish *diligencia* has stirred and upset the biliary organs, and the *irritacion de viaje*, as this ailment is called, will depart.

Although not strictly germane to the subject, another curious botanical fact may here be mentioned. In some of the gardens near Rota—whence comes the famous tent wine, or, as it is called there, *Tintilla*, i.e., red wine, from the word *tinto* (coloured), whence the English appellation “tent”—the cherry-tree is grafted upon the red plum-tree, or *vice versâ*; the plums and the cherries grown upon the same tree become, after a few years, well-nigh alike in size, shape, and colour. In fact, you can hardly tell the round plum, degenerated in size, and altered to the

cherry's colour and appearance, from a large cherry. This fruit may be seen in the month of June, from about the 6th to the 20th, exposed for sale in the *Callé San Francisco* at Cadiz. It commands a higher price than other fruit, and is greatly prized by the gardeners.

Azafran, or saffron, whole gardens of which are spread about upon the borders of *La Mancha* and *Murcia*, forms a great ingredient in Spanish cookery. It is said by the poor to be a stomachic, but its sickly flavour hardly bears out the truth of the assertion. However, any person who becomes accustomed to the flavour, never "fancies" a dish or a cake without it; and the consumption in Spain is great, especially in the south-eastern provinces.

Colico, or what are technically called, in England, "the gripes," is very common in Spain, and the remedy in vogue is the following: *Lamedor*, or *syrup*, made of *grama*, magnesia, and cedar bark. This is drunk cold. It is a capital medicine, and its soothing properties are most beneficial. It quickly stays a mild attack of diarrhœa.

The *lamedores* of Spain, prescribed by doctor as well as herbalist, are of many kinds: *Lamedor de Moros*, or Moorish; *L. de igos chumbos*, or prickly-pear syrup.

Other herbs, to be bought in most cases either at the cottage of the herbalist or at the druggist's shop, are the *pasote*, an aromatic plant used for

flatulence; the *yer*, the *yantes*—these three provincial names not to be found in any dictionary, to my knowledge; the *poléo*, or penny-royal (*Mentha pulegium*), which last is used entirely to give an aromatic flavour to the stewed snails so much eaten by the peasantry in the south and south-eastern provinces. Who that has lived in Jerez has not heard the melancholy drawl of the stewed-snail seller, “*Caraco—o—o—o—o—l*,” or tasted the aromatic mess? The *tomillo*, or wild thyme, used both medicinally, and also put into the brine with the olives, to lend to them its aromatic flavour; the *azonzoli*, or *beneseed* (*Sesamum orientale*), an oily, purgative seed, used as an aperient, and also to flavour the snails; the *salvia real*, or royal sage; the *S. officinal*, or garden sage; *S. de Españoles*, or narrow-leaved sage, all of which are used as cordials and stomachics; the wild musk, the cypress berries, the *zinoco*, the *sendar*; all these are in use among the poor of Andalusia. I mention many names, partly because these pages may meet the eye of some one whose tastes lead him to take an interest in this wide subject, and partly to show the difficulty of the inquiry, those herbs which I have mentioned without giving their English or Latin equivalent being those which (1) have a different name in different provinces, and (2) are found, so far as I am aware, in no modern dictionary. Yet their excellence is great. The cures wrought by herbs and herbalists in Spain are something marvellous. You do not credit it

at first. Try it, and you become a believer at once. Let me add that most of these decoctions should be taken lukewarm, or cold. The former is considered the more advisable.

Women, in Spain, as elsewhere, especially during the season of pregnancy, and especially in a country where little exercise can be taken by the rich and delicate, and where intellectual stimulants are passing few and far between, where life alternates between the slow evening *paseo* and the glitter and excitement of the bull-fight, where embroidery is relieved by the siesta in the darkened room, where reading and letter-writing are not much in vogue,—women suffer much from what is technically called *estricia*, i.e., sadness, depression, despondency, shown by the dull, weary eye and the languid gait. In such cases vegetable purges are used, and *perejil*, or common garden parsley, boiled, is to be eaten three or four times a day—so says the wise man.

Magnesia, which is very cheap, averaging from seven to eight reals per pound, is the one medicine, not vegetable, which is taken in all, any, and every disease. It might almost be called *the poor man's panacea in Spain*.

Sauco, or the alder tree, is used, boiled down, in cases of erysipelas; *flamenquilla* or yellow marigold, is used as a medicinal salad, as are also endive and dandelion in combination.

Sarsaparilla is drunk everywhere: it is the baby's medicine; the poor man's and the rich

man's specific when the blood is impure or out of order; and the *refresco* of the thirsty soul in summer. A drink of sarsaparilla may be had for a halfpenny at most of the water stalls.

So much for the herbs of Southern Andalusia. Turn we for a few minutes to a still richer store-ground of aromatic herbs, the mountains of Murcia and Valencia.

I trust my readers are not yet weary of the subject, which, although but most imperfectly treated in these pages, is yet novel, full of interest, and, as I shall endeavour presently to prove, may be of profit. My object is to show that too little regard is paid to local herbs, and too much money thrown away on doctors, and their foreign and expensive drugs.

The late Richard Ford, in one of his works on Spain, says that the ancient Iberians were great herbalist doctors; that they had a drink composed of a hundred herbs, and hence called *centum herbæ*, a sovereign panacea for every ill that human flesh is heir to, and so agreeable that it was drunk at their state banquets; that they cured gout by rubbing flour into the parts affected; knew of a plant which, if kept in the house, warded off the stroke of lightning; and that their cure for an elongated uvula was a bag of purslain suspended round the neck of the sufferer!

Many of the terms, however, in medical use are Arabic in their origin, such as *Jalea*, *Jarave*, *Elixir*, and the like; and in the rural districts

many of the herbs bear names, when colloquially spoken of, which are also of Arabic origin.

One of the reasons assigned by Muza, in his letter to the Caliph, anent the desirability of conquering Andalusia, was the abundance of aromatic herbs to be found there; the letter alleges that the country "is the land of the ancients, superior to Syria, for the blueness of its sky and the verdure of its soil; to Yemen, for the softness and mildness of its air; to India, for its flowers and aromatic herbs; to Hegiaz, for its fruits; and to Catay, for its precious minerals." And to this day the Moors still wander over hill and down valley in March and May, and return to Africa with their treasures of "*aromas y flores*."

It would seem, then, that this modern herbal lore of Spain is derived from two different sources, Iberian and Moorish.

Those travellers who know the border districts of the kingdoms of Valencia and Murcia, will remember that the country consists of wide-spreading irrigated gardens, intersected and divided by what are, to all appearance, in the summer and autumn barren hills; and they will be surprised to find that in the spring months, March, April, May, these ridges are covered with aromatic herbs. For the herbalist this is perhaps the best district in the Peninsula. The range of hills which is richest, richest where all are rich, is called the Sierra de Mariola; and in the fruit markets of many of the neighbouring towns of

Murcia may be seen the collectors and vendors of the herbs.

The list, for its length, is surprising: in one little herbalist's house will be found about *forty* different species of wild aromatic herbs, each one being a specific for some especial disease.

As a rule, each little bundle, sufficient for two days' consumption, costs only two farthings; advice is "gratis for nothing," and very good, sound advice it is, as a rule. The poor have strong faith, good constitutions; they take the simples prescribed: *paciencia*, and the cure is wrought; above all, the *peseta* of the doctor is still safe in pocket.

Here is a picture of the Murcian or Valencian herb-stall.

Four or five shapeless-looking bulbs do not appear tempting. You inquire, and find that *their* value is equal to that of the whole bundle of herbs. These, weighing above half a pound apiece, and being sold for two *pesetas* (or twenty pence) apiece, are the famous *cebollas purinas* from the above-named sierra. Have you some joint disease? Cut the onion in three pieces—not in two, that would have no good effect—put it in hot water, and steam yourself. Are the exhalations of the sick man's bed offensive? Just place one of these bulbs under the bed and it will absorb them all. Have you erysipelas, or other skin disease. Put the bulb in hot water under the bed, having previously cut it into three pieces, and the disease will be conquered.

Wild rosemary (*Romero macho*) which, being the common brushwood of the hills, commands no price at all here, a decoction of which is used, hot, to bathe the limbs in cases of rheumatism; or a few drops of the essence, is put into the coarse *aguardiente* of the country to give it a fine flavour; or it may be used as a wash for the hair, although a Spanish woman's halo of glory seldom needs such stimulants. Here is the *captosera*, or universal specific for colic and diarrhoea; *jolicarda* and *brusco*, the uses of which are best left unmentioned; *manzanilla*, or wild camomile, good for giving appetite and curing pains in the limbs after fever; *cantahueso*, a sort of large thyme, a decoction of which will stanch a flow of blood from a stab or cut, or act as a tonic on the weak stomach; cane root from the irrigated lands, a decoction of which is very efficacious in cases of retention of urine; bark of wild pomegranate (*Granada agria*), taken in decoction to expel tapeworm; a heap of a beautiful species of fern, called *falagera*, poisonous, but useful to bathe rheumatic limbs; *veronica*, a garden plant, used like *Datura tatula*, to make cigarettes for the asthmatic; *lichis*, or lichen, torn off the rocks, and boiled down to make jelly for coughs; bundles of poisonous *mata*, the decoction of which, rubbed into the skin, cures face-ache; *pibrella*, an herb of a very pungent aroma used to flavour the olives in brine; wild rue (*Ruda agria*), to give appetite, or cure flatulence and colic; *rabo*

de gato, or cat's-tail, a woolly plant from the sierra, taken in hot water for wind-spasms; wild sage (*Sabia agria*), drunk in decoction by the nervous, the trembling, and the fanciful; *Yerba doncella*, periwinkle (*Vinea major* of Linnaeus), drunk in decoction for weak stomach and indigestion; *oregono*, or marjoram, for flavouring stews; *vara de oro*, a kind of broom, useful in all diseases of the bladder—it is taken three times a day in decoction, and is sufficiently strong to expel a stone!

Placed apart, are several little bundles of herbs used in the various stages of the low fevers of the country. These, I pass over, as they are used also by the regularly qualified practitioner, whose advice in such cases should be sought. Let me here dispel, if possible, the very erroneous impressions abroad as to Spanish doctors. Since the days when Ford wrote his famous treatise on the craft, the science of medicine has steadily advanced, and the Spanish doctor of to-day is, generally speaking, a well-educated, skilful, and gentlemanly person, and by no means deficient in surgical skill. He falls short, however, as a rule, in the treatment of infants, and in the delivery of women in childbirth, this branch of his art being almost entirely usurped, by general consent, by the mid-wife.

You may chance, ere you leave the herbalist and his little stores, to cast your eyes upon one of the broad leaves of the *platano*, or banana-tree, the use of which is as follows. The Spanish

method of treatment, in inflammation of the lungs, is to keep a mild blister on the chest for five or six days, reducing the size of the wound daily by paring off the edges of the blister. When the blister is removed, the flesh will be left somewhat raw, and linen or paper, although smeared with ointment, would stick to it. The ointment, called *unguento amarillo*, to be applied to the spot, is spread upon a piece of the platano leaf, and thus applied to the wound. The smooth, slippery surface of this leaf never permits of its adhering too closely to the broken skin, while its flexibility makes it yield to every movement or shudder of the flesh: it is, also, exceedingly cool. I commend its use to English practitioners.

You may be puzzled, too, at seeing a basket full of peach or apricot stones lying close at hand. The kernels of these are pounded up with milk, and made into a paste, to spread upon the hands or face of the fine lady who is a martyr to mosquito bites. The paste rapidly alleviates the irritation.

And if you ask the herbalist about *fruits* and their respective properties, she will tell you: "*Eat plentifully the fruits of the country: but take them in their proper course and succession, for so the good God has given them to be taken, and only so taken will they do you any good: eat apricots, while in season: melons, ditto: and so forth. But if, omitting apricots, you eat melons, you are going against the good Providence of God, and omitting one link*

in His complete and perfect chain of wholesome foods of the season. But, above all, when autumn comes in, with its concomitant of colics and the like, store up, and eat stewed quinces, for they are the crowning fruit for giving appetite and health. At once acid, astringent, and bitter, their value is unbounded. Do not let All Saints' Day dawn upon you without your having commenced to eat quinces."

Thus do both irregular and regular practitioners trust very much to nature; and the Spanish population, neglecting, as it does, many valuable rules of hygiene, will bear comparison in strength, freedom from illness, and longevity, with that of any European country.

I wonder what some delicately nurtured, fanciful, luxurious English son or daughter of fashion, who wants green peas at Christmas, and apricots in the month of March, will think of the philosophy and advice of a poor Spanish herbwoman in the wilds of Valencia! To me, I confess, it seems admirable.

Nor does our poor but shrewd old friend stop at such-like advice. Her moral precepts are to the full as sapient and slashing as those of the present good Bishop of Manchester, save that, unlike that prelate, she recommends every one to smoke! Fastidiousness, laziness, ennui, are the good old woman's *stugemas*. She despises all children of fashion who indulge in such-like fancies and selfishnesses.

"*You are low-spirited,*" she says, "*go and work;*

go and visit the poor, go out to sea with the fishermen. Your skin is slightly feverish: go and dig in the fields, and sweat, and don't take wine or meat for a fortnight. You suffer much in your confinements: yes, and a very good thing that you suffer for your laziness here, and won't be burnt so severely in the next world: why don't you walk, and run, and sweep the house daily during all your pregnancy; you won't suffer then: my daughter only lies up two days! You want a doctor, do you? What the devil do you want a doctor for? Give the doctor's fee to the hospital. You think to walk, with a lighted taper, in a church procession is enough exercise? Ca! why church processions only aid the shoemaker a little, and no one else at all!"

Such is the advice that an old woman from the fruit market of a Valencian town has to offer to the world of London or Madrid wealth and fashion!

I do not desire to speak disparagingly of medical men, of the great advance made in the science of late years, of the individual skill and tenderness of thousands of this noble profession. I have myself felt the stroke of heavy illness, and known what it is to count the very minutes to the arrival of the physician, and to hang upon his every word.

What I do intend to say is, that hundreds of the ills of the rich are simply imaginary, and would not be felt had they to work for their living: and, further, that a great deal of money spent on

doctors' fees might be kept in the pocket or given to the poor, while many of the trifling ailments to which poor and rich alike are subject might be coped with and cured by any one possessing a fair knowledge of the wild and garden herbs of his native country.

Having made upwards of a year's trial of the efficacy of Spanish herbs, taught at the hands of a poor unlettered Spanish peasant woman, and having marked the real and unmistakable cures of colds, coughs, slight attacks of fever, diarrhœa, colics, and the like, among the peasantry of Spain by the herbalist, I may claim to speak upon the subject, if not with professional science, at least with some amount of authority.

It has been remarked that the chief characteristics of the herbs mentioned are their aromatic, cordial, and pungent qualities, coupled with a certain amount, in some instances, of tonic vegetable bitter, as in the case of camomile and herbs of a like nature; and that these qualities, are the proper antidotes to and remedies for the especial class of disease to which the Spanish poor are chiefly subject; namely, low and long-continued fevers, agues, rheumatisms, flatulence, colics, and diarrhœas.

Skin diseases, tumours, consumption, and diseases incident upon child-bearing, are all sadly common; but they are beyond the province of the herbalist, and claim a higher amount of medical knowledge than is his to bestow.

Many are the strange sayings and beliefs, about the present subject, among the Spanish poor.

There is an herb, the peasantry of the neighbourhood most gravely affirm, on the hills that rise near Medina Sidonia which, if trodden upon by foot of horse or mule, causes, I presume by some corrosive juice contained in its leaf, the iron shoe to crack and even burst. This belief is deeply rooted in the minds even of shrewd and clever peasants, and I have found it a vain task to endeavour to combat it.

Again, even an educated keeper of a *casa de huespedes* will not allow his guest—a thirsty English traveller, perhaps—to drink cold water with figs of any sort: *hace haño*, he says, and quotes the *refran*:—

“Con igos y brebas
El agua no bebas ;”

i.e., “with figs first ripe or last ripe, green or black, drink no water.”

Much, again, might be written on the subject of the baths of the country. In the efficacy of these mineral springs the poor as well as the rich place, and, from what I have observed, rightly, the most implicit faith. Spain is rich in mineral springs, and the waters of Chiclana, Novelda, Loeces, Trillo, Alhama, Marmolejo, Archena, undoubtedly have wrought marvellous cures in countless cases. The poor, when recommended so to do by the doctor, often take the baths, selling their

very sticks of furniture to gain the privilege. In the commencement of the bath season, which lasts from June to about the middle of September (roughly speaking), many are the applicants for a little pecuniary help to obtain the coveted privilege for husband, wife, or child. The doctor writes the petition, and the weeping Spanish woman brings it to your house : her eyes stream with tears ; she grasps your hand in both her own, implores you, for the love of God and Christ and the Holy Virgin, to aid her ; and it is impossible to refuse a Spanish woman's entreaty, especially if she be a pretty woman !

So particular are the poor about the quality of their water—and with reason, for it is well-nigh their only drink—that a weary, careworn mother, approaching to her confinement, will walk a mile to fill her pitcher with the liquid stream from some particular well which has a good reputation.

Let me add that hardly a single herb on the list is used as a purgative : purgatives in Spain are little needed, owing to the temperate habits of high and low, and the free use of fruit and vegetables. Nearly all appear to be “stomachics.” I have given the Spanish, oftentimes the provincial names of the herbs quoted, and, where I could, their Latin or English equivalent, thinking that any one really interested in the subject who may read these pages can easily obtain access to a good Spanish-English dictionary, in England, and so verify the names, a privilege which is not

to be obtained in the small Spanish town whence I write.

Some reader may be disappointed that I have given no details of fortune-telling, love-potions, poisons, and the like, all of which occult sciences are indirectly connected with herbalism. Let me give to all such persons my own experience. In talking over the herbal question with a clever *doctress* in the profession, and a good woman also, I inquired of her about love-potions and poisons. She coloured up to the ears, drew herself up, and said, "If you desire that sort of detail, Señor, you must go to bad women: they who deal in such things are *una gente no decente*" (not decent people).

When I inquired further of another person, the two or three stories of days of old which he related were so horrid that I begged to be spared any further details.

I trust my humble conservative attempt to introduce once more into England the study of native herbs and their various uses will not give offence to my medical readers, to whose sense of truth I commend the matter, and to whom, in conclusion, I venture to offer the following anecdote and to inquire whether they have not often experienced a feeling akin to that of the doctor to whom allusion is to be made, when returning from a visit to some fanciful old maid or dyspeptic millionaire.

A young and handsome Irish doctor returned

from his visit to a fanciful old lady, who paid him liberally for a daily consultation, to sit down to his dinner with a friend, a *littérateur* who was striving hard to get his bread by his pen.

Said the literary man, "How easily you make your money in these cases, doctor. I have to write four hours and to think as many to earn a couple of sovereigns."

"Yes," said the doctor, "the old lady's money paid for this leg of mutton; the vegetables were a present from her garden; I ride her horse to keep him in exercise; she sent me this port wine from her own cellar; and, *d— me, if I haven't a great mind to poison her entirely!*"

GRACES OF SPANISH WOMEN.

MANY writers upon Spain have descanted on the outward charms of the Spanish women, and one has even written a short essay on the beauty and shapeliness of her foot.

But, as it seems to me, what is even more noticeable than her physical charms, is her inborn and exceeding beauty of character. Be she poor, or be she rich, the heart of the Spanish woman is a vast storehouse of the Christian graces. Cheerfulness, affectionateness, simplicity, self-denial, blindness to the faults of others, exceeding purity of heart coupled with a certain coarseness of expression which, in any being less pure, might be called indecency, tenderness to the sick or suffering, and womanly delicacy of feeling—all these are found in the heart of the true, unsophisticated Spanish woman.

If there be “one thing lacking,” it is, perhaps, a certain want of truthfulness of speech; but side by side with this lack of lip-truthfulness is found the greatest truthfulness of action and character;

and, when it is remembered that every Spaniard is brought up in an atmosphere of untruthfulness, this defect is not to be wondered at greatly.

It must be owned that, throughout the Peninsula, the wonderful goodness and purity of the women, both high and low (I should, however, except entirely the whole of the *nobility*, and speak rather of the poor and the middle-class), stand out in marked and striking contrast to the worthlessness and profligacy of the men; and the unselfishness of the women to the exceeding selfishness of the men—such a selfishness as is evinced in the fact of the husband often going to the theatre alone, leaving his newly married wife at home, because there is not sufficient money for both to enjoy that pleasure.

Compare the Spanish woman, with her few advantages, her scanty education, her few opportunities of mixing with the talented and good of the opposite sex, her lack of true religion (for she is too clever to be completely hoodwinked by her priest)—compare her with the Englishwoman, with her good education, and her many ennobling influences, and then allow, if you find even with these advantages that her English sister “cannot hold a candle to her” (to use a trite expression), that the Spanish woman is infinitely the superior of the two! I have been laid on the bed of sickness in Spain, in peasant cottage, and in middle-class house, poor, sick, a stranger and a Protestant, and the tender care, the assiduous nursing,

the generosity with which I have met in Spain as opposed in England, no words of mine can ever depict.

You shall be lying sick in some rude peasant's house; his wife and daughter will nurse you, and never think of "Who will pay?" or "Has he got any money?" or "Are his relations rich?" as is the fashion with English lodging-house keepers. No; all that is forgotten by the brown-faced, warm-hearted Spanish peasant woman in the contemplation of a fellow-creature's sufferings. True, she has but little self-control; true, she hangs over your pillow, and deluges it with tears; true, you hear her sad tremulous voice, and deep-drawn sighs, as she wanders distractedly up and down her little house, making those moans which can only be designated by the Spanish word *quejandose*; true, she shows her feelings, and sometimes adds by so doing a pang to your sleepless pain, but heart ever meets heart, and you know and feel her Christ-like sympathy.

Then, perhaps, her yellow serge dress is a wee bit dirty, and she smells a little of perspiration as she gives the dying stranger his last long kiss on his forehead, and commends him to his guardian angel, and *La Virgen de los Dolores*; and perhaps her "*pucherrito*," or stew, is coarse enough, and strong-smelling enough to turn a sound, let alone a sick man's stomach—but is it not her very best? and is not the blessing to her who has done, not much, but *quod potuit tamen*?

And if, from bad, the sufferer goes on to become worse, the flame of pity for him in the Spanish woman's breast burns brighter and warmer as the flame of life in his breast burns lower; she will bare her brown, warm, say coarse bosom, and press you to it, and reassure you in such words as "You shall not die alone," and will pray in whispers, and ask you, "Have you any belief?" and vow her votive offering, of her scanty, scanty purse, to the Virgin of the Grievs, in the church of her Parochia.

And, when you recover, she will say, "What joy for you to be better! what sorrow for me, for I shall miss my sufferer!"

Such is the Spanish woman, rich or poor, to the stranger in his hour of extremity. And a true woman surely is only or best known in adversity. So touchingly unselfish are the Spanish women, that I remember once, when leaving a house where I had lodged, the landlady said to me, "You are looking ill;" and when I answered, "Well, I could not stand that red pottage every day at the posada" (where I had dined), she said, the tears starting into her eyes, "*Pobrecito*" (i.e., poor fellow), "if I had but known, you should have shared my egg and coffee." She was very, very poor; *pobre de solemnidad*, i.e., solemnly poor, so runs the touching phrase of the Spanish poor! My Esau's mess would have been a *rich feast* to her!

And, to pass from the lowly peasant's cottage,

or humble village *posada*, to the house of the middle-class, of the private gentleman, the well-to-do merchant, the rich tradesman—if you are admitted to these as a friend of the house you will be charmed by the simplicity of the women. Their pleasures, their food, their ideas, are essentially simple—of a simplicity that does not lack grace, and that charms, or should charm the heart in this age of stereotyped aping of superiors, and servant-girlism, and humbug.

Should her husband be from home, the lady will, to save giving trouble to her servant, whom she calls "*hija mia*," i.e., "my daughter," eat her simple meal in the kitchen or ante-kitchen, dust the rooms, and ornaments herself, and then entertain her few lady friends, who drop in to have a chat—the famous "*tertulia*" of Spanish middle-class society. And in these *tertulias* simplicity shines out again, for no refreshments are ever offered, nor, if offered, would they be accepted. Dinner-parties are, wisely, not the fashion. The lady at the party chats, and departs; the gentleman simply smokes his paper cigarettes; and so poor and rich of the same class can entertain on equal terms. And if you sit down to dinner with a lady and gentleman of the middle-class, how simple are their habits! how hearty their entertainment of their guest! The table is, or is not, in the middle of the room; the cloth is snowy white, the water, cold as ice. A melon or two are rolling about the table; the master of the house

just cuts one into slices, and hands it round. A servant girl, in *dishabille*, with bare arms, brings in the soup, and then the ever-present *puchero*, or stew—a hodge-podge of meat stewed to rags, garbanzos, and every sort of vegetable. The simple red wine of the country is drunk in tumblers. The lady rises from table, opens a common cupboard in the room, and takes out a thick-necked bottle of cherries, preserved in aguardiente (*anglicé* cherry-brandy), of which you and your host partake. Then cigarettes are lit; banter, and natural conversation, interlarded with little jokes, so simply spoken that they cannot be called coarse, are passed about; some old retainer of the house comes in, and takes his glass of wine, and smokes, and mingles in the harmless talk, and, without trouble, the meal is over, and there is no hot flushed, angry face of “missus who is a reg’lar nigger-driver,” nor any mortification on the part of the poor servant. To begin with, although Jane and Sally and Ann may, it is certain that Isidra, and Antonia, and Francisca would not stand a rude or insulting word, even from *la dueña de la casa*!

I have spoken thus far of the tenderness of heart of the poor, and the simplicity of habits of the great body of middle-class Spanish women. Their cheerfulness and contentedness are also marked characteristics in their character. The smallest trifle—the flower plucked and twined in the rich brown hair, the sameness of the passing

hour, the embroidery by day, the chat with friend or lover through the barred window, and the stately *paséo* at night,—all these please and amuse the simple-minded Spanish woman. She is always bright, joyous, contented; and a frown, if for a moment seen, never hangs long in thunder-clouds upon her open, beaming brow.

Rising with the sun from her hard and simple couch, she is soon robed in her dress of trailing black, the only impediment to dressing quickly being the adorning of her crown of glory, her hair. With a bright smile, and lithe but stately step, she threads the winding streets at early dawn to early *misa*, and every ray of sunshine seems to irradiate her face, and for every early loungee at every early “fried-fish shop” she has a smile and a kindly word.

Then, when the autumn fairs come, what joy! Amid a crowd of equals, superiors, or inferiors, she rejoices, her little child clinging to her finger, to pace up and down amid the rows of gorgeously decked-out stalls, to stop for a moment at the common water-seller’s stall, and give to her child the same fare that the poor peasant-woman by her side is giving to *her* own little brat, viz., a glass of cold spring water with a sweet *marengo*, called here *panecillo*, soured in it, value two *cuartos*.

And if warmth of heart, and willingness to be pleased with trifles, and naturalness of thought and action be hers in such rich abundance, no less is an exceeding purity a leading feature in the

Spanish woman's character. While, probably, the nobility, or upper ten thousand, including Madrid politicians and their ladies, is as corrupt as is possible, the lower and middle classes are, probably, as regards the women, purer than those of any other European country. In the cigar factories, in Andalusia, there is a great deal of immorality, I must own; but the better class of peasant mothers shrink with horror from the idea of letting their children become factory hands, and in some provinces, notably so in that of Cataluña, the factory girls are of the purest life and morals. I have heard a large employer of labour in the mill districts of that province declare that, of the 200 girls employed in his cotton factory, there was not one with whom, so far as her purity was concerned, he would be afraid to marry.

The fact is, the women are guarded when young; and, generally speaking, with no dowry but their beauty and purity, they themselves learn to prize and guard these graces; and, when they give heart and hand to a man of their choice, though their fate is to be sinned against, they pass over the fault in their husbands, and live purely.

As wife, mother, sister or friend, the Spanish woman has not her equal: pure herself, she can afford to forgive impurity in others; unselfish by nature, she is content to take the rough path herself, and give to others the smooth; passionately fond of her children, she finds in making their clothes and ornaments, and caring for their needs,

her chief occupation, and into every tiny pleasure that relieves the wearisomeness of the day she enters with delight; uneducated, she yet is full of the sprightliest small talk, and that not the small talk of an English drawing-room, but the outpouring of a mind naturally witty, and keenly observant; accustomed to stint, economy, and suffering, she is ever ready to lend a helping hand to a poorer neighbour; while from such a crime as offering an insult to any one with whom the world had dealt hardly in the matter of bread and butter, she would recoil with horror and amazement.

Nor does her charm consist alone in the possession of those abiding graces of heart and mind which form her richest, and her lasting treasure. Grace of form, feature, voice and attire, a grace all her own, and peculiarly her own, added to her more lasting graces, make the Spanish woman, whether poor or rich, perhaps the most truly noble and the most really beautiful work of the Creator's hands.

Saunter into the fruit and vegetable market at break of day, and study the outward charms of the woman of the lower class. Between her *physique* and that of her middle-class sister there is this great difference, that, whereas the latter is invariably tall and slender when young, the former, from being badly fed, and having to work hard, is short, not to say stunted, and *embonpoint*. Still, her form is perfectly symmetrical, and not an ounce of flesh is out of place. Her feet, encased

in hempen sandals, are short, plump, and with a high instep; they are bare, and you can see the rich, bronzed, healthy hue of the flesh. Her eyes are dark, lustrous, and vagrant: sometimes wandering hither and thither with a rapt, unconscious gaze, as though in perpetual quest of the something that never can be found; sometimes flashing with fire at some attempted imposition on the part of the melon-seller, or beaming with a tender smile as she meets some old and well-loved acquaintance, or stoops down to kiss some little child. Her forehead is low, and the black hair, parted in the middle, sweeps to right and left in graceful masses, like a rich, natural, and delicate pent-house. Her breasts are fully developed, pointed and conical; her hands delicately small, and well-shaped; mouth very small; teeth white as pearls; chin square, short, and pointed as the chins of ladies on old English brasses. Her walk is stately. Her coarse calico dress, starched until it can stand upright, trails and rustles behind her. A bright-coloured, striped handkerchief is bound over her rich tresses, and tied under the chin: for she is one of the *genté de pañuelo*, or handkerchief-class, as opposed to *gente de mantilla*, or mantilla-class. On her bare, and beautifully turned fleshy arm she carries her basket; and, as she adds carrots to endive, and tomatoes to pomegranates, and crowns her basket with the lustrous bunch of white grapes, and, perhaps, a tiny fragment of crimson meat, you will find her basket, like herself, a picture for

the poet, or the painter, of that which is natural and tasteful. She is the picture of rude health ; can eat a garlic stew at six in the morning ; hoe in the field ; bear children without a doctor's assistance, and be at market two days afterwards. She is a little coarse in language, but it is because she is a child of Nature, and, let me say, a very noble one.

The very language of the peasant woman betrays her exceeding tenderness of heart, and *carino* (*i.e.* excessive affectionateness) ; unlike the cold-blooded and calculating peasantry of France, where the family, by a sort of mutual consent on the part of the parents, rarely exceeds two or three children, the Spanish peasant, poor, crippled, suffering as she is, glories in every baby brought to the birth : she says, in Scriptural phrase, "The fruit of the womb is the gift of the Lord," and each child is dearer to her than its predecessor, especially if it be a boy. Each child, as she hugs it to her brown, heaving bosom, and looks out upon the brown and dusty fields, where, as so often is the case, the drought (*sequia*) or the locust (*langosta*), those terrible foes of the agricultural labourer in Spain, prevent her husband from getting his bread (is he not now standing in the door of the cottage, idly smoking his paper cigarette ?)—each child is called by her, "*hijo de mi sangré*," *i.e.*, child of my blood ! The Spanish women are marvellously fertile (according to returns recently published, the births in the Peninsula are fifteen per cent. in advance of those

in England and France), and hence this affection is by no means a mere profession ; it is a profession, but, brought to the test of hunger or semi-starvation, it is a *true* profession.

And this poor mother, sitting in her mud-floored house, her Murillo-type babes scrambling about the room around her, has no great helper in her lord and master. The peasant of the *campo* is, especially in hard times, too often brutal to his wife. Ignorant of what is pure and noble, he oftentimes beats her cruelly ; and a peasant, of good character and antecedents, once said to me, when I remarked how red his old woman's eyes were, " Yes ; she was obstinate, like a she-mule, so I had to have recourse to a chair," *i.e.*, he had given her a blow with it !

The moment, however, that one enters the *artisan's* house, he being better educated, and living in a town, the treatment of the women will be found to be very good ; and the same may be said of the great body of tradesmen, and others of the middle classes.

Lastly, in leaving our study of the Spanish poor woman, let us say one more word on the subject of her great generosity to her neighbour, and to all the members of her own family. Living, as the poor do in towns, in little colonics, a family in a room,—each large house you enter is like a human rabbit-warren ; bright bodices, and glossy hair, and trailing skirts pop out of half a dozen doors,—the Spanish poor are drawn together, and

know and, what is far, far more, bear one another's burdens. If but *one* man in the house has work, he will lend a few coppers daily to all in the same house ; and most honestly, and most honourably do the Spanish peasants pay their little debts. I have constantly, in England, lent money to the poor, and very often made a man who had received a loan my enemy for life. Constantly, also, I have not met with payment ! During four years' intercourse with the *Spanish* peasantry, I can safely say, that very dollar I have ever lent—and I have lent hundreds—has been faithfully and gratefully repaid.

So, with a blessing on her warm mother's heart, let us leave the Spanish peasant woman, and sketch in brief outline some few of the graces of her tall, pale, olive-complexioned sister of the *gente de mantilla*, or middle-class.

The grace and beauty of the Spanish lady, so far as externals are regarded, lies perhaps chiefly in her liquid voice ; her seemingly melancholy cast of countenance, which changes in a moment into a smile of dazzling beauty ; her dark, lustrous, flashing eyes ; and the beautiful shapeliness of her small chin. And to these may be added her stately, yet easy, lithe, and graceful walk.

Her hand and foot are small—almost too small ; and the moulding and contour of her arm and ankle models for a sculptor. Her mouth and chin are like those of a child, and her low forehead is massed over with abundant tresses of fine, rich,

wavy brown hair, spangled with a few flowers, and untouched by any cosmetic.

Her voice is liquid, rippling over with her innate kindness of heart—"gushing," but not in the full and vulgar sense of the word. Add to all this her trailing dress; her upright carriage of the head; her beautifully sloping shoulders, and conical bosom, and you have before you the picture of the Spanish lady of to-day, not as she is found in Madrid or Gibraltar, where she apes the cocky English hat, or the looped-up French dress, which alike spoil the dignity of her carriage, the melancholy of her face, and the modesty of her attire, but as she is in her own home, in Murcia, Valencia, Andalusia, where she rises at early dawn, and, robed in black, sallies out to early Mass, or takes her nightly walk along the *paséo* beneath the dusky orange-trees.

True, whether she be one of the *gente de pañuelo*, or of the *gente de mantilla*, the Spanish woman has her little faults: she is devoid of self-control when ill and in pain; she is often passionate; she reads and writes and sings but little; and, perhaps, even her bright natural wit, and sweetness of disposition, and naïve remarks hardly constitute her a "companion" according to nineteenth-century ideas.

She is timid, too, to a fault; and, hardly ever travelling, if she has to land from a steamer in a rough sea, the chances are she will shut her eyes, exclaim aloud, with impassioned fervour, and

with tears quivering on her long black eyelashes, "*Ahi! Ahi! Dios de mi alma*" ("Alas! God of my soul!"), and, with a shudder, leave the boatmen to do what best they can with her trembling, crouching form.

But, remember, she has, as regards her passionateness, had no school training, and little, very little, parental discipline; and, as regards her timidity, she has seen and knows so little of any world beyond her simply furnished *casa*, when her chief occupation has been the making of her graceful draperies, and the arranging of the deep bed, with pillows, and counterpane heavily edged with lace—the one luxury and extravagance which rich and poor alike allow themselves.

She dresses, too, badly within doors: but remember, economy is a part of her nature: and, to be beautifully dressed on the feast-day *paséo*, she will go in sackcloth all the week.

Then, she is very finely strung, very delicate. One breath of cold causes her to shake and shiver; the least change in the weather affects her; no strong medicine can she take, all her medicines being of the simplest herbs, taken in homœopathic doses.

Religious the Spanish woman certainly is. True, she is a little demonstrative: she bursts into tears in front of the niche where reposes the body of her lost child; she calls, in passionate language, aloud, on *La Virgen de los Dolores* when husband or child lies ill; she, as the Bedfordshire

peasant women say, "begs" what she wants of her God, in front of her saint, or picture; she lies down, in her great agony, with the crucifix clasped and hugged to her pale, heaving bosom in her comfortless "*cuarto*" or "*alcoba*," with its bare, white-washed walls. But withal she "receives the kingdom of God as a little child," and who that has known her guilelessness and purity can doubt but that she, of all God's unseen saints, is among the first to enter therein?

TOILERS OF THE RIVER.

TRAVELLERS who go to Madrid see, as a rule, the mere beaten and hackneyed sights of the great city; yet there are many sights within reach more worthy of being seen, studied, and understood.

The *Rastro*, or fair of old curiosities, at early morning; the *Saladero*, or chief prison, soon to be razed to the ground to give place to a model prison, on the separate system; the new market, with its marvellous wealth of fruit and vegetables from the garden grounds of Aranjuez and the banks of the fertilizing Tagus; the convict prisons at Alcalá de Henares, one hour's run from Madrid; the model hospital, called "*La Princesa*," in Madrid; the beautifully ordered model workhouse, or *Hospicio*, in the Calle Fuencarral; the gipsies' huts, called "*Barrio de las Injurias*;" the wild waste steppes along the banks of the Manzanares; and, lastly, the washing-grounds and washerwomen who encircle Madrid, like pickets of stalwart soldiers. I might add, perhaps, that

some interest attaches to the one slaughter-house, where, at six of the morn, the whole of the animals destined to form food for the great capital are slaughtered with marvellous dexterity.

In May, 1876, escaping from the weariness of the sickening debate on the "Religious Question" in the Cortes, I turned towards the outskirts of the city to get fresh air, a view of the river, and learn something of the life and trade of the numberless washerwomen engaged in washing upon its banks. There is little of romance, you will say, about washing-grounds and washerwomen; and, certainly, regarding a washing-ground in England, under cover, in semi-darkness and whole soap-suds, with masculine viragos who smell of gin and tea, he who would dare to write would wield a very rash pen indeed. But, in Spain, washing-grounds and washerwomen are not as in England: here, the whole work is invariably, in winter and summer alike, performed out-of-doors, *al fresco*; the bright sun blazes down, and lights up the bronzed, healthy, handsome faces of these "toilers of the river," and lends a brightness to their gaudy dresses; the river flows by, in blue and silver ripples; gay banter and confused ringing laughter echo along the river-bank; you feel, even among the washerwomen, the "spell of Spain," and its varying charm, and forget soap-suds and dirty linen in the picturesque dresses, and gaudy colours, and beautiful surroundings of the scene before you.

The Manzanares, aptly described in Murray's Handbook as the "Madrid river, with its great name and scanty stream," flows right round the west, and circles round the south of the city; it flows through several different channels, and thus covers a large breadth of ground, little *aits*, or islands, and sand-banks, and dry walks intersecting and interspersing its course.

Let us forget the prosaic name "washing-grounds," and speak of "*Lavaderos*;" let us forget "washerwomen," and speak of "*Lavanderas*." The whole of the Manzanares near Madrid is portioned out into "*Lavaderos*," bearing the most graceful names: to the extreme north-west they are called those of *Sant' Antonio* (Saint Antony); for here in Spain your tailor is Jesus of the Valley, and your wine-shop *San Pablo* (Saint Paul)! Then come those of *San Vicente*; then two narrow wooden bridges, those of Puente Verde and Segovia; then the *lavaderos* of San Isuro; then those of Toledo; then southward, those of Las Delicias and of the *Vírgen del Cármen*.

Each *lavadero*, or washing-ground, is a long tract of the river, fitted with sheds, and tenanted, by day, by hundreds or even thousands of washerwomen.

Passing from Madrid to the *lavaderos*, you see what that city was, and how its grace and glory have for ever departed; you pass the old-fashioned "*Plaza de Cebada*," literally "barley market," a rudely fashioned square, with blank

walls on all sides, where, until a short time since, the whole vegetable and fruit trade of Madrid was held. It used to be a pretty sight to see the muleteers, and donkey drivers, and market carts from many a garden for thirty miles round, unloading here their wealth of onions, turnips, tomatoes, melons, and the like, in autumn; but now "Ichabod," the glory has left it and centres in the spick-and-span new glass and iron market.

You pass one grim, dark, iron-barred windowed mansion after another; pass the Duke of Osuña's magnificent palace, with guards in uniform in the old-fashioned and now crumbling vestibule; pass the "Costarilla de San Andrés," where is a low theatre, frequented by gipsies, etc., called "Teatro de Baile," and where, on Sunday nights, the *jota* and graceful *seguidilla* may be seen danced to perfection by joyous and pretty, if painted, Spanish girls of the lowest orders, and of not the most unimpeachable morality.

Then, in all its barren beauty, its wild nakedness, with its tawny plains, its ragged woods, its fields of stunted barley, lies stretched before your eyes the Castilian landscape, as seen from the windows of the Royal Palace. Turning to the right, you pass up an avenue of tall, white-stemmed sycamore trees: here and there is a low *tienda de vinos*, or wine-shop, and graceful Castilian girls, of bronzed face and short stature, but of perfect symmetry of form, are dancing the *seguidilla* beneath the shade of these whispering

trees, with out-stretched, delicately manipulated hands and arms, swaying with every motion of their lithe bodies, accompanied in their exertions by blue-coated artillery soldiers from the long barrack-block upon the heights to the right. The click of the castanet, the tinkle of the guitar are heard; the dance is almost *too* graceful, and fairly enchains one to the spot. This avenue is called "La Virgen del Cármen."

Then, in a moment, turning your eyes to the left, you see the river running below; and for at least two miles it is a forest of clothes-lines and clothes-poles of white linen drying, of little brown wooden huts for eating, while all along the river's brink are thousands of red, brown, blue, yellow, pink spots—the *lavanderas*, or washerwomen, stooping down to wash their linen in the mountain waters of the Manzanares!

The extent of these washing-grounds is at least two miles in length, and from a quarter of a mile to half a mile in breadth.

Amidst all the signs, past, present, and future, of political stagnation, retrogression, and corruption — utter corruption — in Spain, it is pleasant to be able to chronicle the fact that, wherever and whithersoever one may bend one's steps, the signs of social advancement, in schools and hospitals, stud the path. On a sun-dried, barren flat, just above the Manzanares river, stands a mark of the generous love of the queen of King Amadeo for the people who first chose

and then threw them away. There is not a peasant fisher, hutman, or country guard along the banks of the Manzanares who does not remember with gratitude "the king who was ever kind to the poor, King Amadeo;" and the peasantry love still to talk of him, not as "His Majesty," but as "our friend," walking in shooting-coat and gaiters, gun on shoulder, along the raggedly wooded banks of the Madrid river, with a kind word in his mouth and a dollar in his pocket for all who expected the one or needed the other. Nor is there one of these bronze-faced, hardy, washerwomen who does not, as she passes, give a "*Bendita sea*" to the unhappy queen who founded the *Asilo de Niños de Lavanderas*, or temporary Refuge for the washerwomen's children, on the banks of the Manzanares.

This is a graceful but unpretending stone and brick building, which serves for three purposes—(1) a school for the children of the *lavanderas* under eight years old; (2) a nursery for their babies while the mothers are at work; (3) an hospital for any one of the poor women who may fall ill at her work, or be smitten down by sunstroke or sudden accident.

This institution is worked by sisters of San Vicente de Paul; and the education, nursing, food, and beds are free, the place being endowed by the property of Queen Maria Victoria.

Ninety children and babies were there housed at the time of my visit. The Alcade of this *barrier*

gives the ticket. The *comedor* and children's stew and bread were excellent; the babies' iron cribs clean and nice. On the walls of the building outside is the inscription, "*Enseña á tu hijo, y te recreará, y causará delicias á tu alma.*"—Prov. xxix. 17.

Funds are wanted; the accommodation is very limited, and hence not more than ninety children are taught, fed, and nursed here.

My guide was bearer of a ticket of admission for his nephew, a child of four years, to whom he gave the following character; "*No tiene mas que cuatro años, y es muy malo; malísimo; muy pica-nrillo*"—Oh!

The banks of the Manzanares have a certain picturesque beauty, even here on the outskirts of Madrid. The *Florida*, with its graceful, shady walks, clumps of lilacs, and *tulias*, *álamos negros* and *álamos blancos*, studded with a few "Indian chestnuts" (the finest specimen of which is in the courtyard of the School of Agriculture, its flower being like that of an English horse-chestnut, but of three colours, yellow, lake, and white) on the Madrid side of the river; the few avenues of gnarled and stunted elms, said to be of the time of Charles the Third; the tender green of the alders, and the lofty but naked and straggling avenue of silvery peeling-barked *plátanos silvestres*, or sycamores, called the avenue of the *Virgen del Puerto*; the river, rippling over its broad sandy flats, its banks studded with stunted trees,

and, beyond, the barren stretches of the *Casa de Campo*, with tawny steppes surrounding, and a few cornfields of emerald-green—the whole flanked by the blue cold naked sierras ; wild nature receding from, but holding her own against, modern house, and palace and barrack ;—all this together forms a scene of a certain amount of wild and picturesque beauty. When the evening begins to fall, and the *lavanderas*, in scattered groups, weary with their day's work, but chatting, singing and laughing gaily, begin to wend their way homeward to their quarters in the *barrios abajos*, or lower barriers of the great city, and the evening gunfire from the artillery camp of Caravanchel booms across the intercepting plain, it is a scene to be remembered.

I first visited the small strip of the river set aside for the military washing entered by a narrow wicket-gate at the foot of the artillery barrack. Here from eighteen to fifty women, according to the strength of the troops in garrison, are daily occupied, Sundays included, in washing the coarse sheets of the Spanish soldiery ; the shirts and other linen of the soldiers being washed by the few soldiers' wives attached to each company. Each woman must wash seventy-five sheets daily, for which she receives 8 reals (1s. 8d.) per diem. In winter they wash from eight to five ; in summer from seven to six. Most of these rough but sturdy and honest Christians seemed to be Aragonese or Navarrese.

A touching episode occurred here. When I walked up to the little company of eighteen, squatting in their *bancas*, or wooden boxes, on the river's brink, and began chatting with them, the few standing on the bank shrank away, and the washers refused to speak. At last I called for some wine, and told them my object in coming among them, when the *ayudanta*, or overseer of the little band, said, "We thought some sheets had been missed, and that you were an officer come from the barracks to make us prisoners."

These poor girls wash the clothes with hard soap; in winter they pour hot water into a shallow of the stream, or upon the linen itself, and so escape the piercing cold. Their sufferings then are very great; sometimes a flood sweeps down and floats away their *bancas*, and inundates their vantage-ground.

All is old-fashioned, even to the very gates of Madrid: the bullock-cart, of antique form and massive wheels, creeps slowly along the dusty road; horses with the old-fashioned sheepskin Spanish saddle are seen standing at the doors of the many *ventas*, or wine-shops, where lemon-juice and *eau sucrée* are retailed, and drunk with the coarse red wine, tasting strongly of the pigskin, the *vino de tierra*, or wine of the country.

Entering a little *venta de lavanderas*, or washer-woman's tavern, on the bank of the stream, I took out my note-book, and said to the policeman on duty, "Can you tell me how many of these *lavanderas* are here employed?"

He took his sword in his left hand, threw himself upon the rough settle of the place, and, kicking his legs up in the air, shouted out, in a voice that made all the workers look up from their boxes, "*Ave Maria purísima! Madré de Dios!* here's a man fresh from the lunatic asylum; actually he wants to know how many washerwomen there are in Madrid! Why"—turning to me—"man! why don't you ask me at once the number of the saints in heaven?"

At last, however, with other aid, I ascertained that the number employed in the washing trade is from ten thousand to eighteen thousand; the average, I heard, would be—I know not on what statistics the calculation was based—fourteen thousand. They work from seven to six, winter and summer; but in winter the work is *según el temporal* (according to the state of the river and the weather). The work, in winter, is hard, trying, and bitter; and many succumb to the splashing wet and icy cold of the winds from the snow-clad hills; yet still, winter and summer, cheerful, unhesitating, with jest and banter, these poor girls squat in their *bancas*, and ply their homely trade, and the careless sons and daughters of Madrid wear their snowy shirt, and more snowy petticoat, and never think of the brown chapped hands of their brothers and sisters, these suffering toilers of the river.

The washerwomen are divided into three distinct grades, viz.: 1. The *ama*, or mistress.

2. The *ayudanta*, or forewoman. 3. The *lavandera*, or washerwoman.

The *ama* is an old, gaunt-looking hag, generally about fifty years of age, with limbs like whip-cord, and eyes of especial keenness, oftentimes of Aragonese or Navarrese extraction, whose business it is to keep up a "connection" in Madrid, and who employs a certain number of *ayudantas* and a certain number of ordinary *lavanderas*. This old woman keeps one of the small wooden painted sheds, where, on the river bank, her employés breakfast and dine; she pays the *ayudantas* and the *lavanderas*.

The *ayudantas*, or forewomen,—of which class an *ama* would employ one to every ten or twenty *lavanderas*—have not only to wash, but to look after the *lavanderas*, and see that the work is well done, and that all the pieces of linen are accounted for by the workers. The *ayudanta* is employed and receives pay regularly, her pay being 8 reals per diem, and two meals supplied to her free by the *ama*, at ten and four.

The *lavandera*, or common washerwoman, is not a regular hand, and is therefore paid by piece-work. She receives as follows:—

For washing a shirt	4 cuartos (farthings).
„ sheet	6 „
„ petticoat	12 „
„ flannel vest	4 „
„ <i>conchas</i>	6 to 12 reals.
„ <i>almohadon</i> (pillow-case)	4 cuartos.
„ <i>medias</i> (stockings)	2 „

For washing a <i>toalla</i> (towel)	.	.	.	2 cuartos
„ women's <i>camisa</i>	.	.	.	6 „
„ <i>mantel</i> (table-cloth)	.	.	.	1 real; and so on.

Thus, a handkerchief costs 1 cuarto; a night-shift, 2 cuartos; and a *bata*, or lady's white morning-gown, 1 real.

The *ayudantas* get their steady 8 reals per diem, and food, and are responsible to the *ama* for any piece of linen lost by the *lavanderas*; but the gains of a good *lavandera*, though fluctuating from day to day, will often be as much as one dollar per diem; frequently, however, for weeks she is out of work, when Madrid is empty, the *beau monde* having fled to its summer retreat, to the groves and nightingales of Aranjuez, to the baths of Zarauz or Alicante.

Thus, added up at the end of the year, the gains of the *lavandera* will not exceed more than 1s. 6d. to 1s. 8d. per diem.

The *ama*, or mistress, gets a profit of about 10 or 15 per cent. on the washing done; thus, for the payment of 100 farthings to one of her *lavandera* staff, she will charge the hotel-keeper, or mistress of a household, 115 farthings, or, some say, 120 or 125 farthings. Hotel-keepers get a large profit; they give the *ama*, say, twenty articles to wash, at 5 farthings apiece, and charge their lodger at least 8 or 10 farthings for each.

The food of these poor women next calls for attention. At early morning, her babe slung upon her back, or two tiny children trotting at

her side, the *lavandera* tramps down the river side; she either deposits her babe in the *asilo* above described, or takes it, if in summer, to the river with her, to roll about upon the bank, in some extemporized cradle. She takes her *copita*, or liqueur-glass, full of *aguardiente* at the wayside stall, and crumbles a *panal*, or *azucarillo*, into a tumbler of water, in summer—in winter her cup of black coffee, and a drain of *aguardiente anisado*—as a preventive (and a much-needed one) against cough and cold. She then works on until 10 or 11 a.m., when a bell rings, and a batch of eight or ten of these women repair to the wooden shed of the *ama* to take breakfast, and, at four, they dine, thirty minutes being allowed. The sight of these bronzed, hard-working toilers of the river at their meals is most picturesque. Each brings her own “*telera*,” or long roll of coarse bread, and her *navaja*, or clasp-knife, and, in summer, fruit, or salad in the rough—radishes, grapes, raw tomatoes, lettuce, onions, and the like.

The salt cod, and potatoes cooked in oil, with *pimiento molido*, or red pepper, form the meal prepared by the *ama*, and each toiler takes her wooden platter full of the savoury, rancid, and strong-smelling mess. Gay banter, coarse and semi-indecent—yet in their mouths and their moral code not indecent jokes,—circle freely from lip to lip. Woe be to the passing stranger. “Come and eat with us.” “Are you married or not?” “Look at my silver comb.” “What can you

want with the *lavanderas*?" "Are you a writer for the press? *Ave Maria!* how pale you look! I would not have you for a husband; I'd sooner be a single woman, and wash!"

The sight of such rude health, bronzed beauty, sturdy frames, variety of costume, the amount eaten, and the zest with which it is eaten, the strange costumes—all make a picture that passes and defies description.

Each one after dinner drinks a tumbler of red wine, a few light their cigarettes, and then the guitar begins to tinkle, the young women to dance, the thirty minutes are over, and the hoydens repair to the river side.

After the linen is washed, it is taken to the "boiling-house," hard by. Each *ama* pays for one "chest" in this place ten reals per week, with gratuities to the servants. The linen is then taken up to private houses in Madrid for the "starching."

The forests of "drying-grounds" are called "*tendederos*," with their short drying poles, called *cruceros*, from their being tied crosswise; and for one pair of "streets," or "*calles*," of these *cruceros* the *ama* pays to the owner from eight to ten reals per diem.

"And now," said the *ama*, "would you like to see my head *ayudanta*?" And, suiting the action to the word, she brought forward her own daughter, a handsome, brown-faced, sturdy Navarrese girl of some three and twenty summers, with a bright,

impudent face, and well-turned limbs, with hands and feet small and well-shaped as those of a model, in brown dress tucked up to her knees, sandalled feet, and an old black-felt man's hat, bent like a pent-house over her forehead. Showing her bare arms, with many a scar, the girl said, "Look here: this is not so pleasant in the winter; see what child's play, what *fruta del tiempo*" (winter's fruit).

The delicate Andalusian women, shivering at a breath of cold, hardly figure in the ranks of the Madrid washerwomen, these being chiefly Castilians, Manchegans, Catalans, and Navarrese.

The linen is brought from Madrid in sacks, piled upon mule-cart, bullock-dray, or hand-truck.

The cooking-huts are called "*cabañas*," literally, "shepherds' huts."

Of these poor, rude toilers of the river, there is little else to say. Probably no nation in the world wears so much clean linen as the Spanish, and hence the number of them employed. They are married, single, and widow women, of ages varying from eighteen to fifty; and, as a rule, although rough Christians, they are fairly moral, very indelicate in jest and gesture, but many of them pure in heart and body.

They live in single rooms in the lowest outskirts of the city, paying for each room from two to three dollars per month. They rarely go to the *misa* of their church, for the church accommodation of Madrid is wretched, but they saunter into the

chapel on the grounds, cross themselves, kneel for a few minutes, and breathe—let us hope—a silent prayer. They are very ignorant, and terribly neglected. Few can read or write. They mix but little with their neighbours, forming a class of their own—a large, unknown, and most interesting one. Possibly, some two or three hundred are members of one or other of the five scanty Protestant chapels, placed in the lowest quarters of Madrid.

Their work is hard, their pleasures are few. When the fair of San Isidro commences, in May, these *lavanderas* may be seen, and recognised, as they saunter about among the booths, pass into the chapel and pay their farthing to kiss the brazen image of their hard-working peasant patron saint, whose example in the heats of summer or the snows of winter, they follow so well.

A prettier sight than the Manzanares, lined with those women, squatting in their wooden *bancas*, the muddy water flowing past them, with their queer head-dresses, bronzed Murillo-like arms, and many-coloured dresses, their children rolling about upon bits of carpet, and in broken *bancas* behind them as they wash, it would be hard in Madrid to see; while the full volley of light banter and ironical chaff to which any well-dressed stranger passing among them is exposed, can only be matched in the cigar factories of Andalusia.

In Andalusia the washing is all done in stone troughs, upon sloping stones; hence the constant

wear and tear; but in Madrid nothing is used but the coarse, grey, gritty soap, and the Manzanares. The cold in winter is fearful; few but the strongest can bear it. Hot water is sold on the grounds, and is poured upon the linen as it is dipped into the freezing or semi-frozen waters.

“LOW MADRID.”

A FRAGMENT.*

No city admits of so easy a division of its population into classes as does Madrid, the pest, curse, ruin, and damnation of the whole of Spain. It is called, openly, by respectable middle-classes, the sewer of Spain, “*La cloaca de España.*” Its Lower House of the Cortes is called, “*El lavadero de los gitanos,*” or, *the gipsies’ bath-house.* Its statesmen are utterly hated, and openly despised, it being well known that they only accept office to enrich themselves, and then retire to enjoy in coward luxury their ill-gotten gains. Nor are the hard-working middle-classes very well disposed to the present dynasty. They never, of a winter evening, when the snowy blasts are sweeping down from

* This chapter, as will be readily discerned by the reader, is but what it purports to be—a fragment. The study of low life in Madrid is one full of interest, and it was my intention to look fully below the surface. Providence decreed otherwise: while engaged in hunting up strange lore in many a low *barrier* in the capital, the pen fell from my hand, and the opportunity was gone, perhaps for ever.

the icy, steely, Guadarrama range and spreading the terrible "*pulmonia*," or inflammation of the lungs, the scourge of the capital,—they never crouch over their tiny charcoal *brasero*, to discuss in family *tertulia*, the political events of the day's session without a curse. They never speak of the king without a sneer—not because they hate *him* personally, blameless boy as he is, and kindly to all; but because they hate his ministers and advisers: and with justice!

Madrid is the curse of Spain: it is a capital utterly cut off from all sympathy with pristine Spain, or manufacturing Spain, or peasant Spain; a capital with a climate so terrible that not a girl, inclined to pulmonary consumption, but enters it to die; a capital that offers to the stranger nothing but cafés, with insolent waiters, and gambling-hells of the most ravishing but revolting type; and, in summer, a temperature of *El Inferno* itself, sweet iced drinks, and unsocial but crowded gathering on the thousand chairs of the gay Prado, when the scorching sun sinks in splendour to its rest.

Madrid! a capital without history; a capital with a climate fatal to man and beast alike; a capital without a manufactory or a trade; ay, and a capital without a cathedral! a capital of cafés, theatres, and two streams of life, flowing the one above the other, viz., the well-to-do and the poor.

Madrid must be divided into those whose life is one long struggle, and those whose life is one

long trifling; *la gente de pañuelo*, and *la gente de mantilla*, or those who wear sixpenny-halfpenny handkerchiefs over their heads, and those who wear the costly *mantilla*.

The two classes are wholly distinct: their aims, their hopes, their fears, their creed, their food, their Virgin of the Griefs, their Christ and Saviour, their God, their Trinity, are wholly different.

Can any one wonder, who sees that, for the most part, the poorer and middle classes in Madrid are strong radicals—can any one, I say, wonder that it is so, when he finds that the nobility, from the highest to the lowest of the order, as well as the rich hangers-on of the Government, absolutely throw off all idea of responsibility for their actions to Almighty God, the moment they get to the capital, spurn the idea of charity underfoot, and trample down and laugh at the struggling masses writhing beneath their hard-heeled feet? Read of a poor seamstress who flung herself over the bridge of Segovia,* because, after being four days without food or money, she begged the noble countess who had employed her, to pay her a little—but a very little. “*Si, señorita, si: por l’amor de Dios y de Jesu Cristo*,” so the poor child pleaded. The lady, flounced and furbelowed, was off to a court levee: “Let the girl go to h——!” Men and women read in the liberal papers of such a tale, and yet, next day, they will bow to the “lady” who caused the tragedy!

* Fact.

Noble, generous, tender-hearted are the Spaniards in their own little villages, and in their country palaces and residences; kind, and good to the poor, and to the beggar at the door; but when once they go to Frenchified, Germanized, Anglicized Madrid, they lose all their national character and national virtues. The ladies stick a French pork-pie hat, or bonnet of the newest *mode*, on their heads; its piquant appearance throws into ridicule their pensive faces. The men throw aside the stately *capa* and put on an English great-coat, and look utterly absurd in their new uniform.

Mixing with the adventurers of every nation—English bankrupts and forgers; French quacks, and Heaven knows whom, the Spanish character, always noble but very weak, is utterly ruined; the rich spurn the poor; the poor with their irony and with bitter glances stab the rich.

Yet all are brothers, sisters born; all speak one tongue; but the curse of Madrid, or of hell is upon them; and, once in Madrid, the Andaluz is a cynical Frenchman, or a brutal money-worshipping Englishman.

I never had any sympathy with the Madrid ladies of the English bonnet, nor with the gentlemen of the French frock-coat; so I have lived with the *gente de panuelo*, with those who are struggling, suffering, pining, and dying, whenever duty has led my steps to beautiful but heartless Madrid.

I say “beautiful,” advisedly.

Lo, it is the month of May; and the nightingales are singing by day, by night, in the gardens of royal Aranjuez, by the side of the bubbling fountains, beneath the damp shade of the stately elms; and Madrid, as a city, is forgotten in the beauty of the environs; barren enough as are the Castiles in winter, fruitful beyond expression is their look in spring and early summer.

Then it is, that, forgetting the selfish, cruel, godless crowds, who throng the Puerta del Sol, and would not tear themselves away from its meretricious show to hear the song of a spring-bird, and look into the petals of a wild-flower,—men who cling to their *casino* life, and set Nature’s beauty at defiance,—men who, like all Englishmen who come to the shores of sunny Spain,

“Bow to ne’er a God except themselves,
And to their belly, first of deities;”—

then it is that, forgetting these, the lover of Nature and of Nature’s children may wander, his heart sated with admiration, around the beautiful environs of Madrid.

It is the month of May. Let us wander beyond the city walls.

The river Manzanares, with its great name and scanty stream, has a peculiar, wild, lonesome, beauty of its own. It creeps through flats of stunted grass, and pollard willow, and fields of stunted corn around Madrid, bounding the city,

to the west, south-west, and south. Its stream is shallow and sluggish, of a quiet, tame, tawny, muddy hue. You walk across the beautiful entrance to the city, called the "Puerta del Toledo," and, in a moment, you are in the country itself, and could well forget that the capital is within reach. Great mule-carts, piled up with vegetables; drays dragged along by oxen, groaning beneath pigskins of wine; donkeys and mules, laden with fresh-cut barley, provender for the horses of the great of Madrid, meet you all along the dusty road, on their way to the sink of iniquity; while, beside mule-cart, bullock-dray, and donkey, slip along, in sandalled feet, the countrymen who seek market for their goods in Madrid. Each one wears his village-costume. One has a coloured handkerchief bound round his head in lieu of a sombrero; another wears his white linen shirt, with crimson *faja*, or sash; a third is clad like the heroes of the nursery tale, "*all in leather*," with tinkling tags of steel and brass, and buttons of glass, bronze and tin, shining all over his russet suit.

The view from the road is almost English, but wilder and more grand. To your left, the river creeps along amid steppes of stunted corn, with scarce a hovel within sight to relieve the monotony of the view. The temperature is perfect, neither hot nor cold. The eye wanders on until it rests on the blue Guadarrama to the north-west.

Rising up from the grey river bank, as there

I walked, one of those semi-amphibious animals, called river-guards, a sort of “long-shore man,” who had lain unseen, like a great clod of earth, until I was close upon him, offered to show me the locusts, with which, he said, the river-banks were swarming.

Pointing to the corn-fields, a few hundred yards off, I inquired why they were not to be found there. His answer indicated, and my own observation confirmed the truth of the saying, that the mother-locust’s instinct is so fine that she always plants her eggs in *waste* ground, that they may be undisturbed and be hatched in peace. The animals were, at the time of which I speak, only in the *jumping* stage of their existence, and therefore had not left the locality of their birth. We just walked a hundred yards along the bank; the man gave a kick to a tussock of wiry grass, and the air about our feet was black with the swarm of insects; myriads upon myriads were, with a whirr of legs and wings, jumping hither and thither, each one being of a dull brown or mouse colour, with a crimson spot at the side, with springs of from one to two feet. Their springing power seems immense. They measure in length about the sixth part of an inch.

Noticing a little uncultivated patch in the midst of a cornfield, I went toward it, not starting one single insect from the *corn*, although, *up to its very edge* they were whirring up in thousands at every step, and every blade of the thin wiry

grass was black with them. The moment my foot brushed the patch of *untilled* soil, the locusts whirred up again in thousands.

My companion was a strange medley of ignorance and natural intelligence. He wore a belt across his breast, betokening him a "*guard of the river*," but his fishing-rod showed him to be a poacher, drawing out from the muddy waters the *trucho*, or muddy-flavoured trout, which are well-nigh the only fish to be had in Madrid in the summer heats, and a more insipid, muddy-flavoured, dull-fleshed fish, I never tasted.

This man, talking of a love affair in Madrid, said that the nobleman in question loved the lady "*como trucho a trucha*;" i.e., "as the male loves the female trout!" I leave my readers to feel the force of the expression, and the keen observation of nature which it betokened. It seems to me to possess a spice of Spanish salt, and I found it the common expression among these river-side toilers, to denote excess of sexual affection.

This man told me that "*Los Arabes*" burn the locusts by night, when asleep, or sweep them up in the chills of early dawn, when they are in a torpid state, and then burn or bury them in trenches dug for the purpose.

"Some tribes toast the insects," says a report in a Cadiz paper, "notably that of *Beni-Mozal*, and eat the feet, which taste and smell like toasted beans. The insects, when burnt to powder, form a most valuable manure for the corn-lands."

This man's life was strangely primitive, for one who lives as he did, within an hour's walk of the gayest capital in Europe.

His house, built on the ground-floor, had *one* window. Two dark and damp-looking *alcobas*, opening into the one sitting-room, were his bedrooms. Two cages with decoy-birds stood in a corner of the room. The “*'versa*” (short for *olla diversa*), that universal stew of the poor, viz., a tiny bit of red sausage, a tiny square of coarse stringy bacon, were the *wealth* of the pot; the rest was composed of vegetables of the season, which, in Spain, cost nothing. A little *copa*, or *brasero*, of coarse charcoal, was alight in the room; for, though 'tis May, the river-banks are aguish at night, and early morn brings a shiver to the child's or woman's frame. The stew was giving forth savoury odours on the *hornillas* (little holes made in a framework of brick and mortar, at the bottom of which are placed some charcoal embers). No pictures on the wall. No chairs in the room. One settle for him and his wife, the two children sleeping on the bricks in the opposite *alcoba*. One child ill of fever: no doctor, for “We couldn't pay him to come all this way; and, besides, I have more faith in the leaves of the *calentura*, or fever-tree” (*Eucalyptis globulus*, I presume; now, by royal order, planted as a preservative against fever and tertian ague in every town in Spain).

Being chairless, one of us sat on a sack of chick-peas. The gun stood in the corner (an old

flint-and-steel converted into a percussion-cap gun). A crucifix and rosary hung over the child's couch. The clothes of the family hung round the walls. But this was the man's *casa*, and he was proud of it, and so was the "old woman," whom, because she was sixty years of age, and had a face like a piece of mahogany carving set in grey coarse hair, he addressed as "*hija*," i.e., "my daughter."

This man's account of his hard life was most interesting. He received about 8*d.* per diem, and his house, for guarding his reach of the river; saw not a soul from week to week; caught trout with a sapling, coarse string, and a bit of fat, or, at times, a locust's body.

He swore by the Virgin, and *King Amadeo*. "Oh, how I should love to see his kind face coming along the river-bank once more, with his honest open smile, his two bull-dogs at his heels, his two dollars in his pocket for any poor man! He never turned his face from any such; and because he was good-hearted, and his queen pure and good, Madrid turned him away. *Bueno!* we have got another king—*un tio brebon*: ya lo creo!" i.e., "a rare gallant, I believe ye!"

This man's faults were his foul language, and his cruelty to animals: in all other respects he was a fine fellow. But I was shocked, on giving him a paper full of locusts to carry, to see him deliberately pull off the legs of each "*becho*," and throw it down without putting an end to its misery, saying, as he performed his task, "*Maldita*

sea su alma de ellos ;” i.e., “Cursed be the soul of them.”

From the wild, barren, deserted banks of the low-lying Manzanares, to the reeking heart of suffering, crushing, toiling Madrid, is but a step, after all. There is a theatre, on the left-hand side of the *Callé Arenal*, where the *fandango* and the *jota*, the *seguidilla* and the *bolero*, are danced by true Spanish girls, in true Spanish dress, to the click of the castanet, and the tinkle of the *guitarra*. To see graceful *abandon*, and true *gracia*, and hear the free flow of reckless speech, visit this small theatre. It is for the poor and lower middle-class, and is conducted on the most moderate scale, the visitor only paying for *one* act, consisting of dramatic performance and ballet, the sum of 5*d.* The act lasts thirty minutes, and when concluded, the audience leaves the room ; those who desire it paying for a second ticket for the next performance.

Here, the dances are provincial or national, and many of the girls who execute them are strikingly beautiful.

The history of one of the poor *danseuses* will explain the history of many. It is the fashion to speak of “Spanish immorality” in reference to women, and I take leave to say here that there is no European country where there is so little immorality : save in Madrid, Seville, and Barcelona there are very few light women, and even these preserve an outward appearance of decency,

are very warm-hearted, never miss their morning devotions, and are, in money matters, among the most honourable of the daughters of Spain. It is true, that many of these poor ballet-girls have their *querido*, or loved one, and may in the rush of their fervent passions, yield to him their person before marriage. But few of them are common prostitutes.

Francisca, one of the most beautiful girls, or rather children, at this theatre had her own little history. The poor in Spain think of Madrid as a kind of *El Dorado*, and forgetful each one of its fearful climate, and his or her delicate chest—for, full-chested and full-breasted as they are, the Andalusians, moved into a cold or damp climate, soon sicken and die of pulmonary consumption—sell off their little Penates, and hurry to the capital.

Poor Francisca! No girl cared so tenderly, or worked so hard for her aged father and mother as did she. A girl without a fault, pure in God's, blameless in man's, sight. As usual with every noble character, Francisca was a sufferer. "They say God chastens those whom He loves," say the Spanish poor: "I wish He didn't love me so much, then!"

Divines say, such pure hearts are being made "perfect through suffering:" it may be so. Yet the only example we have, our great Exemplar, was, according to such authorities, perfect without suffering. And, as far as my own experience has gone, I have seen the suffering laid on with such

a cruel, unreasoning, and relentless hand that the bruised reed is broken, the smouldering tow completely quenched, and nobleness beaten out of humanity by what is wrongly called the will of God.

Poor Francisca! I think I see now—her sad, pensive, olive-complexioned face; her tiny hands, so thin and worn; her long, sad black eyelashes hiding her tearful eyes, as she sat at work in the “*Sastreria*,” with her hacking cough in winter, her face streaming with perspiration in summer. Day by day, stitch, stitch, stitch; and then, the week was o’er, slowly as its hours had dragged by.

And she gained for this, 10*d.* per diem, working from morn till eve, and then returning home to her aged father and mother, to share with them, as the three humble poor folk dipped each a spoon into the dish, the coarse meal of stewed pulse and bacon, varied with *huevos de fraile* (friars’ eggs), or *poleada con coscarones*; i.e., stir-about with bits of fried bread.

Work ran short, wages low, rent high; and Francisca, than whom no girl could dance more gracefully, no voice sing the mournful Andalusian ditties more plaintively, sold her little all, and sought her fortunes as a ballet-girl in Madrid. With her went her aged father and mother.

When the snows came down, when the hospitals filled, illness came to their lowly door, and her little gains were not enough to support her dear ones, to pay the doctor, to obtain extra

food. Her tender chest was torn with singing in that heated room; her feet, fiery hot with beating the sounding boards, in their thin-soled boots pattered wearily home through the winding, sleet-covered, dark, and wind-swept streets each night.

And Francisca wept one night, tears of such agony that few human eyes have wept. She had prayed for help, she had worked for herself, and yet she went supperless to her bed, looking sadly at the crucifix and the heap of pawn-tickets on the shelf, in the corner of her dark comfortless *alcoba*.

* * * * *

Men, in Madrid, have no mercy, no pity, no bowels of compassion for women. To get all they can out of their slight, frail, full-bosomed bodies; to see a poor girl's heart heaving with emotion, as from underneath her threadbare stuff-dress she drags out her oily, sweat-stained purse, and gives her (?) *lover* (God help the word! Heaven save the mark!) all her scanty earnings, herself going without her little comforts of bed and board;—this is a poor girl's lot in Madrid.

For, out of every six women-servants in Madrid, you will find that four have, each one, her "*chulillo*," i.e., a would-be lover, who lives entirely on their earnings, and is too idle and blackguard to work himself; always is "going" to marry, but never does marry; a mean, filthy,

loathsome cur in breeches, who asks his poor favourite for all her earnings, and when those are spent, goes his way with hands stained with her purest blood.

Poor Francisca! always it is that the guileless are linked to the artful, the tender to the brutal, the generous to the mean; and her admirer was of the “*chulillo*” class, as base and designing as she was pure and innocent.

It was the day before Christmas-Eve, and two ballet-girls sat in their dark comfortless chamber, talking of the flooding of the river, of the swirl of its floods last night, and there was pity in their hearts for the poor *lavanderas*, and the tears stood in their sad brown eyes.

Spanish girls, when they do love, and give a mutual confidence, give it most entirely; there is no mental reservation.

* * * * *

It is Christmas-Eve, the *noche-buena*; and while coarse hymns are being sung in the streets, and the refrain, “*La paz, ha venido. La Paz,*” (*i.e.*, “Peace has come to earth,”) resounds through the air, a spirit, bright, pure, and generous, crushed out of its frail tenement by the fatal *pulmonia* of the great city, passed, spotless if all too generous, into the presence of its Lord and His holy angels.

Close to the lodging where Francisca died, amid the winding streets of Old Madrid, near one of the lowest *barriers*, stands a shabby, tumble-down

looking building, with a lowly doorway, and a dusty glass case full of hymn-books within the portals—one of the now famous “Protestant chapels” of Madrid.

It is beyond the market; it is far away from the roll of carriages in the Puerta del Sol; it is the Sunday night haunt of the *cigarrera* and the costermonger.

In April, 1876, when the prince and the king were making merry within the Palace walls, amid blowing showers of rain, I passed down, on a Sunday night, to join with the poorest Protestants of Madrid, in their weekly act of worship to the “One God and Father of us all.”

A long, low, vaulted room; the stone-flagged floor covered with soiled, tattered, sordid matting; the roof, half falling in, supported by a dozen pillars. No harmonium, no organ; but, in place of these, earnest, hearty, ringing, sonorous voices took up the hymn, all sitting as they sang, after the fashion, I fancy, of the Scotch church.

The verse was a touching one—

“Yo estoy de culpas Lleno
En mí creció el pecado :
Mas tu bondad inmensa
Perdonará mi agravio.”

That is :—

“Full am I of fault, and failing,
Sins ten thousand in me grow :
Lord, oh let Thy love prevailing
Wash me white as driven snow !”

The congregation numbered *two hundred and eighty*, all of whom seemed of the lowest class. They were tenderly devout, reverent, respectful.

A few prayers were *said*, not read; another hymn (Cabrera's exquisite “Never, God, shall cease these lips to praise Thee”) was sung in unison; and we listened to a chapter from the Gospel of St. John.

Then, in hushed stillness, the aged preacher (he had served two years' imprisonment in Barcelona for the “*Propaganda*”), in plain Geneva gown, ascended the pulpit, and gave out his text. I then, for the first time, had opportunity to look around me, and see of what class the congregation was composed. About eighty were tradesmen and their wives, of the lower middle-class; about another eighty were costermongers, hucksters, and “*a' that ilk*:” and the rest? People say “Cigar factory girls are improper characters.” *I* have reason to think differently.

In their dragged dresses, all gleaming with the rain-drops, sat around me some eighty of the despised “*cigarreras*.” They wore the white *toquilla* (*no mantilla* was found in the Protestant chapel!) tumbled round their head, and half hiding their pale, pretty features. They knelt reverently. They joined in the singing.

The sermon was a very good one; it might have come from any Christian preacher—heretic, Roman Catholic, Presbyterian, or what not; hence, it won upon us all.

The image of these poor girls, who had left their comfortless homes for their still more comfortless chapel, is still freshly stamped upon my memory: their thin, badly made boots, all frayed and open at the side, and letting in the street water; their draggled clothes; their semi-frightened, semi-perplexed faces.

If a poor girl, working for her daily bread in the stifling atmosphere of a cigar factory, gaining her scanty pittance by twining and rolling the tobacco from the Havana, in a reeking atmosphere of ninety degrees Fahrenheit, can seek such a homely shelter as I have here described, or attempted to describe, and find comfort in offering up, within those dirty, whitewashed walls, her prayers to the God who loves, but, seemingly, has forsaken her, surely the privilege should be granted and allowed to her? Her tempest-tossed—it may be sin-stained—soul, needs some anchor, sure and steadfast, let her find it where she can.

Alas! in the autumn of 1876, spies were put at the chapel doors by the Government of Madrid; the placards were torn down; and a rude, but not a crushing, blow was dealt to the religion of the poor and despised Spanish Protestants.

It is no part of my present purpose to defend the *Propaganda* in Spain. Were I born a Roman Catholic, I would sooner, for my own devotions, seek the time-honoured shade of the church of my fathers.

But, surely, every one has a right—and a

sacred right—to worship God in his own place, and in his own way?

Bright trees, beautifully planted, wave along and around all the walks and environs of Madrid; and, on a wooded knoll, fronting and overlooking the *Casa del Campo*, stands the Royal School of Agriculture. Its full title is “*Escuela Central de Agricultura.*”

These schools of agriculture are fast becoming the most prominent of social reforms in Spain. Very soon, the old-fashioned Roman plough will cease to tickle the earth, and a genuine good “Howard, of Bedford,” will supplant it.

At this school of agriculture dwelt, when I visited it, an old toiler of the river and the field, with his wife.

He had entertained Queen Isabella, and her royal son Alfonso. And when I visited him and his school, he said, as I remarked, “You seem to care for no companion but the lamb that follows you about,” “Yes; I like only dumb animals about me; for they, at least, if they cannot say much, express only what they feel!”

A finer corn-growing district than the wide fields around Madrid, I know not. A coarser-mouthed set of men than the small farmers, who come into the capital to buy and sell, I have never met. They are, certainly, frugal; but card-playing, and the knife-duel, seem common in their haunts, viz., the low eating-houses that abound on the city outskirts. I used often to get my humble

dinner in these places ; and, one day, a man whose mule-cart had been stopped and robbed on one of the lonely roads leading to some lonelier village, sat down to dinner with me, with his wife. He had, he said, caught the thief ; who was then lying in the vaults of the Saladero !

Said his wife, "*Pobre ladron!*" i.e., "Poor devil of a robber !"

"Pity the robber !" said her worthy spouse. "Pity, indeed !"

And, again, some half dozen muleteers were, in one of the low *barriers*, drinking their wine out of the skin, in a low restaurant. I joined them to get a bit of bread and cheese, not being able to afford a costlier dinner. We all talked and laughed ; and, at last, a quarrel arose.

One of them, fairly flushed with *vino tinto*, said to the younger one, who had insulted him, "*Favor : a dar su retrato para que pongan en el fondo de los vacines en Sevilla ;*" i.e., "Give me your likeness, that I may spit upon it."

In Seville, there is a manufactory of household crockery, and each one has a dog's, or cat's head in the bottom.

Knives were drawn in a moment ; one man was killed, another wounded ; the floor dripped with crimson blood ; the civil guards came in, and took every person into custody.

A girl, however, as usual, was at the bottom of this unhappy and awful free fight—one of those short, strong, full-fleshed Castilian maidens.

The wounded man was carried off to “*El Hospital General*,” or the General Hospital. He died within three days. The treatment was not to blame—the doctors are very kind, and do all they can; “but,” said the man’s relations, “he had only enough from Government to support life” (this is strictly true), “and we had to give him money; so he had to buy victuals of the *enfermero*, or hospital nurse. Well, he—the nurse—had his clothes when he died; and sold his body for four francs to the young medical students!”

But, much abused as they are by the proud, self-respectful, home-loving Spaniards, Spanish hospitals, in my opinion, are well-worked, and fully equal to those of other European nations.

To change the subject,—in Madrid a ring is given at marriage by the very poorest; the same is the case in Seville and in Cordova. In Port St. Mary and Cadiz, no ring is given, and the only distinction between married and unmarried girls is, that the former (married) never sally forth without a flower in the right side of the hair.

The Madrid poor girls affect a flower, but do not always know on which side to place it; and the joke is, “Are you married? You have the flower on your right side!”

There is the Madrid Market, with its wealth of vegetables, and a true wealth it is. There is the *Saladero*, elsewhere described. There is the *Plaza*

de Cebada, or Barley Square, near which Doña Baldomera Lara opened her iniquitous bank, and then flew, her flight being marked by a trail of unhappy suicides whom she had ruined. There is the Telegraph Office, running out of the *Puerta del Sol*, dark, wind-swept, comfortless, but with most courteous officials. On the night after an important debate in the Lower House, that office is thronged. We poor newspaper correspondents, hungry and thirsty, wait, one behind the chair of another, English, French, German, Belgian, American, for a turn ; and, suddenly, a black-board appears, hoisted up before us—

*“ Lines for England, France, Germany, &c.,
closed up by the rain to-night,”*

and all our labour is in vain !

No one would believe that, close to the lordly *Puerto del Toledo*, within one mile of the capital, is to be found one of the most genuine and unsophisticated gipsy encampments on record ! Yet so it is. Pass under the Toledo Bridge, and, below the road, in a little hollow, you will see a heap of broken-down, smoke-begrimed, and, to all appearance, ruined houses. You stumble down the sandy slope (there are no steps), and are in the “*Barrio de las Injurias y cambronerías*”—i.e., “Barrier of Injuries and of Buckthorns,”—and in the midst of a gipsy settlement.

Their streets are different from Madrid streets.

There is a Turk, with a dancing bear, which he beats fearfully. There are, around you, fine looking men, but swarthy, and black as ink, and speaking a different language from the Castellanos. Donkeys, mules, horses, are tethered here and there. You enter “the house;” it is a rabbit-warren of gipsy men and women; a hundred families living in the one ruined clay-floored tenement. In a moment, they have cleaned you out of every *sou* you possess; and the gipsy queen comes forward for your homage—a lovely, swart-skinned Moorish girl, attired in short yellow petticoat, sandalled feet, gold pin, worth, say, £50, in her rich brown, coarse hair, and rich white lace mantilla. As you gaze, her mate gives a low whistle; swift as thought she draws the white lace over her face, and has gone, as suddenly as she appeared. She was, as I saw her, strikingly beautiful. These gipsies hold, every Thursday, a horse sale; and, each day, a sale of mules and cows. They cheat you, tell your fortune, amuse you, wish you well, and are gone. Adios!

A SPANISH HILL-TOWN.

IF any one desires to see primitive life and manners ; grand and magnificent scenery ; churches whose architecture without and whose works of art within will repay, and more than repay, the cost and trouble of visiting them ; crumbling Moorish castles ; and sierras alive with deer, wild boar, foxes, red-legged partridges, and hares ; he has but to make up his mind to rough it a little, and make a walking tour among the hill-side *pueblos*, or small towns, scattered along the sides or nestling at the foot of the Sierra Morena, Sierra de Jaën, and others of the many mountain ranges of Andalusia.

These *pueblos* have escaped notice hitherto ; the foot of the stranger has not climbed their precipitous streets ; their beauties have found no place in the handbook, or in the artist's portfolio. They are but little known to the Spaniards of the neighbouring and larger towns or cities themselves, for they offer no commodity for exchange ; their scanty crops just serve to feed the native

population with oil and wine, with wheat and barley, and to supply the table of the well-to-do, if such a class be found within their walls, with flesh—the shapeless lump of pork, the goat's haunch, or the fowl. The inhabitants of these hill-towns have and keep their primitive customs, and their own little administrative government. They seldom see a post, and live wholly indifferent to the troubles of their country. They seldom stray beyond the patches of cultivated land lying around their walls, save when they wait the livelong day behind the clump of *lentisco*, or the arbutus tree, gun in rest, and decoy-bird carefully concealed hard by to bring home a bag of quail or red-legged partridges, or range the neighbouring sierra for wild boar or red deer.

But, although disliking the visits of their own countrymen from the neighbouring towns, marrying and intermarrying chiefly among their own little community, and deeming it a slight to his *pueblo* should any adventurous youth dare to bring home as his bride some black-eyed *forestera* (stranger),—the visit of a *caballero Ingles*, or English gentleman, is looked upon as a great event. The whole population salutes him as he climbs the rugged winding streets, as though he were an old acquaintance; the kid or fowl is killed in his honour by the *alcalde* of the town; and the whole community cluster round the door of his *posada* to see, shake hands with, and

warmly welcome him. An extra *misa* is said in the church at some hour convenient to the stranger; all the treasures of the church are spread before him by the kindly prior of the parish; and gun, dog, and beater are offered to him freely.

On a bright but piercingly cold morning in November, my friend and I were spending some time on duty some few miles from one of the finest sierras in Andalusia. We set out on foot, with two mounted and armed guards, to explore a *pueblo*, some twelve miles up in the hills. Its white, glistening houses nestling on a ledge of the barren sierra had often caught our eye, and at last our good fortune had given us the opportunity, owing to two days of leisure, to visit it.

Our walk lay all uphill, towards the serrated edges of the Sierra Morena, through the wildest scenery conceivable. First, we passed up the bed of what had once been a river or winter torrent. It was now dry and sandy, and stunted *chaparros*, or, as they are more correctly called, *encinas* (evergreen oaks, *quercus ilex*), grew far and wide, offering a shelter to innumerable magpies, which flitted from tree to tree. These evergreen oaks, with their dark-green foliage, gnarled, stunted trunks, with here and there a lonely herdsman beating down the few acorns that remained at the close of the acorn season, formed a handsome addition to the huge boulders of grey

granite and sandstone rock, some twenty, thirty, and forty feet high, which lay scattered in abundance in every valley and on every slope, forming dens of security for the foxes and large lizards that abound in these wilds.

The grandeur and wildness of these tracts can scarcely be described. Here were seen the eagle and the white vulture, which had come down from the fastnesses of the sierra, and the black eagle. This last is the only member of the *aguila* tribe which the Spaniards consider a dainty morsel for the table. It is sometimes called the edible vulture, and its low, flapping flight, from one grey cairn to another, adds to the desolation and picturesqueness of these scenes.

After some half-dozen miles of terrific walking, we sat down—for the sun had now grown hot and smote down fiercely upon us—under the dark shade of the *encinas*, spreading our *mantas*, or rugs, beneath us, for luncheon. Our two guards, who were most amusing fellows in their way, tied their mules to neighbouring trees and got our luncheon, which consisted of bread and the capital sausages of Spain, out of their *alforças* (saddle-bags), and we all four fell to with a will. In these wild expeditions, where one lies down with revolver in breast, and knows not whether at night one's bed will be the pitched floor of the *posada*, or some rude settle in a loft; when one is out of the reach of trouble and annoyance of the outer world; one experiences

much the same sense of freedom as when at sea : no annoyance can touch you, no troubles or—letters ; no wearisome acquaintance ; and the mind, worn and harassed with long anxiety and work, regains its pristine elasticity. One returns to one's *casa* tired, perhaps, but yet refreshed in mind, and with a frame braced up by the exercise and the bracing hill air.

The repast was humble : raw onions, bread and sausage, eaten with the stabbing clasp-knives (*navajas*), which every traveller in Spain must carry with him. This sausage, or *salchichon de Leon*, is the *pièce de résistance* of every traveller in Spain ; it consists of ham, fat, and pepper-corns, beaten and pressed into a solid mass. It needs no cooking, and one or two slices will satisfy the most hungry stomach. It is sold for travellers and huntsmen at every large railway station and grocer's shop in Spain, at about a dollar per pound, which, considering the satisfying nature of the food, is cheap enough. One whole *salchichon de Leon*, or *de Vich*, would be about one foot in length, with diameter of an inch and a-half. Let me commend it to the provision-bag of every English traveller !

Our lunch had little in it worthy of notice ; the two guards, lying down beside us, smoked their cigarettes in peace ; the tiny water-wagtails, tame as though they had never seen man, hopped around the homely banquet and picked up the crumbs that we threw to them from time to time.

We started onwards, towards the hill-town of Baños, our destination ; and the most interesting, and certainly the saddest, things that met our eye along the unkept and unused line of march, were the open shafts of the old Phœnician and Roman lead-mines. They were open and wholly unfenced and unguarded everywhere on our road ; great yawning shafts, running down some fifty feet into the granite or sandstone rock, oftentimes half-concealed by the bushes and evergreens that grew over their sides. A more dangerous region to walk in at night could hardly be conceived. Many times the footpath along which we walked or rode led us within two feet of these most perilous pitfalls. To step into them is certain death, yet the most experienced *viator* along the road could not expect to steer clear of them at night, if it were dark.

My companion was one day riding along this road, when his mule suddenly shied, backed, and lost her hind-foot over the side of one of these shafts. Seeing his danger, he sprang off, and, by dint of sheer pulling and vocal inciting, managed to get his beast on *terra firma*.

But why are all these dangerous pitfalls left wholly unprotected by the Government of Spain ? A slight wooden rail might save many a valuable life, and that too at a trifling cost. But this, alas ! is but one among the many of the strange and unintelligible *cosas de España ! España*, which will spend in her hour of extremity ten thousand

or twenty thousand pounds sterling for a new bull-ring, will not spend twenty pounds to secure the lives and limbs of her travellers in her lonely byways. Spaniards would say that the bull-ring is showy ; and wooden pales around the unused shafts in these lonely districts would not be.

As we gained the top of a steep, weary, and stony hill, we came to a wayside *venta*, the only place of refreshment along the whole twelve miles. It consisted of one small, dark, windowless, ground-floor room below, containing a small counter, on which stood some half-dozen wine-glasses and tumblers, and a recess for barrels or skins of wine. The room was pitched ; one bench was all its furniture. Here, for one farthing per tumbler, we got the most delicious white Val-de-peñas wine I have ever drank. I said to my friend, as we handed the fourth glass to one of our guards, "How cheap it is !" and alas ! before our return journey on the morrow the white wine had risen to two farthings the tumbler.

Civilization certainly raises, but, alas ! it also corrupts people ! Whenever, if ever, I pass that *venta* again, I shall certainly have to pay at least three farthings per glass for that bright white wine !

Passing the slopes, crowned with grey boulders, through ilex groves, the corn-fields, now barren, dusty, and unsown owing to the drought, we came into the region of olives ; groves of which stretch for some twenty miles in length, averaging from

four to five miles in breadth, thus making up the chief wealth of this wild and well-nigh uncultivated region.

We tramped along sandy paths, through mile after mile of olives, while the bright little town, will-o'-the-wisp like, kept showing its white sides before us, and in reality making us believe it to be much nearer than it was. A more weary journey I never made. People who have never seen them, or who have only seen the olives in such countries as Corsica or Sicily—where they are kept more for show than for use, and are allowed to grow to their full height, and spread abroad in their full luxuriance—know little of the olive-groves of Spain. It is simply like an English apple-orchard on a large scale. The trees are planted in regular rows, the distance being about twenty feet from tree to tree, and from row to row the same. Each tree consists of about three gnarled, hacked, and twisted stems, surmounted by a few boughs of glaucous-coloured, thin foliage, devoid of grace, and offering no shelter to the traveller from the burning rays of the sun.

And, even when the berries, black and ripe for the oil-press, hang (as they did on our journey) in profusion upon the trees, the olive-grove has no beauty whatsoever to recommend it.

Long, regular lines of stunted trees, with their glaucous-coloured leaves, like pollard willows, and black, oval berries clustering on the boughs—such is the veritable olive-grove.

The olive-tree of Southern Spain does not average eighteen feet in height.

At last, after struggling up the last half-mile of well-nigh perpendicular road, strewn with loose stones and fragments of granite rock, we found ourselves in the narrow, steep, pitched street of Baños. Everything seemed old, quaint, and primitive. There was not a pane of glass to be seen in any one of the houses, which were principally one-storied, long, and rambling; and over each wide doorway was carved in stone a cross, or a cherub, or an I.H.S., with, here and there, the arms of some old Spanish family. Bright, black eyes were looking at the *estranjeros*, or strangers, through the iron cages that protected the windows; and, as we passed, every house bestowed upon us its benediction: "*Vay' usted con Dios*" ("Go you with God"); or, "*Dios guard' usted*" ("God guard you").

One could well fancy that these old, grey, crumbling houses, with their fair imprisoned forms, had known and seen many a strange romance; indeed, the old-world aspect of the town itself would tempt a novelist to make it the scene of a romance. The street up which we toiled was very narrow, and well-nigh perpendicular; not even a mule-cart could ascend it, and a horseman must needs dismount if he would arrive at its crest in safety. We soon found the *posada*, or chief inn of the place; for, in the first place, it was the only building, or nearly so, of two stories, and in front of it the itinerant

blacksmith, the sardine-seller, the carpenter, and the vendor of tin drinking and washing utensils—who all (so we were told) came once a month—were driving each his several trade. Donkeys, too, were being unladen, amid an admiring ring of the townsfolk, of their huge bundles of *paja*, or chaff, which, with a handful of barley now and then, forms the only food of the beasts of burden of Andalusia. We asked the hostess of the *posada*, or house of repose, for an upstairs room; and were told that “the family” had taken possession of it for the winter; however, afterwards, with true Spanish courtesy, it was ceded to us for the night.

The inns of Spain are of many sorts: the *fonda*, or hotel, where both board and lodging are supplied, and the Casa de Huespêdes or boarding house—but these are found only in large towns; the *posada*, or house of rest, where the host only provides shelter, salt, and a bed, if your rank demand such a luxury; the *venta*, or wayside wine-shop; and there is yet another institution, called a *ventorillo*, which is a mere shanty of brushwood, or granite boulders, where a few bottles of *aguardiente*, or white wine, from the skin, can be bought.

The *posada* is sometimes called the *parador*; and at night the interior of one of these places is indeed a study for the painter. There is a long, vaulted room, dark and windowless. There is a batch of mules put up for the night at one end which is called by courtesy the stable. Along and

around the walls of this cavern, for such it is, sitting, lying, or crouching on the pitched and dirty floor (the stable-liquid is flowing down the middle!), are seen the travellers put up for the night. Two men, with oil-lamps, are the guards or stablemen. There is a small charcoal fire, where the traveller can cook what he has brought with him; there are two or three women frying their *bunuelos*, or oil-cakes, over it. A troop of cavalry soldiers, their horses picketed at the end of the vaulted apartment, are lying, some on wooden shelves, and ledges in the wall, which serve for beds, some on the pitched floor fast asleep, in their swords, spurs, and full accoutrements; even their knapsacks not taken off.

A more motley assembly is rarely seen than in the interior of the *parador* at night; but, let me add, I have never, in the best English hotels, met with one quarter of the courtesy which is there extended by all to all! "Will you eat with me?" "*Do* have an orange!" "Will you share my rug, it is very cold?"

Such was our *posada*.

After an introduction to mine hostess, we went while daylight yet remained to us, to see the two magnificent churches and the old Moorish castle.

Wonderful, indeed, is the silent witness of these old churches, found in their beauty and grandeur in these semi-deserted and lifeless old hill-towns, to the power, and the generosity, and

the greatness of the Church which planted them there.

Verily, the religious works of our forefathers put our own to the blush. They built the churches; their descendants hardly deign to repair them.

The first of the two churches which we visited lay at the end of a long sandy plateau, some few minutes' walk from the town; the moor and hill-lands of the dark Sierra Morena came in unbroken wildness to its very doors. The *sacristan*, who dwelt in a part of the building, admitted us gladly, and the interior was striking enough. He told us that the *misa* was seldom rendered in this church, as the population only numbered a thousand souls, and the other and larger church offered accommodation for all.

Yet unused, or nearly so, as it was, this little church was a gem in its way. The carved wood-work, rising in a narrow dome, or cupola, to a great height, richly gilt and coloured, was a work of exceeding beauty; and everywhere were traces of the greatest refinement of proportion and luxury of furniture.

Beautiful, however, as is this church even now, its chief glories were stripped from it, we were informed, by the ruthless soldiery of Napoleon; and, indeed, I believe that Baños itself, which is but a few miles from Baylen (well known by its famous "Convention"), was once a battle-ground between the contending armies.

After examining the pictures which are still left in this picturesquely situated church, we repaired to the old Moorish castle, which stood on the crest of a steep and precipitous spur of the sierra, overlooking a wild, dark, and irregular ravine, down which the mountain torrents have rolled and left huge boulders of rock, at the further end of the town. The castle, ruin as it is, save where one grand vaulted chamber, with exquisitely proportioned columns, is kept in repair by the "guard of the castle," is a grand pile, testifying as much to the industry as to the ingenuity of the Moors.

No race, of a surety, have in so short a time left in the workmanship and sites of their castles, in their noble works of irrigation, and in places in their temples and mosques, as at Cordova, such a witness for themselves for all time. Their architecture is still copied by the race which despised them; their simple system of irrigation still prevails; the positions they selected for their cities are still allowed to be the best. Had the Moorish dynasty continued, Spain would have been ere now, instead of a wilderness, a Garden of Eden!

We knocked at the heavy portals of the guard's house, after ascending the broken, crumbling stone steps leading up to it; and how quaint a sight presented itself! The chamber, dark, long, lofty, with magnificent columns, as has been said, and pitched with some care, was fitted up thus: at one

end a bed, with tattered counterpane ; along the wall at the other end, stacks of *tamara*, or brush-wood, for the winter ; along one side of the chamber a stable (at least, a mule and donkey fed or lay down there).

The man and his wife, in uncouth dress, were frying sardines and oil-cakes over a fire in the centre of the room, which was filled even to suffocation with smoke. Their look and speech were wild, and they wondered that we could admire their *casa* : “It is very old, señor, and very draughty,” said they ; “still, in the summer it is the coolest house in the town.”

In a country where for nine months in the year the heat is one’s worst enemy, the Moors showed their wisdom in building houses with a view rather to comfort in summer than in winter.

The autumn sun was sinking, like a ball of gold, set in fleecy crimson clouds, over the stunted olive-groves and the trackless dusty plains, as we passed into the now ruined Moorish fastness. Its interior was a barren oval, now used as a cemetery, as was testified by the heaps of rich red earth, that lay scattered here and there. The walls were of great thickness, and, in some places, they were double, there being room for a small chamber, here and there, between the two. The towers, like the walls, were extremely massive, and were possibly from forty-eight to sixty feet in height ; all were built of a sand or granite stone of a rich red-brown colour. We first passed up into the chief

tower, which is at the end of the building, and commands the finest and most extensive view of both the sierra and the champaign country for many miles around. It was the old watch-tower of the Moors.

We scrambled like cats up the winding and dangerous steps, which led by a narrow spiral to the summit, and stood among the stunted trees and few blades of grass and wild herbs, that grew in plenty on the earth-covered summit of what had once been a stone-paved plateau polished by the feet of Moorish sentinels.

The air was crisp, frosty, and clear beyond description; the view magnificent. The strength of the Moorish position could be well discerned from this point, and certainly without artillery it would have been impregnable. The space enclosed within these ruined walls was, as has been stated, used for a cemetery; or, as it is called in the colloquial language of Andalusia, "*Panteon.*"

Strange indeed, and sad enough, was the sight that met our eyes, when we descended from the tower to the ground-floor. Here and there were a few, but very few, shapeless heaps of recently moved earth, over which a few bushes hung: these were the graves of the poor who had been buried within the last year. The richer sort fared differently in the place of repose selected for them. Like "sepulchres hewn in the rock," the massive walls were pigeon-holed here and there for their coffins to be pushed in; this done, the hole was

sealed up with masonry, and a little stone or marble tablet, firmly placed upon the entrance, with the name and date of death of the sleeper, completed the arrangement of the rich man's tomb.

But sadder sight than the neglected graves of the poor, which, in a few short months, when the rains had fallen, would be wholly indiscernible from the ground around, was the sight of several small chambers in the old walls, absolutely white with the bones that lay bleaching there. I peeped into one of these tiny chambers, pushing aside the elder and lentisco that overhung the entrance, and counted at least six skulls, perfectly preserved and bleached, lying on the top of the hallowed *débris*. These were the bones of bodies which—their resting-place in the niches having been only purchased for a few years, and not finally secured to them by money payments on the part of their relatives—had been exhumed to make way for other coffins, which would, in their turn, be displaced like their predecessors. This purchase of a resting-place for a term of years only, is one common in Andalusia; but the bones, as a rule, when displaced, are burnt or buried in the earth, beside the bodies of the poor!

In the *posada* we got a broken-legged table, supported by two chairs, and an oil-lamp, to give light, shut the shutter (for there was no glass in Baños), and made the best meal possible to us. There were no shops, save two tiny *ventas*, in the town; so nothing could be had but the remainder

of our morning's repast until the following morning, when the market or *plaza* opened. As we sat at our homely table, in came a grey-haired little Spanish gentleman, of polished manners, and, at our request, he sat down with us. He turned out to be a timber merchant, the father of two very sweet daughters, and, in addition, the *alcalde* of the town.

His conversation was interesting enough. He told us that drunkenness was not known as a crime amongst the thousand inhabitants of this *pueblo*; that at night there were no lights to any of the streets, and neither watchmen nor municipal guards.

We wanted a tumbler to drink from—a modest request surely—and to obtain one our hostess sent to the house of the prior, or rector, of the town, for the luxury. The tumbler came, and with it an invitation from the prior to us to see his church in the morning. We had already tried to get inside, but without success, as the door had been closed for the night.

After dinner we repaired to the *alcalde's* house, and a pleasanter evening I never spent than sitting with him and his two modest gentle daughters, enjoying our evening cigar over the smouldering logs that strewed the hearth. His two daughters kept the school of the place, and he said they had a magnificent library; this, on examination, proved to be five volumes of the "Lives of the Saints," with illustrations above the common order in books of the kind.

The little brother of these two young ladies showed us all his school books. His father's desire was that he should take holy orders, but, he said, he could hardly afford the expense of the education for it; so, just at present, the lad was learning carpentering, and attending his sisters' school, as a preparation for the rougher craft, while he also was acolyte at the larger church, and thus becoming familiarized with the handling of holy things.

Next day we rose at six, to be in time to purchase meat for the body and attend the early *misa* at the prior's church. We summoned one of our trusty guards, and, at our request, he said he would get us some coffee. Up it came before we sallied forth. I tasted it, retasted it, set down the cup, summoned the landlady, who came, attended by Juan the guard and a little child whom she had adopted.

"What is this drink?" I asked.

"It is coffee, señor," said the landlady; but she was immediately checked by her little companion, who said, "It is not coffee, but tea."

Here, seeing my perplexed look, Juan, the guard, pressed forward. He had, it seems, taken stock of this preparation while it was being made, and his verdict was as follows:—"It is not all tea, nor is it all coffee; but it is a little sift of tea, a little of coffee, and a strong decoction of aromatic mountain herbs, which is the landlady's specific for every sort of ailment." Of course, had we asked for chocolate, it might have been obtained; but

we had foolishly forgotten that we were out of the region of tea, and coffee, and bitter beer.

We swallowed the beverage in silence, and sallied forth into the keen bracing air of the sunlit winding street, for the *plaza*, or market, our guard, basket on arm, following us.

The market is held in a tiny, open, oval space in front of the church, and under the shade of two crumbling old houses, which had once, as the heavy stone coat-of-arms over their portals showed, been the *casas* of some good Spanish family.

The market consisted of two stalls: on one lay *buñuelos*, or oil-cakes, the operation of frying being then carried on by the vendor, and a few round cakes of coarse bread; on the other lay a few shapeless lumps of pork and a basket of salted sardines—these last, fried in oil, being the *pièce de résistance* of almost every meal of the Spanish poor. As in every Spanish market, the marked feature was the abundance of succulent, savoury vegetables from the few neighbouring irrigated gardens. The Spaniard, whether rich or poor, is a vegetarian; vegetables and fruit form the staple of his diet.

The vegetables were piled on the ground in heaps, the women squatting on a rug behind them, the scales lying close at hand. Here were bright carrots and turnips; here small green onions, full-grown onions, and garlic; here cow-cabbages of fabulous size; here huge *calavosas*, or pumpkins,

with a skin like the bark of a gnarled oak-tree, and sold in lumps of one pound each for two farthings, the rich deep orange of the flesh looking quite luscious. Here lay a heap of the enormous but tender *rábanos*, or radishes, of Spain; or of fine potatoes, and the bright-coloured *pimientos*, or capsicums.

The scene was striking in its simplicity. Even the gentlemen of the town were there, draped in their abundant *capotes*, or *capas*, carrying home their tiny bit of meat and their wealth of vegetables for the day's consumption. A few words were exchanged here and there, but the *plaza* was soon stripped of its wealth; and as the last onions were carried off in triumph, "clang, clang," went the bell from the old church-tower above us, and with some half-dozen ladies in deep mourning, and five or six men, we went in to join in the early *misa*, and ask for a blessing on the day that lay before us.

The prior, the officiating minister of the morning, on hearing that one of the strangers was an English *cura*, courteously invited us into the *sacristia*, or vestry, and chatted brightly and pleasantly while robing himself. This completed—his robe was of a rich but faded crimson, laced with gold—we followed him and his tiny acolyte, with whom we had become acquainted on the preceding night, into the church, he going to kneel in front of one of the many side-altars of the church, and we taking our position in a corner,

kneeling on the simple "*estéra*," or carpet of *esparto* grass.

There was no music. The prior intoned the prayers, his acolyte ringing the bell at stated intervals, at every changing sound of which the congregation rose, or knelt, and crossed themselves devoutly. A more devout, more earnest congregation, I never beheld in my life; and the parted lips, prostrate forms, murmuring voices, and courtly demeanour, of that simple band of early worshippers will never fade from my memory.

Then a woman sent in to say she desired to confess; so the prior, with a sly, quaint smile, said to some one in the vestry, "I am engaged; but ask the other priest to come and confess his sweetheart." It was so quaintly and inoffensively put that none of us could resist a smile, and soon the brother-priest appeared to undertake this trying duty of his office.

We sat down in a little ante-room and smoked a cigarette apiece, and then went out to see the beauties of the church. It is beautifully proportioned; the tower is simply magnificent, and worthy of any cathedral; the altar-pieces are fine; and two or three of the paintings evidently of great antiquity, and strangely curious. The pulpits, etc., are of solid marble; the gems, such as pearls and emeralds, the chalices, and other pieces of plate, exceedingly fine; and, under lock and key, safely deposited, is a fine piece of workmanship, used in the Holy-week processions, with a

very beautiful, but small, oil painting of cherubs in front. Then we repaired to the gallery, where was a fine organ, and—most curious sight of all—the music-books for the choir.

These were quite marvellous for their age, their massive binding, and their size. Not seven notes, of red and black, could find place across the page; and each page only contained five bars, so that twenty-five notes—no more—made the substance of each page! The vellum or parchment on which the notes were written, was marvellously preserved, and so thick that it was like turning over the backs of picture frames, to turn these pages over. Many of these books were clamped with solid iron!

The prior—although the title “prior” usually is supposed to betoken a portly, corpulent, erudite, and aged ecclesiastic, was but about five and twenty years of age, and quite boyish-looking. He insisted on our breakfasting with him. His room, a little ground-floor chamber in his father’s house, was primitive in its simplicity. In one corner stood his double-barrelled gun, his library, and escritoire. The library consisted of a dozen volumes of sermons, the New Testament, the “Lives of the Saints,” and about ten other books, all of religious tendency. These were piled upon the table and among them (in the dark) was his little decoy-bird, or *pajarao*—the red-legged partridge—which is found in well-nigh every house in these wilds.

We sat down at his homely table. "And now," said he, "in our Church's better days I could have treated you better; but now the rule holds good, '*quod potuit tamen.*'"

His sweet-looking, homely sister, who blushed to see her delicate-looking brother's two strapping English guests, brought in our three cups of chocolate, and capital chocolate it was; then came a plate of *buñuelos*, or oil-cakes, and then three tumblers of sparkling cold water, fresh from the neighbouring fount or spring.

Our conversation was simple, but from its very *naïveté* may be interesting. The prior told us that for six years not one penny of his stipend had been paid to him by the Government of his country; that he lived partly upon his father, partly upon the presents of game and vegetables which his simple townspeople offered him, partly upon the proceeds of the chase; "for," said he, "I have my gun, my horse, and my dog."

He asked one of us (an English clergyman) whether he was married, and on his replying in the affirmative, said, "Have you any children?" On being answered in the negative, he said, "Well, but" (with a quaint smile), "are you allowed to have any?"

"So, you may really be a prior in the English Church, and yet wear a beard and have children!"

"Queen Victoria," he said, "is the best friend to the Catholic Church that that Church has ever known. I consider her and Pius the Ninth two

of the best rulers that ever lived; in fact, your queen is a Catholic, though her subjects are Protestant."

He was a rigid teetotaler, and when I asked him to ride over and lunch with me, said, "Do not spend you money on wine, for I shall not touch it; but buy me, for a present, a flask of your English gunpowder—thereby I shall remember you for months, whereas the wine would make me forget you in one evening."

He showed us his Andalusian horse, which needed a little more feeding, evidently; introduced us to more decoy-birds, to his aged father, and the nurse who had reared him herself in that very house, and whose prayer, at last fulfilled, had been—so he said—that her suckling should one day come back as prior of his native town.

The prior put on a short black jacket, and plain *sombrero*, and walked with us to our *posada*; and a truly pretty and pleasant sight was it, to see the warm and kindly, yet respectful feeling with which the pastor was regarded by his flock. All clustered round and shook hands with him; for all he had a kindly word and a smile of recognition. We took a pull at some wine (*Val de peñas*) out of the skin, and offered the same to the prior. "No," said he, "the prior never drinks more than water. Neither" (turning proudly round upon the group assembled to see us start) "does his flock."

And so, followed on our homeward tramp by the benediction from some twenty voices, "*Vaya*

usted con Dios!" ("Go you with God!"), we descended the precipitous street, and soon found ourselves once more among the interminable olive-groves.

Suddenly one of our guards rode off at right-angles to our path, and returned to us, dismounted, but with a bunch of what looked at first sight like withered thistles.

"You," he said, "last night admired the toothpick which the *alcalde* used at dinner, and he bade me be sure and pick you a bunch of them in the olives on your return."

It was true. And what courtesy, what kindness in the little amenities of life did this trifling action show!

The *alcalde* could not do much for us; but all that he could he did, as the Spaniards, high or low, rich or poor, always and everywhere do for the stranger.

This natural toothpick is an admirable one; it is nothing but a dried spike of the seed vessel of the *Biznaga* (the *Ammi Viznaga* of Linnæus), which plant grows in wild profusion in these sweltering wilds, and is picked by the poor and sold in the markets of these wild hill-towns for toothpicks.

Getting weary, we sat down for luncheon under the dark shade of some wayside *encinas*, or evergreen oaks. A little way off our road stood a tiny hut, of brushwood and wattles, and in front of it sat an old Spaniard, who seemed to belong to any day rather than to the present.

The poor old fellow sold us four *copitas* (small wine-glasses) of *aguardiente*, the only spirit known to the Spaniard of the interior (being a composition of wine-spirit and aniseed), and a first-rate cordial.

A stranger picture than that old Spaniard, who dwelt and slept, year after year, in these wild groves, on that unfrequented mountain road, I never saw. He liked his life, he told us, but he could not understand why we should pay him three farthings too much, and became quite suspicious about our honesty when we said we wished him to accept the trifle as a present.

Fancy his life—his home! A wigwam, a shanty of about six or eight feet in height, and about four feet in diameter, quite dark and windowless, no bed but a rude settee, a dozen hens, a bitch and her litter, and two rugs to keep him warm!

The evening grew cold, and we grew weary with the rough walk among granite boulders as we neared home, but neither of us will ever forget the hill-town of Baños, with its courteous, kindly, and generous population, as yet uncorrupted by civilization, and strangers to the scream of the steam-engine.

MANUÉLA'S GRAVE.

THE FIRST CALL, AND THE LAST.

Not the least among the trials, if they are not actual sufferings, of a Continental chaplain, is that, if not in some fashionable watering-place or health-resort, he is exceedingly lonely. His lot, for the whole day, is to be alone; for, his countrymen, his congregation, who are engaged in business, are so engaged for the whole day. If he be chaplain to a mining company, in this tropical climate, the whole of the employés are at the mines during the day, some above, some underground; and when they return at night, they return weary, heat-smitten, and longing to be at rest: while, if his lot be cast in the land of sherry wine and *Bodegas*, he is in the cellars the whole day, and returns to his family for the hasty ride, and the late dinner in the evening coolness.

There is no lack of generous hospitality among

the Englishmen in Spain: kind are they, and loyal as a rule to their chaplain. They spoil him with their kindness. His services they attend, for the most part, well; while, considering the lack of music, and all the æsthetic accompaniments that tend to and aid devotion, they join fairly in the services of the church.

But still, a mining chaplain is most certainly to be pitied for his utter loneliness. The *Times* and the *Spectator* alone keep him *au fait* with the outer secular and the outer religious world. And what must he do?

It must be remembered that, in the tropic heats of Spain, a man is much confined to his own house; and that few English women can brave a second summer in that clime (at Linares, where the women are hale, hearty, Cornish lassies, they spend one summer out of every three in England!); and that men, however gifted, cannot be writing or reading all day. Therefore, the chaplain is much alone, and he must find friends in those of his own household.

In England, a man could hardly make a friend of his servants; but, in Spain, where all are, of right, *caballeros* and *señoritas*, where all are *refined* beyond expression in thought, word, and action, the case is different.

No one who has not mixed, as I have, with the Spanish peasantry: no one who does not know them in all their weakness and in all their

strength ; in their noble loyalty to a kind and indulgent master ; in their love for, and pride in, the house in which they serve, and their interest in its welfare : no one who does not know, and has not witnessed, the passionate strength of their attachment to members of their own household and their own family :—no one who has not seen and does not know this, the most hopeful feature of Spain, the inborn, ingrained nobleness of her peasantry, can understand how an Englishman of gentle birth may safely look to his own little household for help and comfort, never sought for in vain.

Tell your Spanish servants—if you have been (for that is what they value most) a kind, gentle, and courteous master, that you cannot give them the wages you have hitherto been enabled to give : they will not say, as would English servants, “Then I am afraid, sorry as I am, that I must go. I have this widowed mother, or that sick child, to support.” No ; they say at once, “No fault of yours. A man cannot do more than his best.” And they will come into the room and pour out upon your table the last penny they have in purse or stocking !

This very thing has happened to me.

And the Spanish peasantry, possibly owing, not only to the deep strength of their natural affections, but also to the fact of so many families living under the same roof, and partly to their feeling—for feel they do—how cruelly, with their

bright intellects, they are denied education by their Government ; how cruelly, with their warm hearts, and true impulses, and real natural goodness, they are denied true religion by their Church ; how cruelly they are bullied, neglected, arrested, left to rot in prison by the Government ;—owing to all this, and living under a common roof, they have become like one large family. No Spanish peasant ever refuses to lend money to his neighbour ; nurse him when he is ill ; follow him, even at the loss of a day's work's pay, to his last sandy resting-place when he is dead ; and buy a last geranium or white jasmine to cast into the rude coffin at the end.

Left alone, as a bachelor, to pass a summer in Andalusia, with my pen and my servants as my chief companions a year or two since, a mother and daughter—the latter a little child of twelve—came under my roof as servants. At first sight, I rather deprecated the introduction of the little, rough, *semi-gitana* looking, stunted child, with her rich brown dishevelled hair hanging over her shoulders. Noisy she was, and, to interrupt my writing, was for ever dragging into the house three or four noisy little companions younger than herself. However, the little thing was clever beyond her years, singularly gentle, and truthful to a fault. She learnt, in a few days, to make a cup of English tea, and her little task was well performed, namely, to bring this “*taza de té*” into my dressing-room in the morning.

One morning I waited in vain for the tea. At last (for her mother had sallied forth, as usual, to buy fish and fruit at the early *Plaza*) I went and called, and called in vain, at the door of Manuéla's humble little wall-chamber, for my "*morning's*," as the Scotchman would say.

Manuéla never answered, and I thought she had left the house, perhaps (for it was a *Dia de Fiesta*) for the early *misa*.

Her mother returned, and I complained in strong language of the neglect. In a moment the door of the humble *cuarto* was opened, and with three simple words that preached the best sermon on the text "Judge not," that I ever heard—"Manuéla is ill"—the mother pointed to the little speechless form, lying weak and gasping for breath.

I only remember bursting into tears, and imploring forgiveness.

A man could hardly forgive himself for shouting to a speechless child for his cup of tea, when he thinks of the agony caused to a willing little spirit by hearing itself called upon to perform a duty beyond its power.

That was *Manuéla's first call*.

When the little thing got well, and came into my room for the first time to bring the morning cup, and I told her of my bitterness of self-reproach, her simple philosophy was, "You didn't know I was ill: and for that it is you have no blame."

From that day Manuella became dear to me as my own child, and repaid moderate kindness with acts of deep devotion—of such devotion as only a Spanish peasant girl is capable.

Such acts were these:—

One day, after having paid her her tiny wage, I found myself literally “up a tree.” Manuella found it out: came into my room with her little store of dollars and pesetas in a bag, and said, “Take care of these for me, señorito: for I shall not buy my new dress until next month.”

If any delicacy of feeling could exceed that, I am at a loss to know in what it could consist.

Two of her acquaintances, again, did some carpenter's work for me, and came to be paid. They demanded double the value of the work done, and looked, with a wink, at the little delicate figure always crouching at my side. I was about to pay. In a moment, Manuella sprang forward, her coal-black eyes all ablaze with indignation: “*No, no; no es justo: mi mama puede arreglarlo,*” i.e., “It is unfair: mother will arrange it;” and, suiting the action to the word, she showed her two compatriots the door, with a scornful “*Vaya usted con Dios.*”

Another sample of her stoic philosophy was as follows. Sitting with her embroidery in my room, I noticed her, from time to time, scanning my face. At last I said, “A penny for your thoughts, Manuella.”

“I was thinking you were a good man.”

“Why the deuce should you think that?” said I.

“Because you seem very sad,” was her answer, “*but you never complain.*”

Summoned on business to Madrid, I told it to my little companion. Her eyes filled with tears, she left the room, and I saw no more of Manuëla that night. At early dawn she rose, and went, through the sun-filling streets, to the early *misa*, to make her childish prayers for me; came back, in her little mourning dress, her rosary round her neck; brought me my tea, with the words, “*Señorito*, I have prayed for you: for that it is you will come back safe.”

Then, she gave me, for protection on the journey, a tiny charm, value two farthings—a tiny heart cut out of flannel, with the bleeding heart of Christ embroidered in red upon it, the crown of thorns across it, the red drops trickling down, a little cross embroidered above; the whole so small that I put it into the locket on my watch chain.

She had walked half a mile to the convent to get this charm!

Manuëla's excessive delicacy and sensitiveness of feeling was, to a world-worn man, used to blows and buffets, as refreshing as can be conceived. I taught her a little English, and, among other words, the meaning of “good girl” and “naughty girl.” The latter epithet I often used to her, never dreaming it would give her pain; however, one

day, in joke, I said, "Naughty girl!" and in a moment the child's dark eyes swam with tears, and she said, half passionately, "If I deserve it, say it in earnest; if not, why wound me by saying '*naughty girl*?'"

I never said "Naughty girl!" to my poor Manuëla after that!

Every one who has lived in an old-fashioned Spanish town knows well how, every night, comes down the winding, narrow street the "ring-ting-a-ting, ring-ting-a-ting" of the bell that ushers the Host. "*Su Majestad*" is being carried to some dying man, the wax-candles shed their flickering ray on the dark forms of the kneeling passers-by; two policemen walk, hats off, behind the white-robed priests. As the Host (*His Majesty*) passes, it is customary to take a candle to the window, and kneel until the pageant has passed by—an act of respect to the religion of a country which, with many faults, treats the Protestants who make it their home exceedingly well.

Manuëla always took the candle from the table, summoned her mother, and the two knelt in silent prayer in the bow-window as the Host passed. At last I joined them in their act of reverence, and put my hand in the little child's hand. After it had passed, she said, "They tell me Protestants are bad, and do not believe in *Su Majestad*; now, I see that they do believe." And ever after that, whether I was writing or reading, when the tinkling bell announced the Host, the little child

summoned me to the window, with the words, "*Do not lose your blessing to-night, señorito.*"

Manuela's only proverb was—a proverb in the truth of which she implicitly believed—" *Dios sobre todos,*" i.e., *God's providence is over us all.* No matter what happened, whether bad or good, or what evil was impending, whether the rosy lips parted with a smile, or the eyes swam with a tear, it was always the same happy sentiment that came from the loyal, trustful heart, "*Dios sobre todos.*" Manuëla had her little medicinal lore—two stock remedies, which she always brought out: the one was *yerba luisa*, or lemon verbena, of which she made a decoction, and which cures every sort of colic and dyspepsia; the other, a few drops of vinegar, poured into a tumbler of cold spring water, with a lump of white sugar. This last, prescribed after a journey, to soothe that feeling, very natural after twenty-four hours in a Spanish train, called "*irritacion de viaje.*"

The little girl's childish faith in these remedies; her love for all who suffered, or were in pain; her exceeding truthfulness,—all these endeared her to me, and made me first learn to value the peasantry of Southern Spain.

When ill, and stretched on a settee in the burning summer heats, and but a little stood between my foot and the grave, it was my "*unico consuelo*" to hold Manuëla's tiny hand, use her little bottle of "*agua de Florida,*" and find myself, at such a moment, joined to the innocent and the unspotted.

"*Cuenta a cuenta*," among the Spanish poor, means telling stories one against the other; and I never heard such extraordinary specimens of prose run mad as Manuela's stories—of saints, of marvellous deliverances from danger, of lions and dragons; each story beginning, "*Pues, Señor*." Of such were her tales, told to her by her grandmother, and literally learned by heart. When weary with writing I called her in, and it was quite refreshing to listen to these childish, prattling tales.

And Manuela, like all truly good people, had her vein of mirth and humour.

One night, she stayed out very late, and on her appearance, I said, "I have wanted you to copy some M.S. for me." She looked up, with her usual bright smile, and said, "Therefore it is *that I have come so early!*"

She showed me a rosary made of the seeds of a particular tree, which are called here "*lagrimas de San Pedro*" (St. Peter's tears); and, when I said what they were, said she, "*Entonces, son lagrimas muy grandes*," i.e., "They are very big tears."

The unbounded generosity of the child constantly brought the tears into my eyes. As an instance, I will but quote the following—she gave me once her own dinner, and had nothing herself but a piece of "*pico*," i.e., dry crust!

And Manuela was, after her fashion, religious. Every Sunday she rose at five, plucked the few flowers within her reach, and put them in her rich

brown hair, and then, *misa*-book in hand, sallied forth to the early service.

But the end comes very fast. "Whom the gods love, die young."

And so it was with Manuëla. Delicate, slight, excitable, ever working for others beyond its strength, far in advance of its physical powers, the brave little spirit could not long grace this earth; it bore too fine an edge to bear contact with this rough working world of ours.

Christmas-Eve came—*Noche buena*. Up the country every child has its *zam-bomba*—a flower-pot, perforated by a hollow reed, which, rubbed up and down with spat-upon fingers, emits hoarse notes that sound from every house. But in the south, it is not the *zam-bomba*, but the noisy timbrel, or tambourine, called *pandéreta*, which is in every child's hand on Christmas-Eve.

Poor Manuëla had none. Generous to a fault, she had given her last two pesetas to buy one for her cousin; and she, meanwhile, was to pass her *Noche buena* without music! *She* never told me this, but I found it out from her family, and got my faithful child the best in the town. She decked it out, most tastefully, with rosette and ribbon, and played and sang to herself all the afternoon. At night, an English friend came in, *en route* to London—a stalwart giant, nearly seven feet high. I asked my Manuëla to come in, and play and sing her Christmas carol. "No," said she, "not I; for you, yes: for strangers, never."

But her mother persuaded her ; and Manuela sang her first and last earthly Christmas carol, to the wild melancholy Andalusian strain, "*Nacio el niño de Dios*;" and "*Esta noche es noche buena*."

"Manuéla, you have sung and played so gracefully, so modestly ; you have done so much for me, that of the first godsend of cheque from my publisher, you shall have a part."

It was Christmas time.

There was no snow on the ground ; there was no chilliness in the air. Only the balmy breath of an English April day ; only the *panderetas* sounding ; only the wild-flowers springing up from the ground—wild-flowers that Manuéla's little hand had, for many a bygone Christmas, so loved to cull, and twine in her hair ere she went to the *misa del gallo*, or *cock-crow service*, on Christmas-Eve, to see the image of the Infant Jesus brought out from beneath the altar of her church.

Christmas-Day brought me my cheque ; and, to fulfil my promise, I hastened to tell my Manuéla the good news. I called : there was no answer ; yet a little present—a new-born Child Jesus in porcelain—and a few common wild-flowers were upon my drawers, and well I knew whose hands had placed them there while I slept.

I called again, "*Una suerte muy buena, por mi Manuéla*" ("A piece of very good luck for my Manuéla").

No answer. I thought of *my first call*, and was silent.

Manuéla's mother came in. I said "Where is Manuéla?"

She opened, for the second time, the humble, rickety door, and she, too, called "Manuéla, why on earth haven't you fulfilled your duty?"

She went to the side of the low *cuatre*. She turned very pale, and beckoned me to enter.

Two or three snow-white wild-flowers were trailing from the dishevelled hair; two thin white hands were folded, crosswise, on the unheaving bosom; but there was no voice, no bright smile of life: the smile, too sweet for earth, had been taken for ever to the bosom of Him whose spirit had inspired it.

Manuela was there; her spirit had gone. She had not lived to see her first earthly reward.

"She went at early morn," said her mother's broken voice, "to cull wild-flowers for you, because you were alone, and a stranger. She placed them, at 5 a.m. while you slept, on your drawers, without disturbing you. She said, '*you had been so good to her.*'"

Manuéla's face was strangely calm; her lips parted with a smile, the smile that came from her last little act of love.

I only knelt down at her humble bed-side, for one moment, and prayed to be made like unto her.

I preached her funeral sermon in the few words—"I knew her, and I loved her."

So Manuéla had gone.

Where did *she* pass her Christmas-Day ?

* * * * *

There is a little quadrangle of stone, full of niches for the dead, a mile along the dusty way outside this town. In one lowly niche Manuéla's body lies.

A few stunted shrubs, of geranium or cypress, straggle over the white, sandy, dusty quadrangle ; a few of the wild-flowers she loved bloom in winter beneath Manuéla's last lowly earthly resting-place.

But she, with all her grace, her purity, her truth, her naturalness, her love for man, her faith in God, has gone. God has but claimed His own.

SPANISH PEASANT SORROW.

THERE is a belief, common enough among educated people, that a demonstrative sorrow is not likely to be a very real, or very long-lived one, and that a silent sorrow is ever the truest and deepest.

On such a belief the Poet-Laureate's touching lines are founded :—

“ She must weep, or she will die.”

THAN the sorrow of the Spanish poor, nothing can well be more demonstrative; yet I fancy it is a sorrow not only more fervent, true, and impassioned for the moment, but also more lasting and long-lived than the sorrow of the poor of other European nations, save and except the Italian and the Irish.

THE Spanish peasant, trained from his earliest youth to suffering himself, learns early the lesson of patience under his own ills; and, from living “in a flock,” as the saying goes, in the same house with many other families, he learns full young to sympathize with others.

No man knows, exemplifies, and acts better upon the poet's words—

“ To each his sufferings ; all are men
Condemned alike to groan :
The tender for another's pain,
The unfeeling for his own.”

I was journeying down the line from Madrid to Cordova, in 1876, at the time when, the Carlist war concluded, the troops were being disbanded ; and the halt at each wayside station, where they dismounted and were met by their aged fathers and mothers, brothers, sisters, sweethearts, was, indeed, a striking sight. It brought to my mind Frith's Railway Station, and I could not forbear wishing that his unique pencil could have caught and carried off the scene.

The month was the merry month of May. Every little wayside station lay absolutely embosomed in fields decked with Nature's fairest vernal beauty. Never had there been crops more luxuriant : of the fairest, richest green were the spreading cornfields, spangled with blossoms of the crimson poppy, and wild-flowers of yellow and lilac—the two prevailing colours in vernal Andalusia. At every station, as the “ lads from the North ” tumbled over one another in their haste to see their relations, there was legitimate *kissing*—I mean, audible salutes ; and the sound of sobbing everywhere. Here, an aged peasant, in russet suit, bare brown legs, and sandalled feet, vied with his mahogany-faced partner, attired in yellow

serge petticoat, in kissing some chubby-faced soldier-lad; and while the salt tears made furrows in the old woman's dust-begrimed cheeks, I heard her, as she hugged her treasure, say, "The decoy birds are alive; and we have *such* a *puchero* to-day."

I saw, in striking contrast with these scenes of exuberant joy, another, and a very different scene. The journey, I have said, was one long, bright, and changeful panorama of joy—joy brought out into the more startling light by two scenes of grief; and, until I was a witness of these, I felt that I had never seen Spanish peasant sorrow, or rated at its proper depth and height the fervent, passionate, impassioned, uncontrolled strength of affection of the Spanish poor. The following were the scenes to which I refer.

At a lonely station, between Madrid and Cordova, as our train drew up, I noticed, at the end of the platform, some five or six bare-footed girls clothed in yellow serge. A few flowers were drooping in their rough, coarse, frizzled, dishevelled hair. Their finely cut, if somewhat sensual faces were brown as mahogany. They were evidently of the *gente de panuelo*, and *gente del campo*, of the commonest order of day-labourers' daughters—girls, probably, who would eat an orange and not throw away the skin, live in summer under some sheltering fig-tree, and pick stones from the brown fallows for five-pence per diem, complacently singing as they filled their esparto basket.

Their great, black, lustrous eyes fairly seemed starting out of their heads as our train drew up. The third-class carriage, in which I was a passenger, and which was full of soldiers, stopped just opposite to this wild group. In a moment the soldiers were out, and two of them were clasped in the warm, tender, passionate embrace of two of these poor children of the lonely *campo*.

Suddenly a piercing shriek of agony, that I shall carry in my ears for many a long year, rang through the thyme-scented, sunlit air. Every head was out of window. We thought the poor girl was stabbed, at least. She threw the soldier from her embrace, with a fierce imprecation; then flung herself grovelling on the ground, her coarse dress all dishevelled; her poor bare feet and dirty toe-nails kicking up the gravel of the railroad, while her small brown hands (as I bent over, and tried to comfort her, I saw that, though rough with field-labour, her hands were touchingly small) clutched up handful after handful of the loose gravel and sand, and emptied it into her now torn-down, flowerless, unbraided, and trembling hair. The shrieks of the poor girl were heart-rending. One Spanish gentleman said to me, "Would to Allah the train would move on, or the whistle shriek!" And her whole frame, as she lay on the ground, writhing with agony, shook and palpitated with her great sorrow.

The kindly railway officials lifted her up: she threw herself again at full length on the ground,

and covered her head with dust. I tried to comfort her with money. No; like Rachel of sacred story, she refused to be comforted.

A courtly Spanish officer alighted from the train, and giving the lad who stood by in much perplexity, and who was evidently ashamed at being the cause of all this trouble, a tap with his cane, said, "Say good-bye to your girl, and tumble in—train's off."

We were gone; and Nature's coarse but tender child lay, like some rich and painted, if somewhat too gaudy, tropic flower, prone in the burning railway sand, on that spring morning. And why? What was the cause of all her sorrow? *Her* sweetheart was one of those soldiers *not* disbanded, but reserved for a few weeks to aid in extirpating the locust in the adjoining territory! But the poor girl's heart was broken, and her body too, to all appearance, as the last glimpse I caught of her presented the likeness of a tumbled, dragged, dust-covered mass of coarse coloured clothes, and a brown face and feet being dragged, helpless, upon the platform, by kind hands which are never wanting in much-abused Spain. And this was her holiday attire that she thus had spoiled—dress, coarse as it was, that had cost her months of starvation to purchase!

The second scene was of the same character. But, in this, the girl followed her lover to the carriage, got upon the step as the train moved off, and clung to it with painful pertinacity until

forcibly dragged away. Then, freed, she ran along by the side of the train—needless to say it was not “*express*”—for at least three minutes, and then, falling to the rear, was lost sight of in a cloud of dust as we rattled forward!

Sorrow, in Spain, is not only the selfish sorrow that Englishmen have, for their own sufferings: it is a generous, and a Christ-like sorrow—the sorrow of Him, who, “when He beheld the city, wept over it.” No one would believe the keen agony that the Spanish poor suffer, when forced to see the misfortune of another. He may be an enemy; he may be a stranger, or Englishman; or he may be a lodger: but *his* sorrow is *their* sorrow; and they—kindly, noble, tender, generous hearts, as they are—cannot forget it. Is he poor? Poverty, in Spain, creates and receives *no* insults. The neighbours say—not, as successful England says, “Poor devil, gone to smash!”—but peasant Spain says, “*We* are poor—*pobre de solemnidad*,” (*i.e.*, solemnly poor;) “and we weep with him.” And all through the night the woman who knows you and your disaster is “*quejándose*,” *i.e.*, fretting aloud; the man, thinking how he can aid and assist you! Or, are you given to bad habits? How many an Englishman comes out here, and ruins himself with drink, or vain speculations! All in vain, he turns his eyes to his fellow-countrymen for assistance. From them it is not forthcoming; but he turns to the poor Spaniards, and *they* say, “Poor fellow! *es muy fino*,” (*i.e.*, “he has known better days;”) “let us help him!”

Spaniards *never* judge harshly; *never* fail in sympathy; *never* insult poverty. They have suffered too deeply themselves to do these bad things.

In a common gipsy's hut, in the plains of Murcia, lay an Englishman, but two years ago, stricken down with sunstroke and low fever. A Murcian woman tended him, night and day. He *had* nothing with him but his staff, and knapsack, and a few *pesetas* (*i.e.*, francs). At last, after sharing, day after day, this couple's humble meal, he rose to go, and wanted to pay a little for his keep. In that peasant house, there had been more eaters for the bread than bread for the eaters.

His host and hostess would not hear of payment. "No," they said, "we have done but our duty."

"And," said the poor gipsy woman, her bosom heaving with emotion, her eyes streaming with tears, "I shall miss you so much, and find the house so lonely without you! Oh, how I shall miss you, when I have no one to share my two eggs and coffee each morning!"

The eggs were so few; the coffee so limited in quantity; yet, the gipsy's sorrow was, that the sufferer would no longer share them with her. That Englishman was myself. Will not those who read these pages, after this, ever love, and care for, and take an interest in the Spanish poor? It is not only the writer of these pages who believes them to be so exceedingly noble, and capable of

such elevation of character and action, but many thoughtful English gentlemen believe the same.

Steele, our tender and pure-hearted humourist, has said of a lady, that "to have loved her was a liberal education." I venture to paraphrase his words, and say, that to have known a common Spanish gipsy woman, in all her height of purity, and depth of devotion; in all her self-denial; in all her religion without religion's offensive savour, is a "liberal education."

And does any one think that demonstrative sorrow must necessarily be shallow and short-lived? Far from it, in this case. Ten years after she has buried her child, a Spanish mother, passing the cemetery where she erst laid to rest her treasure, cannot refrain from tears, and cannot eat her bread.

"*Nunca volveran*" ("They will never return"), is the nightly and suffering speech of the middle-class Spaniard, if he be a widower, or she a widow: "Those days of simple happiness, of devotion on either side—*nunca volveran*—they come no more. And our hope for this life, and our pleasure, both are dead and gone."

The blending of the beautiful religious phraseology of the country with their expressions of sorrow; the names that the women bear—such as *Maria of the Griefs*, or *Carmen of the Valley*, or *Concepcion*, or *Anna of the Angels*, all names melancholy and romantic; the pensive cast of countenance, with its low forehead, and its pent-

house of rich glossy hair; the sable dress always worn on Sundays; the darkness of the incense-scented church;—all these lend a certain beauty and solemnity to Spanish sorrow, and make it hallowed.

And then, the simplicity and human, almost sensuous, tenderness of their sorrow! You are dying, say, and have no comfort. Well; let us get some fond and loving mother, with her breasts full of milk. You, strong man as you are, shall be to her as a little babe. Her tears will mingle with her sweet milk as you suck her breast. Forget your troubles; forget that you are a man, and a dying one; think only of Our Lady's love for all who suffer, and pray, and take a little milk, and oh! who knows if God will not raise you up.

I have spoken thus far, chiefly of personal sorrow. No one would credit it, were I to relate what I have seen and known of the patriotic sorrow of Spanish Republicans for the ruin and misery of their country.

When the sere and yellow leaf of autumn is falling from the stunted acacia and the graceful pimienta-tree, there comes a triad of days important to the Spanish mourner; viz., *All-Hallow E'en*, the last day of October, when the Spanish girl, in her simple chamber, with its simple furniture, prays for lover, or husband; or watches, from the window, with tearful eye, to see the image of some loved one pass; *All Saints' Day*, the first of November, when, from early morn

until dewy eve, every cemetery in every town is decked out with tapers and flower-wreaths, and servant and mistress, peasant and master, repair to the *campo santo* to kneel and pray before the niche which holds the remains of their loved and lost one; and *All Souls' Day*, the second of November, when all are clad in deepest mourning; when a whole nation wears its weeds for its sons and daughters passed away.

Visit the simplest *campo santo* on one of the last-named days, and see how real, true, and lasting, is Spanish sorrow. Look at that richly arrayed mother, beautiful in her sorrow, kneeling in pain of bitter memory, but with lips trembling in fervent prayer, before yon niche; read the inscription love has written thereon, and lo! it is the tomb of a child buried some fifteen years since! Yet the burden of her grief is heavy upon her, as though her loss had happened but yestreen!

There, too, is a poor girl planting a rose-bush, over a heap of newly turned earth. Alas! her husband last night, the moonlight shimmering over his semi-naked corpse, was cast into the *pit of the poor*: but she loved him—that is all; and although the cats will assuredly scratch it up to-night, she will re-plant her rose-bush, and water it with tears, and say a prayer for Juan's soul, and weep, and eat *versa* instead of meat to-night. For why? She loved him; and she sorrows, and will sorrow, and weep, and pray, and plant her

lonely rose-bush, and water it with her lowly tears for many a long year to come.

And look at a Spanish funeral! Not a soul refuses to follow the body of his acquaintance to the grave; and the commonest bricklayer, if his widow can pay for a funeral, will have two hundred decently dressed and reverently behaved men to follow him to his last long home.

Three days of mourning, called here the *tres dias de duelo* (Scriptural phrase, is it not?) are prescribed by *all* classes after a death; and every shop, work-room, and factory is closed and all the hands unemployed for three days after the death of the master.

How they feel those closed shutters; the oppression of that darkened room; the silence of that clear ringing voice; the sight of that little child's neglected playthings! The father turns away, to hide his manly tears; the mother, with her coarse black-fringed handkerchief, and her red tear-stained eyes, bursts into paroxysms of impassioned grief.

"And oh! come Sleep," she says, "my best and only comfort: do come, dear Sleep!"

"Come, Sleep, though image thou of death most meet,
Yet in my grief for thy embrace I sigh:
Come then, nor soon depart, for 'tis most sweet
Thus without life to live, thus without death to die.

"Life—yet no pain of living—oh how sweet!
Death—yet no sting of death he feels or knows
Whose eye thou closest; in his bosom meet
The bliss of being, and the grave's repose!"

P.S.—The following are average specimens of the funeral notices :—



LA SEÑORA

DONA TOMASA Sarmiento y Cantabrana ha fallecido á las doce de la noche del 16 de marzo de 1877.

R. I. P.

Su hermano D. Manuel, hermanos políticos, sus sobrinos y demás parientes ruegan á sus amigos se sirvan encomendarla á Dios y asistir al funeral que por el eterno descanso de su alma se ha de celebrar el día 18, á las nueve de la mañana, en la parroquia de San Sebastian, y acto continuo á la conduccion del cadáver al cementerio de la sacramental de San Justo, en lo que recibirán favor.

El duelo se despide en el cimiterio.

No se reparten esquelas.



Séptimo aniversario.

El Señor

Don Jonquin Gutzambide

maestro compositor, presidente de la sociedad de Conciertos, etc., etc., falleció el 18 de marzo de 1870.

Sus hijos, hijo politico, hermanos politicos y demás parientes, ruegan á sus amigos lo encomienden á Dios.

MORALITY ON A SPANISH WHARF.

AMONG the happiest and most interesting hours I have spent in Spain have been those passed with the boatmen of Cadiz harbour.

These men form a class of their own; they intermarry chiefly among one another; they talk a *patois*, or *dialect*, of their own; they are bound together by strict rules of honour; they are, for the most part, simple fatalists; they are exceedingly brave; they are full of wit, their conversation abounds with dry humour; and, like most sea-faring men, they are very tender-hearted. As a rule, too, their lives, although uninfluenced by the religion of their country, are simple and moral.

What makes one's intercourse with these men so interesting and even instructive is, that most of them have travelled greatly and seen other lands, through shipping as ordinary or A.B. seamen on foreign vessels that leave the harbour short of hands. They have all formed their opinions on the character and customs of the

peoples they have visited, these opinions being, in many cases, most original.

Let me first of all attempt to give some idea of the appearance of Cadiz harbour, and the life and employments of those who live by ploughing its waters, for those of my readers who know nothing of—

“Fair Cadiz, rising o’er the dark blue sea,”

as *Childe Harold* has it.

There is no place in the world more cheerful than Cadiz, from the brightness of its blue sea, its sky rarely flecked by a passing cloudlet, the snowy whiteness of its houses, the beauty of its squares with all their wealth of tropical trees and flowers. True, Madrid and Seville have more *divertissements* of theatre and the like, but the climate of the first is simply abominable, and the heat of the second in summer and its cold in winter simply unbearable. Neither Madrid nor Seville can be called truly healthy. But at Cadiz one breathes health at every step; even to an invalid, spirits and appetite never flag at Cadiz; colds and coughs are unheard of; one lives in a perpetual *primavera*, or spring. When the stranger in Cadiz tires of its tropical squares, of its beautiful *paséos*, or sea-walks, of which *Las Delicias* bears off the palm, commanding as it does a wide view of the blue ocean, he need only saunter down the Calle San Francisco, pass through the *Puerta del Mar*, or Sea-gate, on to the wharves, and fish and

fruit markets, and he will find himself in a new world.

It is mid-day, we will say, and a slight *levanté*, or east wind, is blowing. The sea is bluer than the sky. In front of him, stretching from the edge of the wharf to about half a mile out into the harbour, lie at anchor about four hundred boats, all heaving up and down in the bright sunlight, and all painted in the gayest colours, red, white, yellow, blue, striped. These are the passenger or smallest boats, each of which carries two men as crew, and has a small lateen sail. They are used to take passengers off to the larger vessels lying farther out to sea. When a stiff *levanté* is blowing, the noise and motion of this little painted flotilla form a most varied and pleasing spectacle. These little craft are called "*botés*," and it is marvellous what an amount of sea they will stand.

The other classes of boats and ships are mostly for trading purposes. The trade of Cadiz is of three kinds.

First, the large French, English, and Portuguese packets, which bring passengers and cargo, and depart with full cargoes of lead from the Sierra, oranges from the Campo, and wine from the vineyards of Jerez and Port St. Mary.

Then there are the sailing vessels from America and Russia, which come in ballast to load with salt from the salt-fields of San Fernando. This salt is the finest in the known world for salting fish in

Norway, Russia, Newfoundland. The salt is nearly always stowed in bulk, and forms a heavy and very dangerous shifting load.

Then, as regards larger vessels of the steamer class, there are ever coming and going the Havana packets, carrying mails, passengers, and cargo to and from the Havana. It is a picturesque sight, in crossing the harbour in the grey of early dawn, to see two or three *faluchos*, crowded with Cuban volunteers, in their light-blue checked shirts, shouting and hurrahing most vociferously, standing out in harbour for the Havana packet. These volunteers are great rascals. They receive as bounty fifty dollars; spend it in debauchery in Cadiz; get invalided or desert, and come back; and in a few months change their name, get another bounty, and go off to the Havana again!

Next in order to these larger vessels come the *Laoul*, the *Mistico*, and *Mistico de Galleta*. These are large, heavy craft, built to stand any amount of sea, and two-masted. They are employed in the coasting trade, bringing potatoes from Valencia, wine from Malaga, oranges from Seville, timber from the north of Spain. They vary in tonnage from forty to eighty tons. The *Laoul* has one mast amidships and one in the stern, and carries enormous lateen sails. The *Mistico* has two masts amidships, carrying two lateen sails, and a gib.

These boats carry as crew from five to nine men and the *patron*, or captain. The owner has always one half of the profits of the voyage; and,

of the other half, the *patron* has two-thirds, the rest being divided among the sailors.

The trade of Cadiz is fast declining. The poor boatmen can scarcely pick up a livelihood. Nearly all the large trading craft now go up the river to Seville.

But still, there they are, these bronzed, clever, reckless sons of the harbour, always suffering from hunger and want of clothing, yet ever contented and warm-hearted.

There is plenty of wit on a Cadiz wharf, plenty of deep pathos, plenty of fatalism, plenty of a strange kind of semi-Christian morality exemplified in the sayings and doings of these men.

Here is the boatman's favourite proverb, one for ever on his lips:—

“Well, but do you not consider me your friend?”

“*Carajo*” (i.e., d—n it), “*no: no hay mas amigo que Dios, y un duro en la bolsilla.*” (“There is no friend but God, and a dollar in pocket!”)

The boatman has a supreme contempt for the rich and the outwardly religious. For himself he wears a charm, blessed by some priest, round his neck; but there all outward religion ends for him.

“Talk about rich men—*caramba*, man!—why, they go to church, yes, to please their wives when they are young; but one half of them have very poor relations wanting for a little help, and they

won't give it them, and then dare to say their prayers! *Carajo, los ricos, Jesu, que son animales!*" ("Curse the rich, what brutes they are!")

These two last sayings are, surely, replete with truth; indeed, is not the last the very echo of the Scriptural definition of "pure religion and undefiled?"

No one must blame the boatman for his constantly having on his lips the word "*Jesu*" (Jesus); it is no more than for an Englishman to say "Good Lord!" or "Lord bless me!" Strangely enough, no Andalusian man or woman of the lower class will sneeze or hear another sneeze without saying "*Jesu*," and why, they know not; but to omit it, they say, is unlucky. I have fairly laughed outright, having sneezed in company with eight or nine peasants, to hear as many "*Jesus*" uttered, in a tone of absolute alarm.

If you are out in a rough sea with the Cadiz boatman, he has only two phrases to reassure you: "*No hace daño*," and "*No tenga usted cuidado*"—that is, "There is no danger," and "Do not trouble yourself." If he says this, you may feel safe; but if he says, "*Una cosa muy fea*" ("An ugly look"), then be sure there is mischief brewing. When the *poniente*, or west wind, suddenly rises, it tumbles a fearful sea into the bay; while the east wind, meeting the tide, also raises a nasty, though less dangerous, sea.

The boatman's greeting to a stranger, or on entering a shop or stall to buy or sell, is always

"*Alavado se' Dios*" ("Praised be God!"), to which the correct answer is, "*Por siempre*" ("Forever!") A more formal answer is, "*Por siempre alavado y bendito.*"

His speech is interlarded, as is that of every Andalusian, with oaths (which, however, have long since lost all significance and potency) and religious phrases.

He says, *Caramba*, *Carajo*, *Maldito sea*, as oaths; and with them intermingles the words *Bendito Dios* (Blessed be God!); *Dios mio, mi alma* (My God, my soul!); *Santa Bárbara* (a great patroness among the seamen); *Jesu, Jesu*; and *Santo Cristo*.

The boatman's fare is very simple: at four in the morning he takes his cup of coffee, and *aguardiente*, or, as that spirit is called on Cadiz wharf, *caramanchel*, with a biscuit; at eleven he breakfasts on bread and fruit; and at six he sits down in his painted house outside the Land-gate, with his wife and family, to a savoury stew and a ration of bacon, washed down with red wine, either Catalan or Val de Peñas.

I constantly take my meals with a common Cadiz boatman and his sweet wife. This was how the habit began. I said to him once, "My house is always at your disposition," this being the proper form of invitation to a friend; and his naïve, touching answer was, "And my poverty at yours." I need hardly say that since then I have felt happily and easily at home with this simple

fellow and his wife, and have been as proud to receive as to give hospitality.

One of my friends had, I gathered from his conversation, had his wings a little singed, if not absolutely burnt, in the flame of some captivating English beauty—doubtless some buxom barmaid in one of the seaports where his vessel touched. This was the conclusion to which the affair had brought him: “After all, commend me to the Spanish girl. Anyhow, she may not have so much education as an English girl, but she is a more thorough woman. She won’t do, as your cold-blooded, calculating English woman will, first win your heart, then weigh your pocket, find it not quite heavy enough, and then alter her mind, or say she has altered it.”

“And,” added he, “one doesn’t want education, but affection and passion, in one’s partner. Now, my wife has no education at all but what Nature gave her. The women are naturally sharper, and have more perception than we men. I lend a man a dollar, because he says he will repay it in a week; my wife looks into his face, sees through him, and says to me, ‘You fool, you’ll never get it at all.’”

This good man’s wife made him take his two boats in her name; so, when once one of them was seized for having contraband tobacco on board, she went to the Customs, and said, “You cannot seize it, it is *my* boat; I never gave it for smuggling purposes;” and she recovered her boat!

Wonderfully original and smart is the morality of some of these men, if sometimes mistaken.

I have heard one of them maintain of the battles with the knife, as compared with an English fight with fists, that the former is more fair, as it equalizes the chances of success; for a small, weak man, with the knife, has the same chance of success with a huge bully.

Also, as regards the unhappy calling of prostitutes, they will say—and I have heard the same sentiment among the English poor—“Well, they do their own good in society. Were it not for them, no honest woman could walk the streets.” Without being blind to the character of this last statement, I give it as an instance of their mode of speculation on current affairs.

Once, when in company with my favourite boatman, a well-known woman of bad character passed us in her carriage; he remarked, “Well, she’ll tire of lace and jewels, and sicken of it all, and then the last thing will be, she’ll want to see her poor old mother, who is but a peasant.” This was like the famous story of the great Parisian courtesan, Marie du Plessis, who, dying of vile luxury and *ennui*, when asked what she would like, said only, “To see my mother,” a plain, homely Breton peasant.

Yet so, in this world, it usually is: when the riches unjustly acquired, or the position long-coveted and gained at last, are a man’s own, Providence denies him the power to enjoy them;

and the rich man, from his table of luxury, looks out and grudges the poor man his hearty appetite and sound sleep, on a crust of bread and cheese.

But these boatmen, these rude sons of the sea, have fine feelings. I said once to my favourite, "I wanted to repay a gentleman I had borrowed money of to-day, and my cheque has not come; I fear he will be disappointed."

"Not a bit—pooh!" was the answer. "He knows you, and he can afford to wait. I don't feel for him a bit, but I am sorry for you."

Could any high feeling or perception give utterance to a sentiment more delicate or exceptional?

Here is another saying, illustrative of depth of feeling. We were talking of a poor girl who had been seduced. Said my friend, "I can forgive anything for love, and so, I suppose, can the Almighty."

Here is another instance. "The good fare worse than the bad in Spain; but it's best to be good: you are happier."

Here is yet another. I gave one of these men, who had managed our boat capitally in a rough bit of a sea, some silver, saying, "I wish it were gold." "No matter; I receive it as such," was the noble answer.

Some fine acrimony of feeling is manifested in the following, a sentiment often to be heard in the mouths of these men, "*Dios dice que todos son hermanos; el mundo dice, al contrario, que todos que*

tienen dinero son hermanos." ("God says, all men are brothers; the world says, all *rich* men are brothers.")

On the punishment of death and the tardy administration of Spanish justice, here is a boatman's sentiment: "Let God kill a man; I don't want to kill him. But if I do, let me do it at once. If you lead a man out to execution a year after the commission of his crime, all my sympathy goes with him; I have forgotten the murdered man, and the prisoner stands in his place then."

Many phrases relating to sickness among these men are touching enough. Thus, they will say of a sick and aged member of a family who keeps lingering on, that he is "*Tirando, tirando, tirando,*" or dragging on, an expression denoting extreme weariness alike to the sufferer and his friends; and should one, who can never hope to be strong again, so far recover as to be called better (*mejor*), they will say, "*Mejor, sí; pero una mejoría muy triste,*" i.e., "Better, yes; but a betterness very sad." "All men are sons of God, and we ought to help one another; but the world does not think so."

No duke and duchess in Spain or England could give so royal or refined a welcome as my favourite boatman and his wife used to give to me.

Their little four-roomed ground-floor house lay about a mile and a half from the wealth and glitter of Cadiz; it was outside the Land-gate, in the Quarter of the Poor; and a real pleasure it was to

leave the hurry-scurry of business and the mock compliments of wealth and fashion, and saunter down, amid the beautiful market gardens that lie outside the Land-gate, with the blue sea shining and shimmering on either side, to join this good, contented, warm-hearted Christian trio (for they had one son living with them) at their simple seven o'clock dinner. The little brown earthenware stew-pan, full of garbanzos, ham fat, French beans, potatoes, all mixed up with red pimento powder and some saffron, and of a rich red colour, was always simmering on the little hornillas; the smaller jar, containing square lumps of fat bacon (the tit-bits of the repast), stood at its side; on the tiny deal table was a cloth, white as snow, if somewhat coarse, and a bottle of red wine.

First of all, the good, kind mistress would fill our soup-plates and her own with the savoury stew, with no niggard hand; then, those finished, the husband would administer the little squares of bacon to each, always, however, reserving much the least for his own well-polished plate. The tiny garden, into which our room opened, was full of aromatic herbs, *alvaza*, *sabia*, and the like; and the sweet fresh sea air, as the evening grew cool, came in laden with their fragrance mixed with its own.

Dinner being over, the mistress—she had been a *cigarrera*, or maker of cigars, at some factory—would twist deftly for our delectation a bundle of paper cigarettes, and enjoy a whiff or two herself;

and no lady at her English banquet ever looked half so graceful as that simple, homely Spanish woman, with her cigarette between her lips, and her brown arms upon the snowy cloth.

As to her husband and son, they were quite perfect—perfect in manners, heart, and mind: two dearer or better friends it has never been my lot to meet. Now and then, as the shades of evening fell, we used to vary the cigarette with a look at some cheap paper, for my friend could read and write well, for a wonder; and one evening, a simple ditty, of the authorship of which I know nothing, gave great pleasure to all, as the good boatman read it aloud in his sonorous Spanish utterance.

It is called “My Lot: the Beggarman,” and the following is an exact translation. One can easily imagine its commending itself to the taste of those who had themselves known the exceeding bitterness and smart of poverty:—

I.

“Alas, on the beggar this kind world looks coldly,
Mocking him with good wishes, while begging his bread;
False piety’s pity, fierce frowns shot down boldly,
Are the blessings that fall on the beggarman’s head.

II.

“His name in the records of glory ne’er liveth;
Against his wan hand wealth and power shut their door;
His fellows no love, his long night no rest giveth,
For e’en woman’s embrace is denied to the poor!

III.

“To beach or to bower see Dives is flying,
When the sun of the summer first scorches the plain;
For drink and for victuals is Lazarus dying,
His heart for them yearning—and yearning in vain!

IV.

“So squalid, so hopeless, so houseless, so lonely,
’Tis meet from his eyes that the tears be down-rolled ;
But what avail tears ? They compassion win only
When gracefully dropped in a goblet of gold.

V.

“To tramp the dry streets every morning he starteth,
The tale that they tell him a tale is of woe ;
His eye never beameth, his lips no smile parteth ;
Were smiles meant for beggars’ lips ? Lazarus, no !

VI.

“And yet, there’s a hope which the beggar’s lot blesseth ;
A hope which than one, aye, than two worlds boots more ;
A hope which rich man ne’er possessed, or possesseth,
That God, if there be one, is the God of the poor !”

If there was one spot that this good couple loved, it was where stood a little empty bed in one of their tiny rooms. Over that bed hung two oil paintings, both giving evidence of a certain amount of real talent. These were the last works (one was unfinished) of their eldest son, who had been a painter, and died of decline just as he had completed his course.

Marvellous is the strength of affection among members of the same family with the Spanish poor ; they will give their all for one another. But a few nights ago I was travelling past a station on the Madrid and Cordova line, when a Spanish father, of the middle class, with his little son, said, “Now we are coming to the town where my eldest son lies.”

When we arrived, and stopped a moment at the station, the tears burst from his eyes. He was a hale, strong man of forty, and his whole

frame shook with emotion ; yet it was, he told me, five years since he had lost his firstborn !

And, in the present case, I never saw my friends go near their well-loved son's empty couch without looking up at his unfinished work with a tear or a sigh.

FOLK-LORE IN ANDALUSIA.

THERE is a town, called in Roman times, "*the city*," once equal in importance to Cordova itself. The former, *Ecija*, is called *el sarten*, the latter *el horno*, i.e., the *frying-pan* and the *oven*, of Andalusia, owing to the broiling heats of the summer within their walls.

Ecija lies off the line of railway from Seville to Cordova. Alighting at *Palma del Rios*, however, it is easy to obtain a springless, two-wheeled *tartana*, and reach it, after a few miles' journey over broken roads, which are well-nigh impassable in winter.

It rises on a slope, above the River Genil, amid gardens of acacia and orange trees. It is flanked by fragments of Moorish walls, and crumbling Moorish towers.

It bears, as arms, the sun; it claims the honour of having (so its 20,000 inhabitants believe) entertained the Apostle of the Gentiles for a night; and anyhow, St. Crispin was its first

bishop; while its bull-fights are second to none in Spain.

The very look of the city and its citizens is romantic and peculiar; cut off from the rest of the world, they cherish and fondly cling to every old tradition and superstition: strange tales and legends of other days are handed down from sire to son; and Ecija, like Medina Sidonia, though its pristine glory has gone, still believes itself great.

Lying in the very heart of Andalusia, Ecija believes itself a kingdom apart. Intensely religious, like the Toledans as opposed to the Madrileños, Ecijans look down on the Andalusians, and say, as I once heard a lady of that city say, "The Andalusians are semi-heathens; they are capable of putting a stab (*puñalada*) in the side of Jesus Christ Himself!"

Night after night, when darkness steals over the broken and deserted streets of Ecija, the bell called "*Las animas*" rings out from the tower of the cathedral church; and lo! the boys' shout in the streets has stopped, and at many a bow-window, and dusky street-corner, dark forms are seen sinking on their knees, and praying for mercy for the souls in purgatory. And when the Host passes down the streets, there is not a servant who does not go on her knees in street or balcony, and say, in audible and awe-struck whisper, "*Su Majestad! su Majestad!*" and then breathe the touching prayer, reminding one in word and

feeling of the finest hymn in the English language—

“Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.”

Changing the word cross for blood, the prayer is the same. It is in rhyme, or doggrel: is taught to the little children throughout Andalusia, and commences—

“Señor mio, Jesu Cristo
No soy digno, ni merezco,” etc.

As regards the inhabitants of Ecija, the Andalusians consider them as Moorish; and say, “*Todos los tipos de Ecija son Moruños*.” “All the Ecijan types are Moorish.” The language of the peasantry there, also, is remarkable, being full of the sound of the aspirate. Whereas, in Andalusia, the *jota*, or aspirate, is invariably dropped in every word commencing with an *h*, the Ecijans sound it harshly and markedly.

Has any one heard of *the witch* of Ecija in 1870? She could lay hen’s eggs, call up the dead, and point with quivering wand to the spots of earth where lay buried, all too deep for human quest, although some were found, the treasures of the industrious Moors.

If ever you, gentle reader, have lain ill in Spain, and in distress of mind to boot, your Spanish nurse will say, “*Las penas negras van quitando*,” i.e., “The black pangs are leaving you;” but, if your sick bed be in Ecija she will say, “*Pasan las Moras*.” Or, if you have celery

growing in your garden, the peasant woman will say, with a shrug of her semi-naked shoulders—

“Tienes a tu hijo muerto ?
Teniendo apio en el huerto ;”

that is :—

“Celery in thy garden spying,
Straight I think thy babe is dying ;”

since a *celery poultice*, laid on the stomach, is supposed to ease the death-cramps of a child of tender age. The Ecijans are the hardiest field labourers in Spain. Wholly Moorish in aspect, and, sometimes, in dress and phrases, they stand, as a rule, four inches higher than the peasantry of the surrounding districts ; they are very graceful, and witty, and full of proverbs, queer sayings, and anecdote. The teeth are quite a striking feature of their face ; but, sometimes, the itinerant dentist, on donkey-back, instrument in hand, makes his offers in a loud Cheap-Jack voice down those winding streets : and thus the proverb runs, “*Habla mas que un sacamuelo*,” i.e., “He chatters more than a Cheap-Jack dentist :” said of a very loquacious man or woman.

Marvellous is the faith of the Ecijans in the *gracia de mano*, or power of the hand. Is a dog dying ? He must be *rubbed* into life again. Is a man on his last legs ? He too must be rubbed. But only about one woman in two thousand possesses this virtue of the hand : and she is a woman who, at her birth, was born with a perfect *caul*. The *caul* in Ecija is called *el manto*.

Ships' captains, coming into Cadiz harbour, I have found, sometimes preserve a child's caul on board as a charm against shipwreck. But, probably, the virtue of the hand has more to do with electricity.

The Ecijans are marvellously sharp at repartee—"salados pero graciosos" (saucy but handsome); and a Spanish lady of my acquaintance was once surprised and sufficiently taken aback, when, on asking her gardener there to do her a difficult service, in the performance of which he might possibly fail, he refused her courteously worded request in the following quaint reply: "No, señora; I don't like to attempt the task. I should make a mess of it; and then I should have to deal with an ass on his hind legs!" i.e., an angry woman! The exact word is "*borrico empiñado*." I have found this saying to be common in Ecija and its environs.

Of a man whose age cannot be told by his looks, the Ecijan saying goes:—"Es una ginda hecha en aguardiente;" i.e., "He is a cherry in brandy."

In England, there is a common saying, of an irritable man, "What a Turk you are!" It, surely, ought to be spelt *Terc*; for the mild Turk, milder and gentler than any other European save the Spaniard, can never have furnished an excuse for likening every irritable Englishman to him. In Ecija, they say, if you are irritable, "*Usted es muy terco*," the word expressing obstinacy, irritability, and contumaciousness.

And, by the way, when schoolboys say, "*Peg* into him well, Harry," are they not using a word derived from the Spanish "*Pegar*," to beat; and our "*bully*" from the Spanish "*bullir*," to boil, or to bustle and fuss about a business.

Miss Notable, at Lady Smart's breakfast-table, in Steele's time, said she "*loved Tom like pie*;" and the Ecijan peasant's highest praise for you is, "You are *mas bueno que pan, y mas humilde que la tierra*," i.e., "More good than bread, more humble than the earth!"

Wonderful indeed is the Ecijan belief in simples: the herb of the field is the medicine for all. Wonderful, too, is the religious feeling of Ecija. At early morn, in the winter—say *four* o'clock—a special service is given on such feasts as Christmas-Day, and other great days; and not a lady, nor a gipsy woman—wrapped up, as to her head and shoulders in a plain, white and pink, knitted shawl, passed over the forehead like a cowl, and tied under the chin—but threads the winding, dark, and wind-swept streets to join her prayers to those of the other simple and holy worshippers of this most primitive town.

Then comes Christmas-Eve. An image or portrait of the Virgin and the Babe newborn, hangs in well-nigh every room in every house: and why? Because the beautiful belief is rooted in those simple minds, that, on Christmas-Eve, ere the clock strikes twelve, the Virgin, bringing blessings in her train, visits every house where

she can find an image or portrait of her Son. And many a girl kneels down, in robes of white, before her humble portrait of the Babe, and prays; and hears a rustle in the room; and thinks "The Virgin comes: she brings me my Christmas-Eve blessing;" and turns, and lo! it is *her mother!* and the Virgin's blessing is the mother's kiss! *

* The following is the history of, and must be accepted as the apology for, the present very disjointed chapter. While the author was engaged in writing the present volumes, his brother, the Rev. W. F. Rose, of Worle Rectory, Weston-super-Mare, wrote and begged him on no account to send his book to press without a chapter on Andalusian Folk-lore.

Circumstances favoured his complying with this request, for, while lying for nearly two months ill of fever at Madrid, and unable to wield more than the *pencil* of the *unready* writer, a native of Ecija, one of the oldest towns in Andalusia, as above described, constantly came and cheered the loneliness of his darkened room by reminiscences of the folk-lore of that town, which the writer duly jotted down in his note-book, or on the margin of the Madrid newspapers, and which are here gathered together, with a few personal reminiscences of his own.

There is no class of people of whose superstitions, herbalism, folk-lore, stories, nursery-songs, and the like, so little is known as of the Spaniards; and the author, had his means allowed of it, would gladly have devoted some years to this interesting research. Understanding the *patois*, and having mixed chiefly with gipsies, peasants, sailors, and all such folk, for four years, he has often lamented that the impossibility of living without a profession which called him constantly to Madrid, and elsewhere, has prevented him from completing so interesting and promising a work, and forced him to leave the field open to the enterprise and enjoyment of another.—H. J. R.

MIRACLE-WORKING IN CATALUÑA.

PROPHECY, it has often been affirmed, fulfils itself in history, as the ages roll along; and what one age scoffs at as an impossibility, may prove a *fait accompli* in the next.

Yet one would hardly have expected that, in the nineteenth century, in the enlightened and industrial capital of one of the first and finest districts of Spain, the attempt should be made, by a clergyman of the Spanish church, to “cast out devils, by Beelzebub, the chief of the devils.”

The Pharisees of old, we are told, half-scornfully propounded the possibility of such a work, and were silenced if not convinced of its impossibility by One who spake as never man spake before.

But the scathing logic of the Great Teacher seems to have never reached the ears of the women of Barcelona, who for eight days* have thronged one of the churches of their busy city, to witness the humiliating spectacle of *Satan him-*

* Written in October, 1876.

self being invoked to cast four hundred evil spirits out of the writhing body of a peasant girl from the mountains of Cataluña !

The step is but a short one from tragedy to comedy—from the sublime to the ridiculous ; and if, in my narration of this strange exorcism, which is now the talk of the whole of Barcelona, and discussed amid the rattle of the mechanic's dominoes in the café, as well as at the table of the great and well educated, I should seem to verge upon the ludicrous, let my readers pause ere they bestow a half-contemptuous smile on what should rather claim a sympathetic tear.

What I am about to relate, namely, the attempt by a clergyman of the Spanish Church to cast, by virtue of his power as a priest, four hundred devils out of the body of a peasant girl, will, I am profoundly aware, open up many hard questions, and stir up many problems which never yet have been, nor ever will be, satisfactorily solved.

The strange, and yet most real, connection between bodily and mental infirmity, so ably treated, of late, in such works as Dr. Maudsley's "Body and Mind;" the question as to whether the possession of the human body by evil spirits remains the same in these latter days as in the days of Christ, or whether, as many modern divines affirm, the Great High Priest, ere He left the earth, struck such a blow at His enemy's sovereignty on earth, that the possession of the human body by evil spirits only remains on earth

in a milder and less outward form; the question, again, as to whether the exorcising of a supposed evil spirit inhabiting the human tabernacle can ever be effective, or even justifiable; of the similarity between convulsive epilepsy, certain forms of criminal lunacy, and the like, and demoniacal possessions;—all these questions, I am well aware, are as yet *sub judice*; nay, more, to all appearance, their *diagnosis* itself is unfinished; their settlement is, as yet, in its infancy. And in this instance, I only claim to be a writer of facts. It is not within my province to enter into any discussion on points so abstruse as the above, which require the thought and research of a lifetime, and the deepest knowledge of human nature, mentally and physically considered, before a man is justified in giving any *ex cathedrâ* opinion; or, indeed, any public opinion at all.

I will only say, as regards my own belief in human power to exorcise evil spirits; viz., that I believe the influence of a calm, pure, gentle, devout, and, withal, firm spirit, over even a violent lunatic, presents the nearest approach known in our own day to the “casting out of devils,” performed in other days by our Great Exemplar. I have seen, within the last few months, a gentle-faced sister of charity, robed in the simple habiliment of her order (San Vicente de P.), enter a perfect den of lunatics, and, simply by her gentleness, firmness, and the power of her eye, make peace between two fighting inmates of

the asylum where she worked, unnoticed and unknown, among the most hapless criminal madmen. This, certainly, was "exorcism," carried on with supernatural weapons, for, had any ordinary man entered the gates, I much question, from what I saw, whether his clothes would not have been torn off his back, even supposing he had escaped actual bodily harm.

But the exorcism of which I am about to speak partakes of a wholly different flavour and character—a pretended *ex officio* exorcism, which can bring forth no good results, and which is alike an insult to civilization and Christianity, as it is a detriment to the religion of the thousands in the city and neighbourhood of Barcelona.

I will briefly describe what has taken place.

About the 14th or 15th of the month of October, 1876, it was privately announced, chiefly to the faithful women of the congregation who regularly throng the fashionable Church of the Holy Spirit, in the street of San Francisco, that a young woman of seventeen or eighteen years of age, of the lower class, having long been afflicted with "a hatred of holy things"—the poor girl probably was subject to epileptic fits, and cried out, and became convulsed when she heard the notes of the organ in church,—the senior priest of the church above-mentioned would cure her of her disease; or, to use that gentleman's own blatant and self-sufficient language, "Avaunt, physicians and mountebanks! See how the Church will cure

this poor girl, who is at present possessed with 400 (four hundred!) devils!"

Those who are acquainted with Barcelona, know well the *Callé San Francisco*, one of the well-to-do streets of the city, and its church, *Espiritu Santo*, not a poor man's, but a fashionable church. For eight days, the last day being the 17th inst., a number of persons of all ranks, and of either sex, might have been seen, at the unusual hour (for church-going) of 12 a.m., threading their way towards the church. The principal door was kept closely shut; but the faithful or credulous, the open scoffer, and the lover of signs and wonders found admittance, by a side door, to the exhibition which I am about to describe.

The church was dark, but a sickly lustre was shed by wax lights on the sable forms of some eighty or a hundred persons, who clustered round the sanctuary in front of the altar.

Within this enclosure, separated from the crowd by a light railing, there lay on a common bench, with a little pillow for her head to recline upon, a poorly-clad girl, probably of the peasant or artisan class; her brother, or husband (let us hope, for humanity's sake, it was not the latter) stood at her feet, to restrain her (at times) frantic kicking by holding her legs.

Easy at a glance was it to see that this was the unhappy victim alike of the folly of men, and the enmity of the devil. Her eyes were wide

open, nay, starting from their sockets with a fixed and frightened stare; from her lips, covered with foam and saliva, burst forth suppressed mutterings and stifled roars. Around the lowly bench whereon lay this unhappy girl, knelt four or five women, either devotees or relations.

Have my readers ever seen an operation on a patient partly under the influence of chloroform, in the Exhibition Room at Guy's Hospital—the suppressed groan and kick of the semi-suffering patient; the easy, colloquial way in which the operator gives his lecture, or exposition to the students?

If so, they have seen performed on the body, to all outward appearance, the operation, and its surroundings, performed in a fashionable Barcelonese church, in the year of grace 1876, on the diseased mind and body of a poor, suffering, perhaps sin-stained, but certainly imbecile child.

The door of the vestry opened; the exhibitor—I mean the priest—came in. The poor girl, not without just reason, “had an aversion to holy things;” or, at least, the four hundred devils within her distorted body had such aversion; and, in the confusion of the moment, thinking that the father was “a holy thing,” she doubled up her legs, screamed out with twitching mouth, her breast heaving, her whole body writhing, and threw herself nearly off the bench. The male attendant seized her legs; the women supported her head, and shook out her rich dishevelled hair.

With somewhat of the triumphant air and mien of Mr. Cock, just about to take off a leg in the theatre at Guy's, the priest advanced, and mingling familiarly with the shuddering and horror-struck crowd, said, pointing with the fat finger of godly pity at the suffering child, now sobbing and twitching on the bench—"Promise me, my children, that you will be prudent (*prudentes*) and, of a truth, sons and daughters mine, you shall see marvels."

The promise was given; the exhibitor went to procure saw and lancet—I mean stole and short surplice (*estola y roquete*); and returned in a moment, taking his stand at the side of the "possessed with the devils," with his face toward the dark group of students.

The order of the day's proceedings was (1) a lecture to the bystanders; and (2) the operation of exorcising the devils from the body of this most hapless daughter of Eve.

What follows would be ludicrous were it not that, stripped of its element of the ridiculous, it presents a back-bone of such exceeding bitterness.

The priest commenced his running commentary on, or explanation of, the strange phenomenon lying panting, foaming at the mouth, and with tearful eye and dishevelled hair, on the hard wooden bench, exposed, in all her native peasant simplicity, in all her exceeding suffering, in all her poverty, and (so some say who knew her—I

know not) in all her shame,* to the gaze of the stupid and shuddering crowd of her fellow women, and, I grieve to add, her fellow-men, waiting to see her troubled soul and distorted features rendered doubly troubled, doubly distorted, by the cruel imposition about to be practised upon her.

The priest began by lamenting, with tears, and even perhaps with sincerity, that "It is unhappily the fashion of people in this day and age, to seek the aid of doctors, sleep-walkers, or spiritualists, and quacks of all description" (the words he used were *medicos, somnambulas y curanderos*), "when they have, hard at hand, the aid of religion, and an aid and remedy secure and all-sufficient." He continued his address (many of the women crying) by saying that the means of which he should make use in the present case were not the strongest in his power, for to use the strongest was not now allowed! It may reasonably be asked to what lawful means, if exorcism can be ever called lawful, did the holy father allude?

He then said, "This *joven*" (*i.e.*, young girl) "enjoys a most perfect tranquility and calmness, so long as she does not catch a sight of holy things, such as the holy water, the priest's dress, the altar, the church; or hear the sound of a bell, the roll of an organ's notes resounding through the aisle."

* It has been said that the girl was unmarried, but about to become a mother. Two priests were punished in May, 1877, for like acts of exorcism.

In God's name, one naturally would ask, then why not let the unhappy girl be sheltered in her home, and never see "things more holy" than the simple surroundings of her cottage home, or the affection and solicitude of her relations. She will, even then, have seen the holiest of the holy!

"You know," continued the priest, "that so great is this girl's aversion to holy things, myself included, that she goes into convulsions, kicks, screams, and distorts her body, the moment she arrives at the corner of this street" (poor girl, one thinks, she has some glimmerings of common sense left her after all, then), "and her convulsive struggles reach their climax when she enters the sacred House of the Most High."

He ended with the following words, "This girl has often had the same infirmity, in bygone years, and the devils have been constantly expelled; but, owing to the laxity of religion in these latter days, they return again to possess her body."

Why the great enemy of souls should always select this unhappy Cataluñan girl's body as a barrack for four hundred of his accursed myrmidons, one is at a loss to imagine.

Act the first finished.

Act the second, the exorcism, commenced.

Turning to the prostrate, shuddering, most unhappy object of his attack, the priest commenced, "In the name of God, of the saints, of the blessed Host, of every Holy Sacrament

of our church, I adjure thee, Rusbel, come out of her." (N.B. *Rusbel* is the name of a devil; devils having two hundred and fifty-seven names in Cataluña.)

Thus adjured, the girl threw herself in an agony of convulsion, till her distorted face, foam-bespattered lips, and writhing limbs grew well-nigh stiff, at full length upon the floor, and, in language semi-obscene, semi-violent, screamed out, "I don't choose to come out, you thieves, scamps, robbers, I——"

"Fulfil your promise, Rusbel," said the priest. "You said yesterday you would cast out a hundred more of your cursed spirits from this most hapless girl's body. Can't you speak?"

"Yes, I can," came from the poor girl's foaming lips, "I can."

"Yes," said the Cura, "you are a devil of honour (!); you are a man of your word; you——"

Out from the crowd stepped a plainly attired Spanish gentleman, and said, "But, father, how can you pray to and praise the devil? I have read somewhere he is a liar, and the father of lies. Does he keep his word?"

"Yes," said the priest, "he is *muy formal*," i.e., "a man of his word!"

"Fulfil your promise, Rusbel."

"Never!" shouted the devil, or the girl, now lashed into an agony of frenzy.

"You shall," said the holy father; and the

suffering girl, like a bruised and wounded snake, her dress all disarranged, her bosom heaving, wormed and twisted into the arms of the silly women who knelt and cried by her bench of torture.

At last, from the quivering lips of the girl, came the words, "I will."

But the devil added, with traditional perversity, "I will cast them out, but it shall be by the mouth of the girl."

The curate objected: the exit, he said, of one hundred devils out of the small Spanish mouth of the woman would "leave her suffocated."

Then the maddened girl said she must undress herself for the devils to escape. This petition the holy father refused.

"Then I will come out through the right foot, but first" (the poor lassie had on a hempen sandal—she was obviously of the poorest class) "you must take off her sandal."

The sandal was untied; the bare, well-shaped foot, gave a convulsive plunge. "The devil and his myrmidons" (so the *cura* said, looking round triumphantly) "have gone to their own place."

And, assured of this, the wretched girl lay quite still, and, but for a slight heaving of the breast, you might have thought, from the pallor of her tear-stained face, that the quiet stillness of a great sufferer's death-sleep had stolen over the long-racked, long-suffering frame.

The exhibition was announced for 11 a.m. on

the succeeding day; and it had barely commenced again, when up came a band of honest blue-bloused artisans—deep-chested, hard-headed, family men—and claimed admittance to the church. The priest stoutly refused entrance to any but women. Maddened, the men beat the church door. The police came. A scrimmage arose, and the priest retreated in haste. The sick girl was dragged to her lowly home. Two mechanics now lie in Barcelona jail for their share in this well-called for, if illegal demonstration. The street was cleared by the police, and the affair was over. Next day, the civil authorities of the town, men of high feeling and great enlightenment, shocked at what they had heard, and read—for the whole affair is now in print, and can be bought in Barcelona for a halfpenny!—issued a warrant for the priest's arrest.

In conclusion, a few remarks are but just to the authorities. First of all, the bishop, a man of enlightenment and erudition, was *not* cognizant, I believe, of this freak on the part of the clergy of the church in question. Secondly, the moment it came to the ears of the civil authorities, the sharpest and promptest means were taken to admonish the priest, and prevent a repetition of a scandal which has shamed and sickened the whole city of Barcelona.

The whole of the details I have given were taken down by me from the mouth of an honourable and most truthful Spanish gentleman, who

was witness to the affair, and are strictly worthy of credit, to the remotest detail. I have purposely suppressed much that was painful and indecent.

On the mental and physical state of the poor girl, I say nothing. Three theories present themselves to my mind :—

1. Was her suffering due to epilepsy ?

2. Was the whole affair a paid comedy, a bad girl being selected by the priest that he might show forth in her his power, and win influence with the degraded masses ?

3. Was she a weak-minded, hysterical girl, who had led a bad life, and, being ill-treated at home, and taken to the priest to be cured of her vicious habits, was led by her weak intellect to become his tool ?

I cannot say. All three theories are fiercely discussed. Yet, I know not what right we have to presuppose hypocrisy on the priest's part. We should rather, in common charity, give him, I think, the benefit of the doubt ; and, taking it for granted he was thoroughly sincere, set ourselves rather to pity his ignorance, and still more to pity the system which can place divine assumptions so lofty as the casting out of four hundred devils in the hands of men so utterly devoid of humanity and understanding.*

* In the *Correspondencia*, or Ministerial organ of Madrid, in May, 1877, occurs the following paragraph :—

“ A man and woman have just been arrested in Barcelona for making peasants pay for being exorcised. These quacks made them pay a dollar for each *small* devil cast out by their power ! ”

A SPANISH ENCAMPMENT AT THE CLOSE OF THE CARLIST WAR.

THE *Campamento de Amanuel*, or encampment of Amanuel, will not be easily forgotten by the Spanish soldiery, or by the sightseer in Madrid last spring. When, at the commencement of the year 1876, the Carlist war was concluded, it was determined by the Ministry to march some 20,000 of the veteran regiments to Madrid, and, forming an encampment outside the city, to seek to kindle some enthusiasm in civilian breasts by the sight of the tattered tents and ragged soldiery, the camp breaking up with a triumphal entry into the capital. The sight of the Alfonsist encampment was so picturesque, and the entry of the troops on Monday, March 20th, 1876, so striking, that I have deemed it worth while to offer a slight sketch of the two, which will at least recall, when read in after days, a great historical fact—the close of the civil war in Spain, and the flight of Don Carlos.

For many days previous to the triumphal

entry, every train from the provinces had landed its shoals of sightseers in Madrid. For ten years and more the streets of the capital had not been so thronged, and even choked, not only with Spaniards, but with people of all nations. English, French, and German were heard on all sides. It is hard to describe Madrid of that day. Each morning as the travellers from the night mails poured into the city they beheld every church, hotel, and public building decorated with flags, banners, and trophies; triumphal arches bent over every street, the finest being those erected, at no small cost, in the Calle Alcala and at the bottom of the Arenal. The whole city was to be compared to nothing but one huge fair; and the russet costumes of the Castilian peasants and their mahogany-faced partners, pouring into the city to see the pageant, contrasted strangely, as, sandal-footed, they trotted behind their mules and donkeys, with the superb dresses and the magnificent carriages of the aristocracy.

A bull-fight, a "Te Deum," and a grand concert all came off in the afternoon of Sunday, March 19th; but the chief interest of the day centred in the dusty and wind-swept plateau, two miles outside the city walls, where was encamped, exactly as they came from the North, a large body, say 15,000, of the Alfonsist soldiery and their generals, the king himself being quartered in a tent in the centre of his troops. The scene presented by the *campamento*, or encampment, was one never to be

forgotten. There is a stretch of broken plateaus, intersected by small ravines and valleys, two miles outside of Madrid. It is of tawny hue and barren. To its north-east lies the blue Sierra Guadarrama, from which the north-east wind swept the camp with icy blasts day and night. It was bitterly cold, away from the sun—contrast how great when compared with the sunny plains of fertile Andalusia, then one mass of red and yellow with wild flowers, and knee-deep in crops of wheat. There the Alfonsist army lay, with its ragged soldiers, its threadbare tents, its jaded horses, and battered rifles piled as though on actual service. About 15,000 men were under canvas, waiting for the entry on the morrow, and some 10,000 in barracks inside the city walls. When I visited the camp, thousands upon thousands of people were walking, riding, driving along the dusty road on the same errand. Not a cab could be got for love or money. The whole long procession was absolutely enveloped in white clouds of dust, swept towards us with icy coldness, and when we reached the camp the air, the tents, the soldiers' coats, the women's dresses, were all white with it. First, we passed a row of some 150 dilapidated cottages, now turned into cantines, where pretty Spanish girls and war-worn soldier lads, in threadbare coats, were dancing, chinking glasses, and singing songs of peace, while many a banner aloft bore the words, "*Abajo los Fueros!*" ("Down with the Fueros!") Motley, striking, eccentric was the sight that met the eye

within the legitimate camp. Thin jaded horses were tethered in rows. Patched and tattered tents loomed dimly through the blinding clouds of dust. Here, in a gully, were some twenty women helping as many soldiers to make a good stew over fragments of wind-blown charcoal. Here, General Quesada or Loma rode by in glittering uniform; there, stood a group of bearded six-foot giants, with the red Carlist *boina*. "Who are these," I remember inquiring, "the finest men of the army?" They were the Alfonsist volunteers from the Carlist provinces, called *Contraguerrillas*—a corps who, of their own stamina and flesh and blood, were the terror of the Carlistas. Here, in ragged, faded vermilion jacket, braided with yellow, and light blue trousers, a Spanish hussar was fighting with his refractory horse. There, sitting in front of tents only three feet high, into which they must crawl on hands and knees, was a group of soldiers chopping up raw meat for the morrow's "*rancho estrordinario*," or "extra stew." All seemed contented—laughing, smoking, buying nuts and oranges; rushing about and tumbling over tent-pegs, with huge loaves of coarse bread and bundles of onions and lettuce under their arms; but the long blue frock-coats of the infantry were so faded, patched, and threadbare, that one could see what rough work the poor lads had recently gone through. In each bell tent slept sixteen men, with nothing but the earth to lie on, and a little loose straw littered over the floor. I

asked a batch, huddled together in one tent, whether it was not cold; and one said, "Well, after sleeping next to the snow, I should say not." Another, a grumbler, said, "It is. It is as cold as the campaign." I looked into the officers' tents, and it is just to say that they seemed to be roughing it, and very cheerily too, with the same Spartan severity as their men. The tent of one general—Quesada, I think, or Loma—was a model of campaigning severity. All the men, save the cavalry, *Contraquerillas*, and a sprinkling of veterans, seemed very young—say, from eighteen to twenty-two; short, muscular fellows, bronzed, ragged, and dusty, but cheery withal; and they seemed in good rude health.

A crowd of some 3000 visitors was pressing round the rope that barred off the king's tent and small saloon for dining. All were waiting for a glimpse of him, as his riding horse was being led up and down outside, ready caparisoned. Seeing it, his majesty graciously pulled aside one flap of the simple tent and let us see him, sitting, his sword between his knees, on a camp-stool, waiting for his escort before mounting to ride round the camp. The ringing bugle; the noisy groups of blue-coated soldiers with their brick-dust trousers, black gaiters, and dust-coloured hempen sandals and bare feet; the mounted King's Guards and camp police dashing here and there; the icy wind, the clouds of dust, the smoke of the camp kettles cooking the scanty food; the thousands upon thou-

sands of poor peasant fathers and mothers, gipsies, labourers, etc., all in their picturesque provincial costumes, mingling with the thousands of richly dressed ladies, who moved about upon the bare, broken ground as though it were the polished floor of an evening ball-room;—the whole varied scene defies description.

I cannot forbear here making one remark, although prejudicial to the Spanish gentry. When I visited the camp and saw the sturdy but bronzed and war-worn lads, I could only wonder, as I contrasted their stunted forms with the thousands of stalwart middle and higher class men who moved about among them : Where has been the patriotism of the middle and upper classes ? They are ready enough to join in the rejoicings, but they have, for five years past, paid their £50, and left only the poorest to serve in the army.

People in England talk much of the “sunny South,” and the balmy climate of Spain. It is hardly too much to say that, at any rate, Madrid has, in spring time, one of the most trying climates in Europe. On one side of the street blazes down a fierce sun ; on the other, in the shade, the temperature is little below freezing point ; and at night and early morn the winds from the Sierra de Guadarama sweep the open streets with icy, chilling blasts. Sun and wind fought on the memorable Sunday of March 19th. Still the sun was bright, the heaven blue. Strange costumes made every street picturesque, and

tongues of all nations strove in vagrant discord. Catalans, Andaluzes, Castilian peasants in russet suits, Northern Spaniards, all thronged the streets, and with them mixed the thousands of infantry soldier lads from the North, in their long blue greatcoats, black leather waterproof peaked caps, baggy brick-dust trousers, hempen sandals, and black gaiters. Madrid was like a huge but tawdry and tinsel fair. From every window hung the "royal hangings"—that is, cloth of red, with yellow borders, so that the whole street looked like, for all the world, the 38th Regiment of English Foot on a field-day. In fact, nothing was seen but long scrolls of scarlet and yellow dropping from every window, with here and there triumphal wreaths of laurel. Add to this, that cakes, like wedding cakes, surmounted with laurel wreath and glittering crown, were travelling about through every street, that the sun shone brightly and the bells clashed merrily, and you have the picture of Madrid on that Sunday.

Few seemed to care for the bull-fight, fewer still for the really beautiful concert of secular and sacred music which was given at 2.30. By 2 p.m. all were wending their way to the *campamento*, or encampment, two miles outside the city walls, where lay 15,000 of the Alfonsist soldiers, with the king and Generals Quesada and Loma in tents among them, sharing their hardships and roughing it with their soldiers, as befitted brave men and true. I have already described my visit

to, and impressions of, the encampment. By the evening, the crowds of peasants and lords and ladies had left the deserted, wind-blown, icy camp, and ruffling it gaily in club and casino, toasted the poor suffering soldiers encamped on the heights. Fearfully cold was Sunday night. At 6.30 on Monday morning the troops paraded in the camp, and at 8.30 set forth for the triumphal entry of the king into the capital.

The army, with the king and Generals Primo de Rivera and Quesada at their head, passed into and through Madrid, at "quick march," in the following order :—

Advanced King's Guard.—The King and Generals Primo de Rivera and Quesada, the Alava Volunteers (*i.e.*, Carlist country Volunteers for Alfonsist Army), the Migueletes of Guipuzcoa ditto, the Forales of Viscaya ditto, the Contraguerilla of Miranda ditto, the General-in-Chief.

I.—Brigadier Ciria, the Chasseurs of Barbastro, the Chasseurs of Ciudad Rodrigo, the King's Own Battalion, a Mountain Battalion.

II.—General Ruiz Dana, Brigadier Garrido, and Staff; Chasseurs of the King; Chasseurs of Puerto Rico, Reserve Battalion, Battalion of Alcala, Mountain Battalion.

III.—Brigadier Suances and Staff, Princess's Own Infantry Regiment, 3rd Marine Infantry, Mountain Battery.

IV.—General Catalan and Staff, Mallorca Infantry Volunteers, Jaen Battalion, Mountain Battery.

V.—Line Regiments of Albuera, and pieces captured from Carlists.

VI.—Navarrese Volunteers, General Tassara, Line Regiments.

VII.—Brigadier Bonanza and Staff—Chasseurs of Catalonia, Cuba, Arapiles, Mountain Battery.

VIII.—Last and Grandest—Brigadier Cortijo and Staff, Infantry Regiment of Granada, Reserve Battalion, Mountain Battery, Horse Artillery, Siege Train, Engineers and Telegraph Service; Brigadier Contreras and King's Own Lancers, Queen's Own

Lancers, Pavia's Hussars, Dragoon Guards (two Regiments), 1st Lancers, 2nd Lancers, 3rd Dragoons, 2nd Hussars.

Little acts of delicacy and conciliatory kindness are never wanting in courtly Spain; and all will rejoice to see that, though the motto "*Abajo los Fueros!*" ("Down with the Fueros!") hung over every street, yet the volunteers of the Northern and Carlist provinces had the care of the king's person, the post of honour, yielded to them. The procession started from the camp at about 8.30. The morning was cold and cloudy until 1 p.m., when the sun broke out in all its southern glory. As the procession came up the Calle Arenal, the troops marching four deep in their stained patched dresses, out rushed an old Castilian peasant mother into the middle of the ranks, which she broke like a charge of cavalry, and claimed and embraced her long-lost son.

The Princess of the Asturias drove by in a plain carriage. She was recognized, but, I grieve to say, not a cheer greeted her. Then came the king. As his majesty passed through the Puerta del Sol at the head of his army, a few faint cheers were heard; but thousands of papers, verses of peace, fluttered and fell upon his head and the heads and bare swords of his staff from every balcony. The king passed; the regiments followed, marching sometimes four deep, more often in half companies. All were in heavy marching order; all were in sandals, and so marched noiselessly, and with the springing and elastic tread of the Spanish soldiery,

noble for endurance and patient cheerfulness as the *Tercios* of another century. The men seemed healthy and bronzed, but young. Their grenadier, pioneer, and advance companies were simply magnificent, but the clothes were threadbare, the bayonets had no glitter or lustre, and the sandals and gaiters were ragged, torn, and patched. All marched with fixed bayonets; and as they passed, from every bright and crowded balcony came showers of triumphal crowns, which the soldiers bore off in triumph. If any hapless individual picked up and essayed to carry off one of these little crowns he was instantly assailed with cries of "Give it to the trooper; you hav'n't been fighting in the North." I should say the average height of the men was 5ft. 5in., and of the advance companies 5ft. 10in. They were broad-shouldered, but stooped much beneath the heavy knapsack. Each man carried his knapsack, tin stewpan, pair of boots, Enfield rifle, and his rug, which serves as blanket and greatcoat, rolled round his neck and folded behind. The officers who were especially cheered were Martinez Campos—who met with a tempest of applause, and gracefully caught on his gleaming sword the wreaths showered upon him—and Moriones and Contreras. The finest regiments were the horse artillery, the cavalry, and four or five regiments of chasseurs. Any officer should be proud to command such men. The time occupied in passing the Puerta del Sol was five hours and a half. It was well,

perhaps, that the pleasure-loving populace of Madrid should see the men in their threadbare clothes, with their war-worn, reckless, dare-devil faces, and their broken sandals, that they may learn to know that war is not a jest.

A curious incident happened in the Calle Alcalá. There was a stoppage, the troops were halted, and from many balconies bon-bons and coppers were showered down. The soldiers rushed forward to pick them up, and succeeded in getting a few. An officer turned round, and shook his head. In a moment the men had returned to their broken ranks, and though the bon-bons and coppers were showered down again, not a man moved. At last, a sergeant went forward, picked up the coins, and distributed them to his company.

At the head of each regiment rode the colonel, adjutant, and aide-de-camp, and, in plain black and violet-faced uniform, the chaplain of the regiment. The engineering trains, the mountain batteries, the *Foristas*, or volunteers from the Carlist provinces, as well as the artillery (horse) and the cavalry, were a splendid set of fellows.

The pageant passed by; the papers fluttered down; the doves of peace were unloosed from the windows, and the long line of bayonets, ten or fourteen deep, passed under the triumphal arch on their way to the "Te Deum" to be said or sung.

SPAIN AND CUBA.

It is but a few months ago, that, during the fading heats of the autumn of 1876, General Martinez Campos, one of the most stirring general officers of the Spanish army, set out at the head of some 30,000 regular troops, many of them having seen service in the late Carlist war, to undertake the subjugation of Cuba.

It is now well-nigh seven years since the first faint "*grito*," or war-cry of the Cuban insurgents ran from one wooded knoll to another in the north-eastern districts of the island, most remote from the Havana, and summoned men of all nations, ranks, and parties, who too long had been victims to Spanish misrule, to unite in arms, under such leaders as Maximo Gomez and others, and throw off the Spanish yoke.

The two forces now stand pitted against one another. To the north-east, in wood and mountain fastness, lie the Cuban insurgents; while all the towns, and the central and western districts nearly

in toto, are occupied by the Spanish soldiery, and the famous "Cuban volunteers."

With every day the interest attaching to the inhuman strife deepens, for in less than six weeks more, viz., by April 15th, all military operations will be stayed, and it is said that General Martínez Campos himself will return to Spain for the summer of the present year. The heat is so terrible, the deaths from malaria and black vomit so numerous during the summer months, that war is only made in the winter time.

It is now acknowledged, in most well-informed quarters, that the war, if not finished this winter, will never be finished at all, and Cuba will proclaim her independence, and become a republic, with constant bickerings; or be bought by the United States Government. On many hands it is asserted that Spain would gladly sell the island to the United States Government. Be this how it may, it is certain that the "*Larger America*" is very anxious to possess the "*Spanish America*."

A few details, then, about "the Pearl of the Antilles" may just now prove of interest. From all the Mediterranean ports of Spain, troops are constantly being embarked, in batches of from twenty-five to three hundred, for Cuba, to take the place of those who have fallen—not by the sword, but by sickness.

Messrs. Lopez and Co., the great owners of the Havana line of packets, are the mail agents, and troop contractors; and their magnificent

packets, many of which will carry from 800 to 1600 soldiers, are constantly leaving Cadiz harbour. During the past seven years this Lopez Co.'s boats have carried out to Cuba no less than 180,000 men, of whom *not one fifteenth* part has returned to Spain. Of the troops, eighty per cent. die in summer, and fifty per cent. (!) within one month of landing. The soldiers' ages vary from sixteen to thirty-five. Many who go now are volunteers, and get licked into shape on landing. Each volunteer receives 50 dollars on starting, and, at the conclusion of six years' service, £40 sterling in hard cash, and a free passage to Spain; or, if invalided, the same privilege is granted to him.

The Spanish army in Cuba now numbers, including sick, 120,000 men, of whom about 50,000 are regular Spanish troops.

The treatment of the troops on board these Havana packets is said to be excellent; and certainly the accommodation is very fair—the men are well fed and kindly used. They are described to me, by an officer on board one of the largest packets, as a most orderly, docile set of men, “much like a flock of sheep.” Describing a night at sea in the hot latitudes, he says, “The majority of the soldiers sleep on deck, anywhere and everywhere. You kick up one, lying at the door of your berth, and, without a word, he gets up, asleep, and goes and lies down, like a dog, a few yards further on, never losing his rest or his

temper if kicked up a third time in the same night ! ”

This anecdote shows aptly the patient, docile, down-trodden nature of the Spanish peasant. His fault is that, on board, his language is very bad, and his habit of gambling leads him to pawn his watch or shirt for tobacco, sweets, or *aguardiente* (fire-water).

Of the generals who have served in Cuba, Generals Serrano and Dulce are considered to have been most fair in their treatment of the native population of the island ; and the Marquis of the Havana, (José Concha), whose book on the resources of Cuba is widely spreading, is considered to have been one of the cleverest, but most rapacious, administrators. Of the one and one-third million inhabitants of the island, few remember with approval the reign of the Marquis of Havana.

The number of troops now actually dying in the island is said to be excessive ; and despite the activity of Martinez Campos, his troops seem too few in numbers to cope with a foe spread over an enormous extent of country. The sugar plantations are being burnt by many native owners, to prevent them from being the means of enriching the Spanish Government. The towns only are held by Spanish soldiery. The “ *Cuban Junta* ” in New York, an exceedingly rich society, supplies the insurgents with first-rate arms and ammunition, the ships being lightly freighted, running the blockade with ease, and then being purposely stranded, and

allowed to break up on the shore, the insurgents providing for the safety of the crew, after unloading the store-vessel.

All the woods and hills to the north-east seem to be in the insurgents' hands. Spanish, Negro, Chinese, and North-American parties, all are found represented in their ranks; and so bitter are they, and so well led, that, in every encounter, the Spanish soldiers prevail not by being well led, or by being better armed than their opponents, but simply by force of numbers.

I will reserve what I have to say in addition, for another letter, this having already run to too great a length.

SPAIN AND CUBA.—*Continued.*

It will have been seen, from my last letter, that the enemies with which General Martinez Campos has to deal are not open foes. Incendiaries, among whose ranks are found hundreds of women and Chinese: black vomit, a disease which decimates his forces; and tiny *partidas*, or bands of insurgents, who know every inch of the country, and occupy every wooded knoll, and rugged ravine;—all these are on the side of the “Cuban insurgents.” The general, however, has, as usual, taken prompt measures.

Acting in concert with the wise and cautious Jovellar, late Minister of War, he has published and proclaimed the following *Bando* :—

- “I. Every Spanish soldier, deserting from the army, and caught with arms, shall be instantly tried by drum-head court-martial and shot.
- “II. Every deserter coming to crave pardon shall, however, not be shot, but pardoned under certain conditions.
- “III. All insurgents, caught with arms in hand, shall be shot.
- “IV. All insurgents craving pardon (*indulto*) shall be respected,” etc.

The general has also painted, in his usual glowing colours, the future of Spanish power in the island. He says (February 22, 1877), “The territory of Cinco Villas will soon be completely cleared of insurgents; the central part will be free also; and in the eastern districts, before the summer, they will be completely beaten. . . . In fact, before next August, in my opinion, every traveller will be able to pass on foot from one end of the island to the other, without any guard, save the usual pair of Civil Gendarmes.

“I trust to return to Spain before that date.”

The same general has just sent to Madrid the following telegraphic despatches :—

“In consequence of the active persecution of the rebels by our detached columns, a band of

fifteen well-armed men asked for the *indulto* yesterday, *in spiritus*.—February 20.”

And at a later date—

“A band of one hundred and fifty sought the offered pardon. We had a smart fight, and took fifty horses, twelve men, thirty women, etc., prisoners.”

These desultory skirmishes ruin the *morale* of the army. A gentleman just returned from Cuba assures me that, though M. Campos is very active, though he is above receiving a bribe, and though his troops are well-drilled, the insurgents pick off the officers well-nigh to a man, and, in every skirmish, inflict more loss on the Spanish soldiery than they themselves receive.

It is a great question whether, considering the immense length and the mountainous and wooded character of the island, the general has anything like sufficient troops under his command to put down the insurrection, which has taken so deep a root in the island. Many think that the insurgents are nearer the Havannah (N.W.) than is supposed, and in greater numbers.

Meanwhile, the troops are dying in Cuba, or being sent home in their prostrate sickness, and landed on Cadiz wharf in shoals, and the reinforcements are scanty.

Nor can Spain afford any more money. Already her sons at home are fearfully overtaxed, the last tax being a most iniquitous one, that levied upon all passengers by steamer. A traveller, crossing

by steamer from Cadiz to Port St. Mary would pay one shilling for his ticket, and five-pence extra for Government war-tax, the distance being four miles!

A curious and interesting question is now being mooted with regard to Cuba. Many will remember that in 1867 a meeting for abolishing slavery in Cuba was held in Madrid, with no very satisfactory results. One hundred leading men were summoned—fifteen only responded to the appeal, among the few being Castelar, Sagasta, Olozaga, Mont y Prendergast, Vizcarrondo, and others well known in the Spanish political world.

At the meeting, Señor Sagasta said that the peasantry of Spain were far worse off than the slaves of Cuba; for the latter, in illness, were tended by their owners, the former cast off by their employers!

Señor Castelar said that the Spaniards were too much occupied in seeking to free themselves from the bondage of the Bourbon dynasty, to be able to take into consideration the claims of the Cuban slaves!

So the meeting dropped. The blacks in Puerto Rico are now free, the Spanish Emancipation Act having been applied to them; while those in Cuba are only free at sixty years of age. Every child born now in the island, however, is free.

The reason of this difference in these two sister islands is, that the war then going on in Cuba made the inhabitants ask the Spanish Government

to delay for awhile ere it applied the Emancipation Act to them.

The question now is, whether, in the event of the arms of Martinez Campos being triumphant, the whole slave population of Cuba will be at once emancipated.

Either way, whether a "free Republic," or annexed to the United States, or subdued by Spanish arms, there seems hope for the slaves of the Cuban territory.

STRAY GLEANINGS.

WE have now followed the Spanish peasant through many phases of his life: at home, on the wharf, by the river-side at Madrid; in the horrors of the prison with its gambling, foul talk, and dark cells; in the clutches of the herb doctor; in the loneliness of the grey hill-town. Life, however, is chequered, at best, with suffering of mind or body. When a lad, the peasant, since he cannot pay his £50, is for some years condemned to barrack life, and torn away from all he loves, while his richer brother gambles in the casino, or makes money behind the counter. Sometimes—especially, too, under pressure of unwonted excitement and long strain upon his nerves, accompanied with pain and privation—the mind gives way, and the poor man is confined within the walls of his provincial asylum, and drags on a weary life in the company of gaping idiots and chattering lunatics; or sickness steals upon him—the tearful wife, perhaps far gone with child, can work her wan

thin fingers no longer, and the hospital doors must be entered.

Of many years spent among the Spanish poor, I have devoted the greater part of two years to visiting the poor man in barrack, hospital, and asylum, mindful of the poet's words:—

“To each his sufferings; all are men
Condemned alike to groan:
The tender for another's pain,
The unfeeling for his own.”

Nowhere is human suffering so great as among the poorer classes in Spain. How often have I conversed with some poor widow, whose only stay has but just now been taken from her, by that mysterious hand which we call Providence, which the Spaniard calls *Voluntad de Dios*, and the peasant fatalist calls “*mi suerte*,” and heard her say, “No support for me now, I must go to the workhouse!”

“But will none of your friends help you with money; or give you work, or washing, or the like?”

“No, señor, in Spain it is not the custom. The rich don't help us: that is only done in England.”

“But the mayor in your town, will not he help you?”

“No; no out-door relief is given in Spain.”

The following scene then commences, in the life of the Spanish woman. She steals out at early morn, with a few of her humble trinkets, or clothes, and goes to the *Casa de ahorros*, or the *Casa de préstamos*, or the *Monte de piedad*, i.e.,

to one of the various kinds of pawnshops, of which the last is the best, and pledges in tears the few articles of coarse *vertu*.

At what a cost she does this, God, and those who have studied the character of the poorest, alone can tell. If you follow this poor widowed girl back to her half-stripped home, you will see her enter it, close the door, dash the money she has thus bitterly obtained upon the floor, and say, "*Bendito Dios!*" ("Blessed be God!") "I never thought to see this day. Oh that I should have to sell his things—my poor dear boy's things!" Then she seizes her child, hugs it to her breast, rocks backwards and forwards in her awful agony—she knows not how to pray to God, and man will not help her—and weeps until her lustrous black eyes are all red with crying, and her hair is hanging in dishevelled masses over her pale sickly face.

I am supposing the case of a young women left alone far from her family. Sometimes, however, thank God, the poor creature has brother or father and mother living, and then, no matter how poor they are; no matter that they are five in number, and have but one tiny home; no matter that they themselves have had to live on beans scalded in hot water, with bread, and not enough of that; no matter that the widow and her bairns will bring little grist to the mill, and much suffering to the house—never mind all this; though there are already "more eaters to the bread than bread to the eaters," Maria, Francisa, Isidra, is "*Mi Maria*,"

“*mi Paquita*,” “*mi Isidra*,” “and shall I turn *la hija de mia sangre* (the child of my blood) away? No, never! She shall come and share our crust, and if we starve, we starve together, with love.”

“Better,” says the truly national proverb, “to die with love than live with hate;” and—

“Who casts out love shall be from love outcast.”

(Had Dean Stanley, in his voluminous reading, taken up a book of Spanish proverbs when he wrote the above line in the graceful poem of his early days, “The Gipsies”?)

Never can you enter a Spanish peasant’s house, without feeling that natural goodness has a power that is denied to those who mark out their deeds of charity by a line of gospel chalk, and without saying to yourself, “If I am to be born poor, let my relations be the Spanish poor;” for with them no member of the family is too outcast, too poor to be “taken in.” The old granny is there, walking about the house (or rather, room) like a tame cat, greyhaired, in threadbare black, and always nursing the latest arrival in the shape of a baby; or the little orphan child is there, the pet and love of all, ever having the first dip with the wooden spoon into the *puchero*, and the best bit of *pico*, *i.e.*, crust, if crusty bread be there! But, alas! Spanish poor get but little *pico*, *i.e.*, crusty twist called *rosca*, and no “French bread” (*pan Frances*). To their share falls the *hacemita*, a coarse cake of bread, with the “seconds” left in;

or the still coarser *pan de maiz*, or maize bread ; or the coarse, but nourishing, long rolls of brown bread, called, in southern Andalusia, "*telera*."

Bread, after all, is everything with the Spanish poor. Fruit can always be had, or onions ; and with fruit, tomatoes, and onions, the peasant asks neither meat nor wine ; vinegar and oil, however, his heart desires.

But, while upon the subject of this obstinate and yet passionate strength of attachment between members of one family, let me not be supposed to say that "Blood is thicker than water"—a truly selfish English proverb, and one worthy to be classed with "Charity begins at home"—is a proverb acted upon by the Spanish poor. Nay, the very fact of many families always living under one roof, and in one house, having but one kitchen to a story, and but one door of ingress to the house, makes them wonderfully kind to their neighbours. There are but few peasantry in Spain who have a house to themselves, save in the northern provinces, and thus the sorrows of the family in room No. 1 are known to the inmates of rooms 2, 3, and 4 on the same story, and every little aid that love can suggest or duty prescribe is lent to any and every neighbour, no matter what be their trial, all being done with a tact and a delicacy unknown among the peasantry of northern climes.

An English peasant closes his cottage door, looks round him, and says, "Bill has got his new boots, and Sally her medicine ;" and there, beginning at home, of a truth his charity ends.

Not so the Spanish peasant. His neighbour is his brother. He asks not, with the lawyer of sacred story, "Who is my neighbour?" but, with that lawyer's heaven-sent Teacher, he asks the question, as he looks upon his brother's or his sister's woe, "To whom can I be a neighbour?"

Among the sorrows of the poor in Spain must certainly, to judge by the hatred with which it is regarded, be placed the conscription.

In Spain, owing to the unhappy civil war in the northern provinces, conscription after conscription has of late years thrown well-nigh every poor family into mourning; and brought a cloud upon the face and a constant tear into the eye of well-nigh every peasant woman.

The conscription is carried on as follows. A *bando*, or proclamation, is fixed upon the doors of the town court-house, or *Ayuntamiento*, that all the lads between the ages of nineteen and twenty-three must attend the drawing of lots, to be held at such-and-such a place, those only excepted who are (1) physically deformed; (2) the sole support of widowed father or mother; (3) able to pay the £50 demanded as the price of exemption.

On the appointed morning, at early dawn, the Civil Guards and their officers are at the "*urn*," the lads' names are called over, and they stand with eager, expectant faces as each draws his own number, lucky or unlucky.

The scene baffles description. Yet I will illustrate its painful character by three sketches which

occur at this moment to my mind's eye, and come back, although seen months ago, with a vividness painful in its intensity.

I was standing with a crowd of work-worn toilers, and girls whose eyes were red with tears, outside the drawing-room for conscripts while the lots were being drawn. Four or five of the poor bronze-faced mothers were counting their beads, and praying to the God who, they thought, had well-nigh forsaken them. Many of the poor girls threw themselves on their knees in the dusty, straw-littered street, crying out, "*Dios mio ! Dios mio !*" and throwing dust and the *paja*, or chopped straw that littered the street, into the tangled folds of their magnificent hair. Their bronzed, plump dirty faces; their blood-shot eyes, the dust mingling with the tears that flowed down their quivering cheeks, their passionate cry, with their eyes upturned to heaven, "My God ! my God ! *Ahi ! Ahi ! Ahi !*"—all these formed a scene that may well be introduced in a chapter on the sorrows of the poor.

Sturdy, reckless young fellows, the lads drawn care but little. As with the higher, so in some degree with the lower classes in Spain, all the love, steadfastness, and purity is to be found among the women, to which they add a passionateness of affection—oftentimes for the objects least worthy of it—which can only be called sublime, which is surely divine, and a fit witness to, and a likeness or shadow of, the love of Him who is "kind to the unthankful even, and the evil."

I have mixed with Spanish women of all classes, and can only say that the stories about their looseness of morals when married are mere inventions of travellers who know neither the heart nor the honour of the women of Spain.

“Once in the clutches of the Government, whether as prisoner or as soldier,” so say the Spanish poor, and so say they truly, “our *mozos* (*i.e.*, lads) are of no more value than dogs; their lives are counted as dogs’ lives!”

But the sound of woman’s wild wailing soon dies away, and woman’s tears are soon forgotten.

The conscript is taken to the nearest barrack. Here, in waiting to choose from the ragged, unkempt, motley mass of conscripts, are the officers of the engineers, of the artillery, and the cavalry.

In the order in which I have placed them, each officer draws or selects his ten men.

Thus the engineer, artillery, and cavalry forces pick the tallest, finest, and best-educated men, and the stunted squads remaining are drafted off into the various regiments or battalions of infantry corresponding to their respective provinces.

The recruit then enters barrack life, and his drill, and a very rough one it is, commences.

As a rule, the Spanish barracks are large, airy, lofty, roomy, and well ventilated. The morning bugle (*Toca de diana*) sounds at five in summer, six in winter, and the men rise, dress, and answer to roll-call in the courtyard.

From 11 to 12.30 they are drilled, and from 2.30 to 4 p.m.

They receive 5*d.* per diem, in cash, nominally ; but of that 3½*d.* is stopped for washing, soap, clothes-mending, blacking, and the like. Each man receives his short blue jacket, and brickdust-coloured baggy trousers, and a capote, or frock-coat, of blue serge, for winter ; also one pair of sandals, one pair of boots (bluchers), and two pairs of black knickerbockers.

The meals are as follows : at 11 a.m., stew, called "*ranch*o," i.e., chick-peas, potatoes, and haricot beans stewed down with lumps of bacon, and bits of *chorizo*—a rough pork sausage, flavoured with *pimiento molido*, and full of fat, skin, and gristle, but savoury. The same dish is repeated at 4 p.m. or 6 p.m., when the men dine.

The dinner and breakfast are served as follows : The huge caldrons of boiling hot stew are carried out into the courtyard. Each soldier, wooden platter and wooden spoon in hand, gathers to the steaming mess, and receives his platter full. There is no mess-room : each man eats his stew, platter on knee, where he likes ; most of the men carry the mess to their bed, and eat it there.

Besides this, each man has one pound or one pound and a half (if he can eat it) of brown, coarse, but sound and substantial bread.

The men are not well cared for by their officers. Although beating was abolished by Castelar's Republic, yet cuffs, kicks, and a blow

with the flat of the sword are common, and any sergeant may kick a private soldier with impunity.

The higher officers, who are gentlemen, do not indulge in such *castigos*, but the petty officers often enforce their orders by a blow; and thus, in the late Revolution, "Down with the stars and stripes," *i.e.*, the gold stripes and gold stars on the officers' sleeves, was the cry of the soldiery.

A conscript serves from four to six years in the regular army, and is then drafted for two years into the reserve. After this he returns, most probably broken in health and spirits, to his mountain village, not fêted as an English soldier on his return, with his medal on breast, and his war-worn bronzed face, but certainly hugged by mother and father, and welcomed back to till the olive-yard, or dig the vineyard.

Generally speaking, his return is a sad one: the girl he loved has yielded to the force of circumstances, and married; the mother and father are altered, the hair grown grey. Few, very few, make the army their profession; some, however, do so: and if they survive twenty-six years of hard service, retire on a small pension. But, alas! these are few in number, and the pension is so small, and the journey to draw it so long, the Government stamps necessary for the needful documents so expensive, and the fees to officials so heavy, that the monthly pension, when it reaches its proper recipient's hands, has dwindled down to a mere nothing!

One page shall now be devoted to the "poor man in hospital;" and I must say, that while decay is stamped upon the Government, the army, the peasant class at home, here at least, in the slow but sure improvement that has taken place of late years in Spanish hospitals is seen a sign of national vitality, and a star of hope for the future.

The hospitals of Spain but a few years since were described as the worst in Europe. They are now, however, scarcely in any way inferior to those of other European countries.

Hospitals are of three classes: (1) those paid for by the National Government; (2) those paid for by the town council; and (3) those supported by religious fraternities.

Of these, the first and the last are the best conducted.

One of the crying evils of Spain is, that no outdoor relief is given in money, only a doctor and drugs being allowed to the sick or aged poor at their houses. Now, in a population so passionately attached to home,—the home, be it only a reed hut, is *nuestra casa* with the Spanish poor, and its four mud or reed-laced walls contain all the hearts of the family,—in such a population, 5*d.* (two reals of Spanish money) per diem would keep hundreds, nay, thousands from begging, or dying of starvation, and, besides, would be a real saving to the Government and municipal authorities.

But no; money is not given. So the poor

starve slowly at home. They can, at least, cry and kiss one another, after their wont, there; they can, at least, "die among their own people," even though, at death, they be "buried with the burial of a dog, drawn and cast out without the walls of the city."

They hate the idea of a hospital; they hate the idea of restraint; they have (and naturally enough) no trust in any one who is their superior in rank; and they hate the enforced separation from their wives and families and friends.

So you offer a poor sick creature a ticket for the hospital. He raises up his pale, sickly, bronzed face from his straw pillow, and says, "*Señor, mil gracias; pero no es el costumbre,*" i.e., "My lord, a thousand thanks; but it is not our custom to go to hospital."

But, if friends are wanting, go he must; and he ever goes with a smile, and, when in hospital, always owns, cheerfully enough, "They treat me very well; I am *soy muy contento aquí,*" i.e., "I am very well satisfied to be here."

The town council and the mayor give hospital tickets freely to any one of their own province; and any subscriber will give a ticket for the private hospital, and in either case the poor sufferer is well cared for. Large and lofty and clean are the wards; the nurses, or sister of charity (chiefly of the order of San Vicente de Pablo), are kindness itself; little luxuries, such as cocoa, fish, wine, and even Valencian beer, are as freely given as funds

will permit; and the beds (on iron bedsteads) are clean and comfortable.

But a few days since, going to an hotel known to me for many years, I missed the old porter, known from his dropsical tendency, as “the fat man;” and, on inquiry, found he had been taken ill to the hospital of the town.

I went thither; it was Sunday afternoon; and a kindly sister of charity showed me to the bedside of my old friend.

The sight of the ward where he lay was a striking one.

The lofty walls were clean and whitewashed; the beds separated by curtains, and not too close together; a crucifix hung on the wall over the head of each lowly and lonely sufferer, and, to its right, a little wallet, containing the poor fellow’s cigarettes, and bread and fruit for his evening meal.

A large *Retablo*, the “Crucifixion,” had been opened at the farther end of the ward, and in front of it stood a sister of charity, saying the “Rezal,” or prayer of the afternoon, in a deep sonorous voice, to be heard all over the ward. This she was obliged to do, in the absence of the priest from illness.

The eyes of all the sufferers were bent towards her; but one or two said to me (as they murmured the response so often heard at cottage bedside and in hospital ward—

“Madre santísima, Virgen purísima, ruega por nosotras”),

“This is all very well: but we can just as well pray for ourselves.”

The average cost of a patient in hospital would be—doctor’s attendance, etc., included—1*s.* 2*d.* to 1*s.* 8*d.* per diem; and, for that sum, the poor in hospital are really well cared for.

On three days in the week they are allowed to see their relations, who may bring them little luxuries, such as fruit, money, tobacco, or sweets.

There is little hardship and no cruelty in the Spanish hospitals; and, considering the lack of money for the support of all charitable institutions just now, it is truly marvellous that they are supported and kept up so well as they are at the present time.

Low fevers, called “*calenturas intermitentes*,” pulmonary diseases among the men, and diseases incident to bad or neglected confinements among the women, form the majority of the diseases treated in the Spanish hospitals.

The price paid by ships’ captains and Consuls of the British service for British seamen left ill, or temporarily disabled, in a Spanish seaport hospital, varies from 1*s.* 8*d.* to 2*s.* per diem, and I have rarely, if ever, heard the men complain of their treatment.

A few words on the treatment of lunatics, idiots, the blind, etc., in the Peninsula, and we close our narrative of facts about the Spanish poor, merely adding a short summary and retrospect of what has been said, in a succeeding chapter.

It must be confessed that, both in its provision for, and treatment of, lunatics and idiots, the Peninsula is sadly behind the age. Indeed, in provision for all special forms of both physical and mental infirmities there is a great lack.

For the blind, and deaf and dumb, there are a few, but very few, schools: one at Barcelona, for both the blind and the deaf and dumb, where children from all parts of the Peninsula are taught, and fairly well educated; another at Madrid. The *Ayuntamiento* of the town from which these children are sent pays the expenses of their livelihood during their sojourn, and the education is free, the schools being supported by private charity, and by an annual grant from the council of the town wherein it is situated.

As far as the unhappy lunatics and idiots are concerned, I cannot speak favourably in any sense. Without attributing intentional cruelty of any sort to those connected with lunatic asylums, I must, with regret, notice (1) the utter want of management and tact in dealing with the inmates; (2) the want of proper baths and padded rooms for the violent; (3) the want of occupation; and (4) the insufficiency of proper food and dress.

There is near Barcelona one of the largest lunatic asylums in Spain, the inmates being sent thither from no less than twenty-six provinces.

I fear they meet with but poor treatment, the amount paid for them per head by the town authorities being small, and the contract system, as usual, being fearfully abused.

GENERAL VIEW AND REMARKS.

WE have seen the poor man in his weakness, and in his strength; we have visited him in his lowly cottage home; in his prison house; in his hospital ward; in the hands of the withered crone, his herb doctress; have listened to his keen, crisp morality on the wharf; have washed dirty linen with him in the yellow current of the Manzanares; have seen his monotonous life in "a Spanish hill-town," where gas-lamps, oil-lamps, glass windows, and police are unheard-of luxuries, and where posts but rarely appear.

Such as the Spanish peasant is I have sought to paint him, writing, I trust, without any bias and with the one desire to—

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."

But if I *have* written with any, it has been with a bias in favour of the Spanish poor, but a bias formed upon a long and close study of their character. I came to Spain prepared to find the Spanish poor all that was bad; slowly the mists

cleared away from my eyes year by year, and I found them to be, judged by a fair standard, a truly noble race.

For how, or by what standard, ought the Spanish poor to be judged?

One person will say, "By the statistics of crime."

Another will say, by this, another by that standard.

The Spanish poor should be compared with those of other European nations, say the English, and the result is simply this, plainly stated:—

English poor have education, a fairly-working poor-law, well-developed industries, a good government, and a rational religion, added to a fairly useful clergy and parochial system.

Spanish poor, on the other hand, have little education; no out-door relief; badly developed industries; a bad government; a weak and shadowy religion—falsely called religion; an oppressive clergy, opposed to the true welfare of the people, and a miserably imperfect parochial system.

The priests hardly ever relieve the poor man's physical necessities, partly because they are heartless, partly because they are poor; and, to crown all, they set him a bad example by their immoral lives.

And when, in spite of his being so fearfully "*handicapped*," we find the Spanish peasant a fine, noble, simple-hearted fellow, intelligent in mind, warm in heart, capable of any act of devotion

to his benefactor; a man free from grumbling, hard-working, courageous, and, as a rule, a fairly kind husband and father, and desirous to pay his way honestly; when we find him a good soldier, and a skilful navigator;—in a word, with all his faults of uncontrolled temper, and habitual untruthfulness, and with all his lack of any idea of moral responsibility, yet withal a fine fellow, a man as it were, triumphing over difficulties,—must we not yield *to him* the palm; and say, he is of finer clay than the English peasant, although in the hands of a vastly inferior potter?

Strong men make circumstances; weak men are made by them.

The Spanish peasant hardly rises to the former, but certainly does not sink to the latter class. Nay; he is capable of everything that is great and good, and, handicapped as he is most cruelly, he yet, in spite of all, rises to a fair standard of what is right.

I have said but little about the wages of the peasant, and his hours of labour. He generally, in the greater part of the Peninsula, receives about 1s. 8d. per diem, and this as an agricultural labourer—in harvest and vintage time he receives more—and, generally, a bowl of *gazpacho*, or salad and bread steeped in oil, vinegar, and water, and, when hard-worked, a glass of *anisao*, or cognac and anisette, each morning.

The miner can make his 2s. 6d. per diem; the factory-hand, about 3s. 6d. in such a province as

Catalonia ; the domestic man-servant his shilling or eighteen-pence per diem and, possibly, one meal.

In most of the provinces of Spain women's labour is used ; and this in the following branches of industry.

Our Spanish peasant-girl may become a "*cigarera*," or worker at the cigar-factory, where she can earn from 1s. to 1s. 8d. per diem ; but the *cigareras*, pretty, witty, and kind to father and mother as they undoubtedly are, do not bear a high reputation for chastity. The herding together of two thousand hot-blooded, high-spirited girls of from twelve to thirty years of age, in one heated building, as at Seville or Alicante, is not conducive to morality ; and many a mother, wringing her hands, will say, "*Ahi ! ahi !* her father is dead ; I am too decrepit for domestic service. *Dios mio ! Dios mio !* my poor dear girl, must she go to the cigar factory ?"

The peasant-girl may work in the field, or keep her fruit-stall. Neither of these occupations is good, in a pecuniary point of view.

She may go out to domestic service, and in Cataluña may obtain first-rate wages as a factory hand in the cloth mills.

No modest girl ever goes out to service without her mother, or aunt, or an elder sister who has been or is married, since an unmarried girl can hardly walk the streets alone, without losing in *caste* and respectability. Thus, you want servants, and mother and daughter come and offer them-

selves for the place. No written characters are given, so that you judge by appearance, general report, and conversation, whether or not the couple will suit, and then engage or refuse them.

In a few hours the selected couple come, with their little wooden bedstead, box of clothes, and bed linen; the room assigned to them is furnished in ten minutes; crucifix and rosary hung over the bed-head; the box of "face-powder," which every Spanish peasant girl uses, placed on the window-sill; and the couple are at home, and go to work.

The wages are—for the mother, about 22*s.* English money, per month, without food; for the daughter, 12*s.* 6*d.*; or, with food, which consists of one pound of bread for each, and oil, bacon, and vegetables, 12*s.* per month for the mother and 6*s.* for the daughter.

They take their cup of black coffee, and a bit of dry bread at eight a.m., and at three p.m. their stew, or snails, or fried eggs, and bread; at night, a crust of dry bread, and a drink of water.

As a rule, these women are most affectionate. True, they are slovenly in their habits, they talk to you at meals, they take a chair when talking to you; but what of this? Kindly treated, the worst of them is capable of the greatest devotion to a kind master and mistress; and, although they will sometimes charge you a farthing more than they have given for the grapes, and meat or fish that form your "*almuerzo*," or breakfast, they never rob, and will take good care that no one

else shall rob or injure their employers. They feel themselves, in fact, members of the household; the "*casa*," is their *casa*; and they take as much pride in it as though it were their own.

They are foolishly kind to babies and children, the latter of which are invariably spoiled by their never thwarting them in any single particular. The mother never thwarts, and rarely corrects her own; why should she thwart or correct another's child?

Lacemaking and tailoring are two other branches of female industry. The former is confined to Cataluña and other Northern provinces, the lace being made on an oblong pillow, and the gains of a good maker being about 1s. 2d. per diem. The tailoress works in the tailor's shop from seven a.m. to seven p.m., and only receives 10d. per diem, without meals. The girls who ply this latter trade are a most suffering class, and greatly to be pitied, being in a position analogous to that held by the poor seamstresses of London. Out of their wretched daily 10d., many of them have to find their own needle and thread. One hour only is allowed for meals.

Dressmakers and seamstresses are few enough; for a Spanish lady takes a pride in making her own dresses; nay, since she is no musician, does not care to read even novels or periodicals, and is no linguist, what else has she to do? Her leisure is always occupied with needlework or embroidery.

We have spoken, in our short retrospect, of

wages and employments of the Spanish poor; we come now to speak of schools and the education of the poor.

Education was some few years since greatly, it is now slightly, on the increase. The great impetus given to it was when, during the reign of Amadeo or Isabella, schools were founded in barracks and prisons; and when, under the Republic of Castelar, education was made compulsory, and model schools founded.

In the year 1803, only one in three hundred and fifty could read or write, or do both; now, one in every ten can at least read a little. In the village schools the education is simply wretched—the children learn but very little; but in the workhouse schools and the model schools in large towns and cities, both of which are paid for in part by the town council, the education is simply excellent, and, to my own mind, is fully equal to the education offered to children in any National school in England.

The children pay but little—say, 1*d.* per diem. At least three or four thousand children are receiving a capital education in the various Protestant schools scattered throughout the Peninsula, which offer a very cheap (6*d.* per month) and exceedingly good education.

But, with all this, it is hard for a child to obtain a good education.

In the barrack, workhouse, and prison schools, all of which I have closely and for years studied,

I believe the education offered to be very fair indeed. The clergy, as a rule, save when driven to it by a spirit of rivalry, take little or no interest in the education of the masses.

In character, the Spanish poor are naturally of a high tone, but everything tends to corrupt them: a corrupt Government, a corrupt priesthood, a corrupt and very heartless upper class. Yet, withal, they are lovers of what is pure, have a keen sense of justice, and bear their ills with patience and fortitude, nay, even with cheerfulness. They are brave to a fault, loyal to those whom they feel to be their superiors, courteous and kind to the stranger, very courageous, very affectionate, fearfully passionate, but rarely vindictive.

Their superiors set them a wretched example, being, for the most part, men of corrupt and licentious lives; despairing of, or too idle to despair of the very world in which they live, and the God in whom they professedly believe.

When the chequered life of the Spanish peasant is at an end—when the spirit has returned to God who gave it—the roughness of treatment which he has experienced during his lifetime follows him to his grave. He is but a Spanish peasant; unhelped, uncared for, uncultivated, with only that natural goodness of heart with which he came into this world, the peasant passes into the presence of his Maker.

His body is little cared for. He dies; the

town-coffin (the public property of the poor) is sent for; it comes at early morn, or late at night, to his door, in a mule-cart, with two or three other coffins, each containing a poor man's body; the body is hastily forced into the coffin, the lid thrown carelessly upon it.

No processions of priests, no acolytes with lighted tapers, follow the Spanish peasant to his grave. The mule-cart starts, the coffins jolt and tumble together. The cemetery is reached at last, probably beneath the moonlight, and the bodies are hastily shot into a pit, covered with sand, and left without gravestone or flowering shrub to mark the last resting-place of the poor.

"What is that creaking cart passing my window?" you ask of your Spanish servant, as she sits in the window seat, humming her wild monotonous Andalusian ditty or the melancholy wailing *Nana*, or "nurse's lullaby."

"Oh, nothing, nothing, señor; only some poor men's bodies going to the cemetery. So they always treat the poor in Spain!"

"La vida es sueño."

CRIME IN SOUTHERN SPAIN.

A FEW remarks on crime in Southern and Midland Spain may prove of interest. In writing, I do not profess to speak *ex cathedrâ*. I have few details, and fewer statistics, to be my guides; but what I now write is the result of a close personal observation of crimes committed in Andalusia during the past two or three years, during which I have conversed with the assassin whose boast it is that he has slain half a dozen of his fellow-men, and is only at large because he had good interest in some quarter; with the common highwayman, or petty thief; with the virago, who still, as was customary with a certain class of wild hoydens fifty years ago, and not unknown even now, passes through lonely defiles, and traverses the wild grey *campo* unattended and with safety, because she is a woman, because her blood is hot, and because, above all, she has a dagger or clasp-knife stuck in her stocking or garter—*la navaja en las medias*. The old days of crime, of reckless assassination, of wild

fierce revenge, of poisoning or drugging, sixty years ago were too horrible; they could not last, and could not be suffered to last. There were few police, there were no Civil Guards (or *Gendarmerie*), and so lax or null was justice, that for payment of a few dollars to the gaoler many a prisoner escaped, while the poor wretch, his co-equal in guilt, whose relations could not muster up the required sum, lay rotting for years in all the filth and horrors of a Spanish prison sixty years since. Wild days were those when the high-roads were unprotected by Civil Guards—when the streets of the *pueblos*, and even of large provincial towns, were unlighted, save where, here and there, some tiny, flickering oil lamp burnt throughout the weary night, not to guide the passing traveller, but to shed a sickly ray upon the image, tinselled and gilded, of saint or virgin in front of which it hung. In some parts of Southern Spain, notably so on the roads and in the districts around San Lucar, then, as now, famous for its wine trade and its vineyards, at the time of which I spoke things had become so bad that a regular staff of armed men, like pilots on a dangerous shore, were ever on the lookout to offer their services as guards and pioneers, to ride armed alongside the mounted traveller. With one of these men, who now numbers eighty-seven years, and is the porter of a foundling hospital, I was talking but the other day, and he told me he had served on the San Lucar road for thirty years; he was a splendid shot, with his

long-barrelled flint-and-steel firelock, and had shot as many as half a dozen robbers.

Things grew worse and worse. In the vicinity of this district, and across the lonely salt-plains of San Fernando, or down towards the low-lying marshy shores of San Lucar, where the Guadalquivir rolls its sluggish, muddy tide, no passenger, even mounted, could pass alone. I speak of some forty or fifty years ago. At last a retired captain of dragoons living in the district, at the Baths of Chiclana, organized, with the permission of the Government, a body of armed and mounted police, or *voluntarios*, who scoured the country, the captain at their head, night and day. If a robbery was committed, appeal was made at once to this captain, his troop was set in motion, the thieves were captured within forty-eight hours, and the booty restored to its owner. Did I say captured? They were shot. Tied hand and foot, without benefit of clergy, and with not more than five minutes' trial, they were marched out to the back of the *venta*, or *ventorillo*, where they had been caught, and shot down like so many dogs. The justice was summarily meted out, but the guilt of the offenders was often not arrived at without some difficulty. Thus, on one occasion a man was shot and his horse taken by brigands near San Lucar, and the police of Chiclana were hot in pursuit. They came to a lonely wayside *venta* in the alluvial lands near San Lucar; six muleteers (to all appearance veritable muleteers) were quaffing their

copas of *aguardiente* in the damp chill of early morn. The captain of the troop inquired of them their business. Said they, "We are all muleteers, on our road to San Lucar." "How many carts have you?" said the captain. "Two," said they. "Then two of you are thieves, and liars to boot, for no mule-cart takes more than two conductors. You who are the muleteers stand to your carts and harness your mules; if not, I will shoot you all down to a man." The two pairs stood to their carts; the two men left, in face of instant death, confessed their guilt, were tried, sentenced, and shot before the frightened muleteers had left the courtyard. This band of Chiclana volunteers did good service in their two years, during which period they shot about twenty-five robbers or suspected persons. At last the priests and the bishop interfered, sending despatches to the Government of Madrid to represent that such summary justice must not be allowed to continue; "for," said they, "it is death without prayers, Extreme Unction, or the Viaticum—in fact, without a single passport to heaven." So the captain and his band came to an end. Shortly after this came the Civil Guards, and, after them, the rural police.

The Civil Guards are partly under military, partly civil authority. They are, however, drilled as soldiers, and but two years ago went in a body to the North, to raise the siege of one of the fortresses beleaguered by the Carlist soldiery. They effected their purpose; but at what a cost!

The Guards themselves protested against this breach of their privileges; the country was left destitute of its only really efficient police, and crime and lawlessness increased twenty-five per cent. or more. These *Guardias Civiles* will bear comparison with any corps of police, soldiery, or gendarmerie in the whole world. They are all men who can read and write; are all stout, tall, and handsome; are all above receiving a bribe; have all served three or six years in the regular army; and they are all men of high character. They number about 11,000 or 12,000; their dress is dark blue tunic and trousers, the latter with red stripe, buff leather cross-belt, short carbine or Enfield rifle, according as they belong to the foot or mounted force, and glazed *shako*, of a peculiar form, almost amounting to a cocked-hat. Every town has its four or five of these men; every city or town numbering over 20,000 or 30,000 inhabitants would have within its walls a force of not less than fifty or sixty of these Guards. They now supply the escort to King Alfonso at Madrid and when he goes into the country. The Rural Guards are of a rougher stamp, and wear only a rosette or stripe on the arm as their badge of office; they are hardy, honest fellows, but of little acumen or education.

Fifty or sixty years ago, in Southern Spain, brugging was rife; now, although times are better, although a tide of better and nobler feeling has set in, although in seaports and the larger

cities education is doing its humanizing work, yet even now, in the wilder districts, a great amount of lawlessness, of assassination, and of highway robbery, prevails.

Let us take a brief retrospect of the crimes committed in Andalusia and its adjoining provinces for the last eight or nine months. It will be seen that there is little or none of the cold-blooded, calculating villainy of a Palmer or Wainwright; little or none of the skill of the professed burglar. The crimes committed in Spain are the crimes natural to a population without religion, education, or civilization—very hot-blooded, with a keen sense of what is just, yet without any faith in the law and the judge as likely to give them true justice. In the first place, the wild dangerous country—the *campo*, with its grey, far-spreading hills and vales, where, for miles and tens of miles, the eye sees nothing but the solitary herdsman tending his goats that browse upon the aromatic herbage, or the white vulture of the Sierra, soaring grimly and silently overhead, scanning the barren plains for a lame kid or lamb—plains where the ear hears nothing but the tinkling of the bell worn by the leader of the flock, or the shrill whistle of the plover—this country, I say, offers every facility for brigandage. There are lonely defiles, where, at every turn, overhung by rock, with no escape possible, you may come upon a dozen men in wait for your purse; there are passes and bridle-paths in the Sierra Morena or Sierra de Jaën where the

brushwood is so tangled that you cannot force it, where the stag leaps into the path before he sees you, and where men are met with so savage that they fly like arrow from drawn bow, from the sight of a well-dressed fellow-being!

Thus it is that brigandage is favoured by the natural surroundings of the country, as well as fostered and encouraged by the conscriptions, the very severe taxes, and the severity with which political offenders are hunted down. So, during the last two years, some ten or twelve rich men and one or two children (scions of rich families), out for a ride, have been taken, and an enormous ransom demanded for their release. Mr. Haselden, of Linares, riding up into the Sierra Morena to visit one of his mines, was taken, and had to pay £6000, more or less, for his release. Only nine months ago, at a small village near Almonicca, in the Province of Granada, a miller, of known wealth, was captured; the \$10,000 demanded were paid by his unhappy family. Because he had recognized one of the band he was shot. But they took the money!

Next to brigandage comes highway robbery. In Murcia the coach, or *diligencia*, from Alicante to Murcia was stopped and robbed so often between Elche and Murcia that it never starts now without three armed Civil Guards as passengers.

We come next to offences against the person, assassinations, and murders. These are not increasing, but in the wilder districts they cannot be

said to be decreasing. In Cadix, Seville, and other well-educated cities, these crimes have decreased in the last ten years at the rate of ten or fifteen per cent., I am assured on good authority; and, if this be so, we have here a striking illustration of the power and force of civilization, education, and the mixing with foreigners.

Of child murder there is little; but there is a fearful amount of stabbing with the ever-ready knife—a weapon which differs from the ordinary knife of the English rustic, in having (1) a blade shaped somewhat like a scimitar, but running to a point; and (2) a spring, so that, once opened, it cannot be shut without the use of both hands. In olden times these knives often had as many as seven springs, and to shut one of these is no light task, requiring, as it does, seven separate efforts. I have now one by me of this sort. In other days one year's imprisonment for each several spring or "catch" would have been the punishment awarded.

A few instances of this fatal facility of stabbing may prove interesting. In a town near the Sierra Morena, with which I was acquainted, numbering some 40,000 inhabitants, three cases of stabbing were recorded per week. One man, at large, with whom I was familiar, openly acknowledged to having stabbed three and murdered four of his fellow men. Some of these assassins are also robbers;—one is now lying in the goal of a well-known seaport city in Andalusia, by name Miguel Jurado, alias "the Mushilla" (soldier's knapsack).

for most of these freebooters have their nicknames. He killed three men—one without provocation. Hyena-like, he had a habit of laughing always just before he struck the fatal blow with the knife. This man, by trade, was a fisherman, and wholly uneducated. He was sentenced to death, and the day for his garrutting was fixed; but it happened to fall in the fair time, and fearing lest trade and amusement should receive a shock, the mayor asked leave to postpone his sentence. Leave was given. This happened in October, 1875, and the "Machilla," though manacled and under sentence of death, still lives to repent, it is to be hoped, of his crimes. Another well-known criminal, robber and murderer, burner of houses and homesteads, was Ferron. This man, long the terror of South-eastern Spain, was being escorted to the *penitenciar* where he was to be confined, by four "Urdiles" on foot. This is the custom in taking prisoners from one prison to another. Those who can may pay railway expenses for themselves and their escort, and also the return fare of the escort. As he neared at evening a narrow defile the Guards told him to pass on in front, and, at a few paces, scattered his trains over the path, in one of the wildest solitudes of the province. The pass where this occurred bears the name of Molino del Sol. Another noted bandit, by name Francisco Marilla, was captured last November by the Civil Guards: he had, after committing one murder and half a dozen robberies, evaded their vigilance for

two years. In the same month two noted bands, of three men apiece, were captured. The one was disturbed late at night in a *cortijo*, or farm-house, in the wilds of the Cordovese Sierra. They made so fierce a resistance that the Civiles shot down two, the third escaping to the hills. The other band was surprised in an empty house, on the outskirts of Cadiz, and one, drawing his revolver, was shot dead. Speaking of *cortijos*, or farm-houses, it may be remarked that these lonely places form, in summer, the residence of the rich family to which they belong, and in winter the resort of these bandits, who, if you meet them "off duty," are a most pleasant set of fellows. Another bandit, José Artacho, was also taken in November, 1875. He had been convicted and sentenced for assassination, highway robbery, etc., some half a dozen times, but had always contrived to escape. He was leader of the band which took captive Mr. Borrell, an Englishman, in 1870. He was called "El Curita"—*i.e.*, the little curate, or pastor, from the sleekness of his tongue and his subtle powers of oratory. He, too, was shot dead on the march to the prison to which he was destined. Deserters, *ladrones*, *facciosos*, or political refugees, and the like, form a wild and numerous class. In the summer they may be met with shooting in the Sierra; in the winter, smoking cigarettes and gambling away their money in the lonely farm-houses, or olive lodges. Many of the owners of such places give these men a small present when

they are "hard up," and thus secure their goodwill and protection.

Some of the crimes committed are crimes which betoken a very low order and type of humanity indeed. Thus, in a waste about two miles from Alicante, last autumn a dead body was picked up—that of a full-grown man—nearly covered with stones and bits of rock, by which he had been beaten into a jelly. Every now and then a man will be brought into some provincial hospital on a stretcher, his face literally beaten to a pulp by blows with some jagged stones, or fragment of flint or granite rock. Yet, such a man, blasted for life, will constantly, with a keen but mistaken sense of honour, refuse to disclose the name of his assailant. He will rather say, "I will take my own revenge." On the 22nd or 23rd of November, 1875, on a road called Mount Olivet, in Valencia, the body of a man was picked up which had received no less than thirty-one stabs. This account was headed in the Provincial papers, "*Una barbaridad.*"

I have, you will have seen, been dealing chiefly with the accounts of crimes, published from time to time in the Spanish provincial papers, or openly spoken of in hotel or casino. Many, therefore, have been instances chiefly of crime in the agricultural districts. A few words may be said, in conclusion, as to (1) the nature of the crimes, (2) their penalties, and (3) their causes.

As regards the nature of the crimes, it will be

seen that they are chiefly those that require little skill and no perseverance. Such crimes as poisoning or premeditated outrages are little known; premeditated murder is rare; arson and rape are rare; burglary and the picking of pockets, save in Madrid, Seville, Cadiz, and other of the more civilized cities, are all but unknown. In fact, the crimes committed are those incidental to a wild and thinly populated country, to an absence of organized out-door relief which makes want very severe at times, and to a population of high sensitiveness and hot blood, with no check upon it in the shape of well-administered and immediate justice.

As regards the punishment of crime, Spain has been for some time under martial law. Every now and again a soldier, for being a traitor, has been *passado por las armas*—i.e., has run the gauntlet and been shot, and hundreds of disorderly characters are locked up, *sine die*, “by order of the military governor.” For robbery and forgery the judges give long and severe sentences, such as seven years’ or ten years’ penal servitude; the stealer of a watch would be sentenced to so many years or so few according to the value of the watch stolen; an assassin would receive from seven to twenty-five years of *presidio*; a murderer would be sentenced to death. But this last sentence is rarely executed. Every now and then a murderer is sentenced to death. He is in the prison chapel, pinioned, sitting, crucifix in hand, before the high altar, repenting, or trying to

repent before he be led out to the waste outside the city in the early morning to be garrotted, hanging having been virtually abolished by an edict of Ferdinand VII. Suddenly a reprieve is brought; the bishop and clergy have been at work, and his sentence is commuted to the *cadena perpetua*, or chain for ever. The enormous number of assassinations may be seen in the "murder crosses"—little plain wooden crosses stuck up in a cairn of stones, or fastened against some crumbling stone olive-wall, with the initials of the murdered man and the date of his death. Hardly can you pass a hundred yards from any wayside *venta* without seeing one of these. Crime among the poor is, I think, when detected, punished severely enough. Often the drunkard is beaten most fearfully by the police with the flats of their sabres—I have known a man's arm broken by the force of the blows, and another tied to a tree and beaten until life was all but extinct. Again, when men are sent, as is often the case, from the semi-tropical south of Spain to the bitter cold and severe quarrying work of such northern prisons as Valladolid, numbers succumb to the severity of the work, to the rigour of the winter climate, and, without sufficient food and little bedding, fall victims to pleurisy or consumption. The assassins are chained two and two, and work on roads, canals, etc.; but there is no "crank," treadmill, and the like, although the hours of labour are stated and the labour is at times severe.

As regards the causes of crime, I can only say, in enumerating them, that to me the wonder is, not that there is so much, but that there is so little. Those causes are—1. The very small and bad house accommodation of the poor, which, by herding grown-up sons and daughters into one room, does away with all idea of decency at an early age. 2. The sad absence of education in the rural districts. 3. The fiery nature of the Andalusians, who have so little patience or forbearance that the servers in wine-shops, etc., are all north-country Spaniards. 4. The absence of any true religious education. 5. The wide breadth of uninhabited country, affording every facility for crime of a certain class. 6. The scanty and not over-efficient police force. 7. The sense that there is no justice for the poor accounts for many assassinations. A man says:—"If I give him up to the police, I shall never see him punished; justice is for me slow, and not very sure;" so he takes the law into his own hands and avenges his own wrong. 8. Another fertile cause of crime is that justice is tardy. A murderer is not tried or condemned, much less executed, until years have passed after the commission of the offence. 9. The details of trials and the sentences are virtually suppressed; they do not appear, as a rule, in the pages of the public press. 10. The seclusion, ignorance, and isolation in which many villagers live, where an old grudge goes down from father to grandson, and no one has anything

to elevate his mind or change the current of his stagnating or vitiating ideas. There is a little town in the Province of Santander, Potés by name, which, until eighteen or nineteen years ago, was quite shut off from the rest of the world. Its inhabitants, from their ever-recurring inter-marriages, had become quite a race of dwarfs. On market days might be seen the priests (their concubines riding *en pillion*), with long black coats and high black hats, riding in to purchase the simple provision for the week's consumption—men of little intelligence and no learning, sprung from the lowest ranks. About eighteen years ago the Galician labourers, or Gallegos, from the mines of Galicia, swarmed into the town for lodging, etc., and since their colonization the population has increased in strength, stature, education, intellect, and morality. Their intellects, also, have improved — intellects which had been stunted, dwarfed, and ruined by frequent inter-marriages.

JEREZ JAIL.

A SPANIARD, making his tour of inquiry through England, would glean no knowledge at all of English national character from a visit to an English model prison. He would merely see law and order exhibited in their severest features, and the stolid rustic, the clever artisan, and the acute man of business reduced to machines for picking oakum to some purpose, or working on the treadmill to none. He would see the ploughman called, for the first time in his life, No. 1 and the fine gentleman No. 2 ; while the coarse prison dress, worn alike by one and all, would show him no difference of rank, class, and province.

In Spain, however, where a certain wild freedom, a certain respect of persons, is mingled with excessive oppression and tyranny, the case is far different. In a Spanish jail each inmate wears the dress in which he enters, which generally betokens his particular province, and certainly his station in life ; he is called by his usual name, and he is free to do as he likes,

whether his "like" be to work or to gamble, or to sleep the hours away.

Spanish prisons are of three kinds: first, the small house of detention, lock-up, or *cárcel*; secondly, the ordinary prison, or *cárcel* proper, where those condemned to short terms of imprisonment, and those undergoing or awaiting trial, are kept; and, thirdly, the *presidio*, or prison of large size, under military law, where all those who have been sentenced to a long term of imprisonment are kept under strict watch and ward. In this last, the convicts, called *presidarios*, work in chains, making government roads or renewing fortifications; some of these men are by accumulative sentences condemned to as much as 110 years of *presidio*. In the *presidio* the discipline is strict; the clothes worn are generally prison garments; the inmates, from hard work and hard fare, lose much of their national characteristics, and, therefore, it is to an ordinary gaol that I propose to make a visit with my readers.

The prison, which was formerly a convent, is a large, square stone building of three stories, with the usual *patio*, or spacious courtyard, around which it is built, with its modest cloisters that offer a walk sheltered from the blazing sun. Two soldiers of the line keep guard, with fixed bayonets, outside, and the same number within. In the prison, also, close to the door, is a guard-room, where a party of six soldiers, and a *cabo*, or sergeant, are dozing, or writing on the sloping

tables that form the Spanish soldiers' rude bedstead, and which are used both for writing and sleeping upon.

As I entered the quadrangle, which looked bright and clean enough, the following sight met my eyes:—About thirty clean, smiling young fellows, each wearing his ordinary clothes, and many of whom were smoking their customary *cigarillo*, lounging about or leaning against the wall, and chatting gaily enough. There was the peasant, from the wilds of the *campo*, his coloured handkerchief knotted round his head, denoting him probably to be a Valenciano or Manchego, that primitive head-gear being still adhered to in those provinces; the trim Andalucian artisan, in short jacket and striped trousers; and many wearing no article of clothing save a coarse flannel vest and white trowsers, the day being intensely hot. Just then a door opened, and two prisoners, called "*bastonero*"—men who have a separate room, and a few little privileges ceded to them for their good conduct, popularity, and physical strength, on condition of their acting as the *prepostors* in a public school, and preserving a rude sort of discipline among their fellows—entered, bearing between them a huge caldron of *guisado*, or stew. This they deposited upon the ground, and, without any pressing or confusion, each member of this batch of prisoners presented his wooden platter for his share of the breakfast. The quantity of this seemed to me greatly to exceed that of the

food given for one meal in the civil or military prisons of England; but it must be remembered that the appetite of the Spaniard of the lower orders greatly exceeds that of an Englishman of the same class. The Spaniard drinks little but water, but the bulk of the succulent vegetables and fruit eaten by him is surprising; half a pound of bread, an ordinary soup plate filled with stew, and a pound or two of grapes, would be no more than an average meal.

As regards quality, the mess of red pottage presented to the prisoners was very good. It consisted of gourds, flour, garbanzos, tomatoes, and lumps of bacon stewed up together to something of the same consistence as old-fashioned English pease-pudding. When each man's platter was filled, one of the *bastoneros* brought in a dish of small square pieces of bacon, and meted out two or three pieces to each man. This is the usual custom of the peasantry. I have often been dining with the family circle of a fisherman or labourer, and when we had finished the stew the master would rise with all possible gravity, bring the little pieces of boiled bacon and pork sausage in the stewing-jar, and carefully, beginning with his wife and daughter, mete out an equal share of these tidbits to all. It offends the family much if, after eating the stew, you reject the little piece of bacon.

The daily scale of diet for the prisoners I ascertained to be as follows:—

Morning, at 11 a.m., stew or pottage as above described, the ingredients being varied from day to day. Of this the prisoner has invariably more than he can eat. Sometimes it is made with rice; sometimes with *fideos* or vermicelli. Water, *ad libitum*; bread, good, 18oz.

Evening, at 5 p.m., *gazpacho*, i.e., lettuce, raw tomatoes, lumps of bread, raw onions sliced, floating in an ample quantity of oil, vinegar, and water.

But let it not be supposed that the bill of fare ends here. Each prisoner is allowed to be supplied by his relations with anything he may like in the way of food; and so at the grating of the Spanish prison one sees the dark-eyed, passionate, handsome girl giving to her unhappy caged lover half of her store of grapes, figs, or melons, or the careworn, tearful, grey-haired mother dealing out, on the same spot, morning after morning, all that, in justice to the rest of her hungry brood at home, she can spare from her basket of fruit and vegetables and bread for the one sheep of her flock who has gone astray. How often have I witnessed this sight, and heard from the mother's lips, "He is just as dear to me, for all that he has gone astray and is lost."

And so, although most of the inmates of this prison were of the lowest class, yet about one in every five was able to supplement his stew with a bunch of white grapes (now in July) just coming into season, or a small *sandia*, or water-melon, and a cigarette.

As these poor fellows took away their platters and their bit of bacon each one said to me, "Have you breakfasted, sir? If not, eat with us; the breakfast is regular (*i.e.*, ordinarily good) to-day."

A little cluster of them were kneeling down, I observed, in a corner of the courtyard, and when I peered over their shoulder to see what was the attraction, to my surprise they were feeding two tiny sparrows, which, they told me, had fallen out of their nest into the courtyard, and were now the pets of the *patio*! Certainly this courtyard, with its smoking, chatting inmates, cutting their melons, petting their tiny birds, in their gay sashes, and picturesque costumes, lit up by the bright sunlight, had very little of the prison look about it; and the gay laugh with which one of them addressed my companion, in whom he found an old friend, "Just a little affair of *borrachería* (drunkenness) brought me in here; I shall soon be out, and will pay you a visit," quite surprised me.

I found, however, that though there were many in the prison for grave offences, yet that these were only birds of passage, who, when sentenced, would be removed to the *presidio* to fulfil their several terms, the prisoners proper in this jail being only those whose sentences varied from one month to six.

From this *patio* we passed upstairs, and investigated the upper stories.

The sleeping arrangements, etc., were as

follows: each room was twelve feet in height, twenty-four in breadth by twenty-four, and lighted by one largish window, barred, but without glass; the floors were simply bricked, the walls white-washed; each prisoner brings his bed with him, and this *cama*, when transferred from the rude cottage to the prison, is called, in prison slang, *petati*, a word which originally meant a mat of fine cocoa-nut fibre: when a prisoner is taken, the first thing to be done by his family is to send him his rug, or *manta*, and his bed. These rooms are called the *dormitorios*, and ten prisoners inhabit each apartment, rolling up their beds (which are simply laid on the bricks, without any bedstead) to serve as chairs by day. No chairs of any sort, no movable furniture at all, save spoons and platters of wood, are allowed within the prison walls. Many of these poor fellows, I observed, retreated to their *dormitorio* to eat their breakfast. Some had a little image or picture hung over their sleeping place; some, but not above four or five of the whole hundred and five prisoners, had a second suit of clothes.

A Spanish prisoner hates to be without his knife, and although invariably searched if suspected to have one on his person, yet now and then a knife is safely smuggled in, in the centre of a loaf of bread. Of course the aspect of the whole place is singularly bare and comfortless, but this jail appeared to me perfectly clean; there was no offensive smell even in the infirmary.

The prisoners are classed thus : in one place will be ten murderers, or slayers of men ; in another, ten *transitarios*, or prisoners who are on their weary march to the *presidio*, and are halted for the night at the prison of any town where they may happen to find themselves, for these prisoners, be it remarked, are marched by Civil Guards from town to town, carrying their bed on their back ; and lastly those in jail for short terms.

All the inmates are allowed to walk about the cloisters of the especial story to which they belong, and sometimes they all meet together in the lower *patio*, on days when they see their advocates. No prison dress of any sort is supplied ; but should a man be a stranger, and penniless, the prison authorities sometimes supply him with a bed, such as it is, just sufficient to keep his bones from the bricks. In winter each man is allowed an extra rug. If any man has money on his person when taken, it is taken by the *alcaide*, or governor of the prison, who enters the amount in a book, and from him the prisoner can draw his money, at the rate of 10*d.* per diem, until his store is exhausted.

Another liberty allowed to the prisoners is that of a separate apartment, which is yielded to any one who can afford to "keep himself," or, as it is called, forego his rations. The rooms set aside for this purpose were perfectly bare and untenanted. They seemed to differ from the others only in having a larger amount of light,

and a good view of the busy street below. This licence certainly seems like the exhibition of the refrain, "one law for the rich, and another for the poor;" and yet one almost shudders to think of the ribald and obscene talk which must deaden the ears of any inmate accustomed to a purer tone of conversation than is usual with the Spanish lowest classes. With them blasphemy, obscenity, and swearing have long since lost their pungency, and perhaps—let us hope it is so—their guiltiness, for constantly one meets with a really good and honest fellow among the lower classes, whose conversation is absolutely interlarded with oaths most awful, and obscenity most revolting.

I may here remark that no prisoner, of any sort or kind, may have wine or liquors brought to him under any pretext, except when ordered by the medical man.

The *Enfermerid*, although somewhat dark, and, of course, comfortless enough, possessed six iron bedsteads, and comfortable bedding. It seemed well ventilated, the floor and walls clean, and the two men-nurses kindly and intelligent. Only one man was there, who was suffering from inflammation of the lungs; a fine black-bearded, stalwart fellow, and he seemed very delighted with our visit. Although evidently in much suffering, when I expressed the hope that God would soon relieve his pain, he raised himself on one arm, and said, "A thousand thanks, and may you be spared bodily suffering."

The medical attendant receives as salary £5 per month, and visits the prison daily. Of course, out of that modest sum, he is not expected to pay for the drugs which he may see fit to order. The *alcaide*, or head jailer, receives £60 per annum, and a house within the prison walls for his wife and himself. He should, perhaps, be dignified by the title of "governor of the prison." The six or eight *llaveros*, or under-warders, receive £40 per annum apiece, and rooms in the prison. We visited one, and found him and his wife really nice people. The chaplain visits twice a week: once in the week, and once on Sundays. He holds a *misa* in the church once on Sunday, and on every feast-day, at which the prisoners attend, but he rarely delivers a sermon. He also, I believe, receives a fixed salary. He confesses those who desire it. Auricular confession, however, is, I fancy, not very much in vogue among the class of persons who are found within these walls, although the Spanish peasant, instinctively true to the traditions of his forefathers, uses the phrase, "a man who never confesses," as a term of reproach. Thus, with the usual quaint humour of his class and race, a Spanish peasant said to me, in reference to a pair of savage hawks which I kept, and which made an onslaught on his fingers to some purpose, "*No me gustan: hay una gente que no confiesa*," i.e., "I do not like them: they are a people who never confess."

Holy Communion is celebrated at stated times ;

but the communicants are few. The Church in Spain strictly enjoins confession and participation in the Holy Communion, once a year at least, as absolutely necessary, and bids the heads of houses see that their servants fulfil at least this infinitesimal part of their Christian duties. No one is forced to confess, nor would a Protestant, if imprisoned, be forced, I believe, to attend the public service.

I visited the kitchen; the judge's office, where he sits and examines the prisoner, who is presented at a grating in front of the judicial desk; looked in wonder at the mass of documents piled up on the shelves, and then visited the dormitory where the four worst jail-birds lodged together. The warder said to me, "You shall now see four men who have bad papers; who have committed manslaughter or murder." I expected to see the villainous, low type of criminal character so common in England among those who commit such crimes, and was surprised when I walked in to see four cleanly-dressed, handsome, open-faced young fellows, two of them of enormous physical strength, who greeted me with a bright smile, accepted a cigar apiece very graciously, and asked if I would break my fast with them.

One of them, I believe, had killed a policeman; another had slain his fellow deliberately, and not in hot blood; a third, who surely had no place in such company, had been attacked by four men,

and killed one in self-defence. They shook hands with me on parting, and told me they were fairly comfortable.

All these offences were committed with the *navaja*, or clasp-knife.

Lastly, we visited the women's part of the jail. Its accommodation was exactly the same as that of the men; namely, the four whitewashed walls, the brick floor, a stretch of cloisters, or empty rooms, in which to take their dreary daily walk, the usual little beds, now rolled up against the wall to serve for a seat. Around the walls sat five young women, decently but poorly dressed; one, a handsome, dark-browed Cordovese girl, from the Sierra, who seemed no more than nineteen years of age, and whose magnificent black hair, neatly braided, would have reached to her knees, had a pretty little babe of nine months old playing at her feet. Her offence was that of being an accomplice in horse stealing, and as, of course, with Spanish honour, she would not betray her accomplices, she may have to suffer a long term of imprisonment.

According to Spanish law, or custom (which latter prevails more in this country), a mother may have with her in prison a baby at the breast, a good and wise regulation, surely, in a country like Spain.

The employment of these five women was sewing. The men did absolutely nothing, except four or five who took in a daily paper, and conned

in a dreamy way its uneventful details, and other few who knitted stockings.

One of the women was knitting a pair of garters—a useful article in Spain, where the knife is often carried in the garter by a peasant woman.

The average age of the men seemed from twenty-one to thirty-one. The majority were in prison for stabbing and robbery; one for forgery, one for rape, none for arson, fifteen or twenty for *escándalos*, i.e., disturbances; and about as many for drunkenness.

Among the curious customs prevalent in this prison are the following:—

Supposing a gentleman's coachman be imprisoned for a trifling offence, say drunkenness, and his master requires his services to take his family into the *campo* for an airing, the prisoner is allowed to go out for the day, his master becoming personally responsible for his reappearance.

Another curious custom is, that on Thursday and Friday in Holy Week a table is placed in the street beneath the prison windows, whereon the passers-by place their offerings of copper, silver, or gold, for the use of the prisoners who have no money. This is collected, at sundown, by a warder, and distributed equally among the poor of the prison.

A jail tax, also, is levied on the sellers of cattle in some places, which consists of the heads of all the beasts killed, to be boiled down into

soup for the prison stews. In the prison of which I write this was the case. I ascertained that out of the hundred prisoners only about eighteen could read or write, or both. The faces of the prisoners were not of a villainous type, but expressive of that uneducated, religionless phase of character so common, alas! to the Spanish poor, and which they themselves describe as *bruto*, *i.e.*, very animal!

The cost of each prisoner, ordinarily, to the *ayuntamiento* of the town is 5*d.* per diem; in the infirmary, wine and *caldo* (thin soup) are allowed when prescribed by the medical man.

There is in each prison a room for the executioner, called *el cuartel de verdugo*; the hangman is called *verdugo*; the condemned man, *el reó*; the hangman's rope, *la blanca*; to go to execution, in prison slang, *andar á la blanca*; to be on the point of execution, *amarrado en la blanca* (tied in the white rope). Hanging, however, although it has been resorted to in other days, has given place to the *garroté*, or strangling, which is the method of execution still in vogue where capital punishment is resorted to. The operation is as follows: The *garroté* is a massive iron collar, with a screw of enormous power of compression at the back. One turn of this breaks the vertebra of the spine, just below the head, and causes instantaneous death! The *reó*, or condemned person, is bound by a chain round the waist, and placed for a day in front of the altarpiece of the

prison chapel for prayer and reflection, a priest visiting him from time to time. He is then conducted, if near at hand, to the very spot where he committed the crime for which he is to suffer, if not, to some *plaza* of the town, perhaps to the market-square. He is attended by a priest, who prays with him all the way, and earnestly beseeches him to confess all and relieve his conscience. In his shackled hands the *reó* carries an image of brass, the *Santo Cristo* or crucifix. He is then seated on and bound to a strong wooden seat like an arm-chair, the iron collar is adjusted, the screw put on, and, in a moment, the neck is compressed into a mere elongated pulp, and the tongue and eyes loll out from the head. In some cases the body is left for some hours, in others it is removed at once. Capital punishment is not, however, as a general rule, inflicted. It is very difficult in this country, where manslaughter and murder tread so closely upon the heels of one another, where crime is so difficult of proof, and where life is set so little store by, to say when recourse can be had with good effect to such an extreme measure.

Two stories, one of which was on every one's lips some forty years since, the other which was much spoken of, shall here be recounted, ere we seek, in conclusion, to "gather honey from the weed," and glean some lessons of warning or example even from the barren courts of a Spanish prison.

Forty years ago a murderer was being taken out to execution in the precincts of the town of Seville. The priest preceded him, commending his blood-stained soul to the mercy of that God against whom he had sinned so grievously. In his hands the prisoner carried the heavy brass image of his Redeemer. Just as they neared the *garroté* the man said to his confessor, "I have a last confession to make." The priest turned, and, throwing the ample folds of his black canonicals over his own and the man's head, approached his ear to the murderer's lips. In a moment the man raised up the crucifix, and absolutely cleft the skull of his innocent confessor with one arm of the cross, and he fell dead. The prisoner got but one day's respite by this awful device, saying, "*Un dia de vida, es vida*" ("One day of life is life, at any rate"). Of that higher life which, even at the last hour, he might, through his Creator's mercy in Christ, have won his share, if but a little share, this fellow evidently either knew nothing, or thought nothing; and, indeed, we fear that even now thousands are sunk in utter hopelessness, utter indifference to the world and life to come. To smile, and love, and eat, and quarrel; to risk life, and to take away life; such, too often, is the round of life among the Spaniards of the lower orders.

The other story is of a very different kind.

A short time since, in a town of Catalonia, two men were led out to be garrotted. They had,

probably, murdered a Civil Guard or a policeman—offences which are still, as a rule, visited with death in Spain. The executioner despatched one, and was proceeding to fit the iron collar to the throat of the other criminal, when he found, on trying to turn the screw, that, owing to some peculiar malformation of the man's neck, the instrument would not work. The wretched prisoner was in intense agony for thirty minutes, when the executioner took the collar from the dead man, and endeavoured to make it perform its work on the other. In this, however, he failed; and the wretched man was taken back, alive, although badly mangled, to the prison. A telegram, asking for instructions, was sent to the Government at Madrid; and, with characteristic generosity, King Alfonso at once telegraphed back a remission of the sentence.

It may be said that we have learnt but little in our visit to the prisons of Spain. The sight of a host of one's fellow-creatures herded together, with no employment save talking, gambling, making stockings, and smoking, is a pitiable one; but if it makes us value more the elements of usefulness in our prisons at home—the work done by the prisoners—the instruction offered them, secular and religious—the privacy, which at least prevents the contamination which must ensue on the herding together of a host of human beings of the lowest tastes and habits, without any ennobling influence; if it makes us value law

and order, and strict meting out of justice to poor and rich alike, without partiality or respect of persons; if it makes us cling firmly to the institutions of our own country;—then, I think, our visit to a Spanish prison will have taught us one good lesson at least—to be thankful for our own enlightened administration at home.

THE CONVICT ESTABLISHMENT.

WE left the poor man in the common jail, or *cárcel* as it is called, leaning idly out of the prison windows, listlessly watching the gay crowd that passes, indifferent to and unknowing of his woes, along the street below.

It must be here remembered that in Spain prisons are of three distinct classes: (1) The *prevencion*, or temporary lock-up, where prisoners are confined for a night or two until they can be removed to the nearest *cárcel*. (2) The *cárcel*, or common jail, previously described. This jail is devoted to three classes of prisoners only; viz., those sentenced to short terms of imprisonment, varying from one to six months; condemned convicts on their march to the *presidio*, or convict establishment; and lastly, all who are awaiting trial—these last the most hapless and most to be pitied of all, for theirs is a perpetual state of suspense: they have “hearing” after “hearing” before the judge, are constantly remanded, so that thus a man may be kept in prison for twelve

months, and, at the end, be found to be wholly innocent of the crime laid to his charge. This system of constant remand is one of the greatest blots upon the Spanish system of justice, and one from which the poor suffer most terribly. Thirdly, the *presidio*, or convict establishment, of which there are some six or eight for men, and one for women, scattered throughout the Peninsula.

When the poor man has had his final hearing, the hour that shall decide his fate arrives. The judge sitting in his little office within the walls of the common jail, as is sometimes the case, carefully sums up. The sentence is then read by the *escribano* to the prisoner, and then proclaimed aloud at the portals of the jail. It is all over now. Wife and children, a weeping band, may come to see him for the last time for many a long day. He has, we will say, ten years of *presidio*, or penal servitude at Cartagena, Granada, or Burgos, or at any of the convict establishments, and to-night he will have to start on his march under escort of stalwart Civil Guards, or active intrepid carabineers. That hasty stab with the knife has done for him, and must be repented of, or, at least, atoned for by a long imprisonment. You will now see one of the brightest sides of the kindly and delicate character of the Spanish official. He has none of that surly, brutal bearing towards his prisoner that Bumble the English warder is prone to indulge. See how kindly he escorts the wife to see her husband, and never once stares in her face

to see the salt tears flowing down her brown, quivering cheeks. See how delicately he shuts the door upon the unhappy man and his weeping partner, that the other prisoners may not hear the sobs with which her bosom heaves, and would fain burst if it could—her heart is bursting already!

You wonder, perhaps, that this convict—for such the poor man now is—has such a sweet smile and such a gentle face: can it be possible that his hands are red with the blood of a fellow-creature? Yet remember these men, as a rule, are not the base, premeditating, calculating murderers who find their way to the gallows in England. Just as, among the Spaniards, good nature and good impulses take the place of fixed and steady principle in swaying their actions; so crimes, as a general rule, are committed not with premeditation, or fixed resolve for evil, but upon the sudden, all-devouring impulse of the moment; and the man who to-day stabs his brother-man to the heart will perhaps drag on his years in remorse—and sometimes repentance—to the brink of the grave.

If you followed that dark-eyed Spanish girl, now a prisoner's wife, to her home, you would find that her first action is to sit down on her rough chair, or rougher settle, bury her face in her hands, and weep alone for hours, with all the passionateness of her fervent nature: "*Ahi! Dios mio! Dios mio! Dios mio! Ahi! Ahi! Ahi!*"

This is the regular utterance in exceeding

bitter grief. You hear it on the still night air as you ride home from some Spanish mine, and as you halt a moment, you see a group of women, half frantic with grief, supporting one girl especially broken-hearted between two of them, who beat their breasts, waving their arms about as though in frenzy. What does it mean? The rumbling mule-cart behind explains it all; there has been an accident at the mines, and in that cart lies the blackened corpse of a husband, a brother, or a lover. No one who has not heard the Spanish woman's lament can have the slightest idea of its deep pathos, its burning passionateness, its evident refusal to seek or receive any comfort. The sound of this lament, now low and wailing, now rising to a pitch of impassioned frenzy, has often, when heard on some lonely road, borne far and near upon the still balmy air of the Andalusian night, brought to my mind that vivid passage in one of Sir Walter Scott's novels, where a stranger to the ways of the "land of brown heath and shaggy wood," shuddering at the sound that falls upon his ear, is told that "it is the Hieland mithers crying the *coronach* over the bodies of their slain."

After her cry, the Spanish girl will probably proceed to the house of some neighbour, and (the generosity of the poor to the still poorer being greater in Spain probably than in any other European country: to give half their house, to give half their too scanty meal to the stranger or suffering friend, is a part of the natural religion of the

Spanish poor) she will there arrange to sell off all her little sticks of furniture, in order, with her babes, to set forth to the town where the *presidio* is situated, that she may be near her lost one and see him from time to time.

A short time since, I visited one of the largest *presidios* in Spain, that of Cartagena. It contained within its walls close upon a thousand inmates, nearly all of the poorer classes, with sentences varying from one to one hundred and thirty years : not that in the Peninsula men live to the age of Methuselah, but that accumulated sentences are general. Thus a man will have committed three murders, and be sentenced to thirty years of chain for each crime, in all ninety years—the one sentence to commence and take effect at the expiration of the other. Of the convicts two hundred and four were sentenced for offences against property, and five hundred and ninety-one for offences against the person.

All were men, the women found guilty of grave offences being confined in a separate and special *presidio*, at Alcala de Henares.

Three hundred and forty-eight prisoners were agricultural labourers, two hundred and eighty-six of the mining class. One clergyman and twenty men of various learned professions were among the prisoners, the rest being journeymen of various trades, with a small admixture of master tradesmen. Six hundred of them could read, the remaining number knew not a letter. This pro-

portion shows the great strides at present being made by education; fifty years ago not one in three hundred of the Spanish poor could read or write!

As you near the huge, rambling building, which perhaps has served in its turn for convent, barrack, or monastery, the prison atmosphere begins to make itself felt. Little troops of men in rusty brown jackets, broom in hand, are being marched by warders home to the prison, other bands sallying forth to take their place. These detachments may be seen daily sweeping and cleaning the streets, repairing roads, and the like. They are not always chained, but have invariably an iron ring round each ankle. Here are two or three with numbers on their caps, smoking their cigarettes with the soldiers outside the prison door: they are good-conduct men, and are permitted a little more freedom than the others. The code of honour among these men is decidedly high: they would not when on parole escape, even supposing escape were possible.

The *presidio* of Cartag  na consists of two large, one-storied quadrangles, with lofty rooms and corridors above and below stairs. One quadrangle is bare of trees or flowers, and has a dreary, cold appearance; the other has its little enclosure of orange-trees, bright flowers, and graceful pimienta-trees in front of the house, and offices of the *comandante* and other high officials.

As we entered the double-locked and heavily

barred door of the prison, my companion, who was *au fait* with all the details of prison life, told me of a strange device in vogue among the prisoners to obtain money. A man has been sentenced to penal servitude for robbery. He writes a letter to the relations of the person robbed, or to the victim himself, and promises, on receipt of a certain sum of money down on the nail, to give him full particulars of the spot where he has buried the treasure. Sometimes an outsider is credulous enough to entertain the proposal and pay the premium, and, it is hardly needful to say, that in most cases search for the hidden treasure is made to no purpose.

You are kept waiting for a few moments after admittance in the *Despacho de Comandante*, or governor's office. On the door are painted the words "Justice of Spain," and beneath them the sword and scales. The room presents possibly one or two fairly executed pictures, which are the work of some intelligent prisoner, and have been presented to the governor as a mark of respect and gratitude, possibly for attention shown in illness, or some other kind offices.

Observe that the governor of the convict establishment is called *comandante*, as opposed to the governor of the *cárcel* or jail, whose proper title is *alcaide* (alcaide). The governors of these establishments are, for the most part, both in bearing and physical appearance, as well as in intellect and moral qualities, very fine men indeed,

and men who combine kindness of disposition with great firmness and determination. As is the case, I understand, with the governors of prisons and convict establishments in England, many of these gentlemen have been officers in the army or navy, and thus acquired ideas and habits of discipline, order, and personal courage.

The periods of penal servitude are—four, eight, twelve, sixteen, thirty, forty, and fifty years. One inmate was under sentence, by accumulation, of one hundred and thirty years' penal servitude; he had committed three murders, and as many robberies.

In this prison are also those sentenced to the *cadena perpetua*, as it is here called, which, in some measure, corresponds to penal servitude for life. This perpetual chain, for such is the meaning of the word, is the highest punishment, short of death, awarded by the law. The carrying out of the sentence of death does not attract so much attention as it does in England: here, life and death are but the roll of the ball; life is a jest; here to-day, gone to-morrow: *no hay mas remedio!*

Accompanied by the *comandante*, and one attendant, who takes care to walk close behind his chief, but who carries no arm save the sword-stick, which many private gentlemen carry in this land, we pass into the large quadrangle. Here, smoking, sleeping, very few chatting, knitting stockings, lie, stretched upon their rugs, some four hundred of the prisoners. Most of them

wear their ordinary dress, some few having the brown prison jacket and trowsers, supplied to prisoners once in two years. They press round you—

“Do, sir, for love of Christ, buy a pair of stockings, and God reward you with long life for ever.” “Ah, I see by your face, you have children; *por l’amor de Dios*, buy a cap for your last-born baby.” “Take this basket, only a dollar, as a present to the señorita.” Meanwhile the kindly governor looks on with a smile, half amused, yet forced to look a little stern the while.

Look well at these faces. Some, it is true, are bad, decidedly bad, of the low, abandoned, prison type; but the majority are not so. They have the vacant look of the Spanish poor in the rural districts; the heavy, wooden, mahogany-coloured face, the finely-built, somewhat fleshy, frame of the agricultural and mining population—faces that can light up at a joke, and would be alight were the men educated; but these, who lie about here, are the least educated body of the prisoners, men who do the coarse work of the prison, the arsenal, the roads, and the streets; who do not care to learn a trade, or how to read and write during their captivity.

They are somewhat dejected-looking: but utter indifference and apathy are stamped upon most of their faces; vacant and hopeless is their gaze. Yet some have kindly, honest faces; nay, they will even pass you a word of kindly greeting, or

do some little service as you pass along. Only a few are sullen, and turn away morosely from your proffered salute.

But oh, terribly depressing withal is this atmosphere—the thought that these men are, for the most part, condemned for crimes which, had they been blessed with their share of religious and moral, as well as mental education, they would never have committed: of moral responsibility, and the hope of a better, the dread of a worse world—of these they have been taught nothing.

Yes! terribly depressing is the sight of these blank, hopeless, sullen faces, whereon reckless daring, fierce, darkling passion, and sullen moroseness have set their seal; faces where ignorance is all too plainly marked, where natural instinct has been the sole motive power of life and being; faces lit up, in some cases, by the half-extinguished ray of that natural goodness, which, unaided by faith or hope, has been their sole redeeming power. Oh, terrible, silent protest against what has been in Spain—against the bigotry of priests, the apathy of statesmen, the selfishness of rulers—are these hundreds of vacant faces staring at you as though you were a being from another world more blest than their own, instead of the child of a common Father, with like hopes and temptations with their own!

But do not think, gentle reader, that the convicts are neglected, or suffered to be idle here. In the common jail, or *cárcel*, it is true there is no

system of industry, but then prisoners are placed there temporarily. In the large *presidios* of Spain, however, there is to be seen at work as complete a system of prison industry as exists in any European country.

And this brings me to the second part of my subject—

THE PRISON INDUSTRY OF SPAIN.

The principle on which the prison industry is arranged is as follows. There is no useless labour; no vile, heart-depressing, galling, cursed crank and treadmill system, as in England; no labour for labour's, or rather for punishment's, sake. I say, it is a sorry sight, a vile sight, to visit an English prison—say the Model Jail at Oxford, and see men working and expending labour on crank or treadmill, all to no purpose, when the amount of muscular exertion expended upon nothing, vanishing into thin air, and mortifying the prisoner, might very well be utilised in repairing a road or building a breakwater.

Pitiful is it, in military prisons in England, to see prisoners carrying shot and shell from one heap to another, and then “as you were,” carrying it all back again!

The Spanish industrial system is as follows: (1) Every man who knows a trade may work at his own trade and no other. (2) Every man who does not know a trade may be apprenticed to other prisoners who are experts, and thus learn one.

(3) Those who are too obstinate or too stupid to learn a trade must sweep the roads, and wheel barrows of stones, repair bad highways, and quarry stones.

Cast your eyes round the quadrangle. There is the barber's; here, the shoemaker's; there, the carpenter's; here, the basket-maker's shops, and so on. We enter the shoemaker's shop: here are some twenty or thirty plying their trade; but pass into the shop of the sandal-makers, and lo, here are well-nigh a hundred men at work, making strong hempen sandals for the Spanish soldiery.

I bought a pair of beautifully made sandals for eighteen-pence, and asked the worker how much he made by his trade. The *comandante* here interposed, and said, "He is a workman of the first-class; and has to pay thirty reals" (a little over six shillings of English money) "to the prison." A flash of colour mantled in the prisoner's cheeks, and he said, "To the State, you mean."

Each man who can work at a trade pays, according to his capabilities, a fixed sum from his earnings towards his support in prison; of the rest of his earnings he takes one-half himself, and the remaining half is reserved by the prison authorities to be given to him on his release. What does he do, you will ask, with his earnings, or rather that part of them which he is allowed to appropriate for his own use? He buys food, clothing, and other little extras, or stores up the money in his pocket!

Having bought some few articles of prison work, I had nothing left but gold. Never did I dream of the possibility of one of these poor fellows who surrounded me giving me change for a gold piece; but in a moment, observing my confusion, one of them said, pulling out a handful of silver, "Here you are, señorito; here's lots of change!"

The hours of work are, from seven to one, and from two to five.

After visiting the various workshops, we passed into the school-room. Here was an intellectual and evidently true-hearted schoolmaster at work. He is paid by the *comandante*, and his labours have been so well appreciated by these poor ignorant fellows, that in eighteen months eighty grown men who knew not a letter, when they entered the prison gates, are now able to read fairly well, and to write a little. This fact will give some idea of the slow, but sure, and steady undercurrent of good and honest work of improvement going on throughout the Peninsula, due entirely to the Republic and its Ministries.

From the school we passed to the dormitories and infirmary. Out of the nine hundred and forty-four men only nine were ill, and only three of these seriously. The dormitories are on the upper story: they are lofty, stone-flagged rooms. There is no cellular system, no idea of solitary confinement. Four hundred sleep in one long corridor, four hundred in another. Each man has a coarse and filthy mattress laid down on the

stones, and a rug to cover him. One washing trough only is allowed for each fifty men. There is no partition whatever between the beds. Order is preserved by one prisoner, in every twenty-five or fifty, being appointed a *cabo imaginario*, i.e., imaginary sergeant, and he keeps order in the dormitories. At 8.30 the "bed-bell" sounds, and the prisoners repair to the dormitory; at nine, a second bell rings, when "silence" is proclaimed, and enforced by the sergeants.

It seems to me well that the English and Belgian system of solitary confinement is not known in Spain. Were it to be enforced, I believe, from my long and intimate acquaintance with the people, that it would have the very worst results. In the first place, it would, I believe, with a gregarious and uneducated race like this, produce a vast amount of lunacy.

As regards the prison fare, it is very coarse, and, to an English palate, would doubtless be unpalatable; but it is very little worse than the ordinary home fare of the Spanish poor. Here is the scale, per man:—

Each day: 1 lb. white, or 1½ lb. black bread.

On Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays: Rice, beans, and chick-peas, mashed up into "*rancho*," with a small bit of bacon.

On Thursdays, Fridays, Saturdays, Sundays: potatoes, beans, and chick-peas, mashed up into potage, with oil, in lieu of bacon.—Two meals daily.

Some prisoners may supplement this diet by

buying fruit, meat, or sweets at the door of the prison; wine, however, under no circumstances is permitted, save by order of the doctor.

In the infirmary, I noticed a handsome, delicate lad, of about eighteen years of age, lying on his bed, with an attack of inflammation of the lungs.

"What are you here for?" asked one of my companions.

"Oh, only stabbing a lad. He struck at me first, however, so it was but just to return the blow."

"I suppose," said an official, "he simply threw some water at you, and for that you stabbed him!"

"As to repentance," said the same gentleman, "Good God! he knows no more about it than he does about God Almighty; both are blank books to him."

Lastly, it will be asked, what about indulgences and punishments? How many deaths are there in the year? Is there any ticket-of-leave system? What is the state of ventilation in the wards; and of language, amongst the prisoners?

First, as to indulgences. There is a band of music, formed amongst the prisoners, which plays daily in the centre of the quadrangle. Spanish hearts are easily melted by good influences, and if of old Arion led stones and brutes captive at his strains of sweetness, may it not be that a real humanizing influence for good is exercised on these rough, unkempt fellows by the band of

music discoursing sweet and pathetic strains to them nightly? Any how, the poor fellows all like the music, and gather round to listen.

There is also liberty accorded to some to save, by honest work, a modicum of money, and buy a little fruit, and other luxuries, at the door: the orange, the pomegranate, the prickly pear, the first ripe and last ripe figs, the *banana*, the sweet *batata*. A well-conducted and diligent workman is allowed to go out, and collect orders for his work; he calls at houses known to him, and gets an order for a pair of shoes, and so on. These men are called "foremen," and each day their wives or daughters are allowed to come in and see them, and bring them orders or materials for work.

Again, a man sentenced to the chain may, by good conduct, get the chain taken off, or reduced in weight.

Secondly, as to punishments. There is (1) the being chained to the wall, and kept, for so many hours, without food; (2) the having an additional weight placed upon the chain; (3) the solitary cell—for twelve or fourteen hours—rarely used; and a good sound beating with a salted sapling, often most cruelly used.

Thirdly, deaths per annum may be quoted at from 8 to 15 per 1000.

In cases of illness the wife and family of the sick man are, with few exceptions, considerably admitted to visit him; and, indeed, on all Sundays

and feast-days the relations of the prisoners are admitted within the walls of the prison to converse with them. As to the ventilation, I will only say that there is not the cleanliness of the English convict establishment; and that, sometimes, the prisoners' beds are placed in some position where a current of foul sewer air is passing, the sleeping in which must be fearfully prejudicial to health. The amount of cubic feet allowed to each prisoner is ample. As regards the language and conversation of the prisoners, it is very bad indeed. Coarseness and indecency are characteristic of the Spanish poor; with all their many virtues, their language is, to those who understand the real meaning of the words used, quite fearful from its obscenity.

For the most part the officials, viz., doctor, chaplain, and sixteen warders, live in or close to the prison.

As I passed out, our course lay through a room where thirty men were plying "fancy trades." The fancy-baskets, which they offered for sale, were beautifully made. Others made toys for children, and so on. One old, grey-headed, most astute-looking man, very respectably dressed, was getting up with his colours hard by and his tiny crow's quill pen in hand, one of those boards used as advertisements by the printer of cards, bills of lading, and the like, whereon are blended, running into one another, whole, and half-hidden, every sort of cheque, private card, and similar documents. This man had before him

specimens of different handwritings and language, English, Spanish, Russian, etc., and the way in which he had imitated them showed in a moment what his offence had been. I turned to the governor, with a look of inquiry. "*Falsificador*" (forger), said he, *sotto voce*, as we walked away. I returned, and bought for two dollars one of these specimens, the man asking for a specimen of my handwriting, in order to make some new English imitations, and for my name in order that he might emblazon it, against my next visit, on the board, or "picture," as he called it, which he had done, with the words "Dedicated to Mr. H.J. Rose, by So-and-so, of Cartag  na Prison."

He took real pride in his work, and executed it most beautifully. The cost of this article, as he truly said, is four dollars in the trade.

As we passed into the last court of the prison, we had a view of the prison pets. Here, a poor lad, from his lone charcoal-cutting hut in the wild Sierra, a child of ten years old, had brought his father a wild mountain fox, which strained at the leash, and darted about in all directions; here, a tearful-faced, dark-eyed girl had brought a tiny cage of birds; others their fruit and vegetables, little pledges to the minds of these poor fellows, we must hope, of a love still deeper than that of their suffering relations, and reminding us to regard them and their sins and sufferings with deep compassion when we think of their bad bringing up, their strong passions, their utter

lack of mental or moral culture. To many of these men, even from early childhood, evil has become their good.

I must leave the reader to form his own conclusions as to a Spanish convict establishment. To me it appears, in theory, very good; yet in practice, bad. But when one considers the fearful state of neglect in which Spanish convicts were left, a few years ago, to rot in their dungeon, the fact of the convict establishments having arrived, despite all the wars and misgovernment to which the country has been subjected, at their present state, wretched as it is, appears to me a good omen for Spain; a presage that, though to the superficial observer there is nought but "strife and debate," yet an under-tide of real good is flowing through the length and breadth of the land.

MORE ABOUT SPANISH PRISONS.

Two authentic notices, with respect to prisons and reformatories in Spain, have recently appeared in the Government papers of Madrid, and have excited much interest among the humane and charitable part of the population: the one, an assurance (printed in Madrid, and circulated throughout the provinces), on the part of Señor Villalva, late Director-General of Penal Establishments, that “he proposed at once to make a tour of inspection among the convict establishments of Spain, in order to find out what reforms were most urgently needed, and carry them out, where possible.”

The next notice, which appeared in the *Correspondencia*, the Government organ, October 9th, declared the following:—

“The Director-General of Penal Establishments, Señor Villalva, has under consideration the matter, how he may best improve the existing prison-system of Spain, and Spanish-African convict settlements, within the limits imposed upon

any reform by the slender state of the treasury at present. His desire is, to bring the Spanish prison system up to such a pitch of perfection as is found in those countries which stand at the head of civilization, and humanity."

The last notice, which appeared at the end of October, in the above-named paper, was this: "Señor Villalva is about to strike at the root of prison abuses, and improve the general state of the prisoners."

It would seem that Señor Villalva has entered, and been a witness to the loathsome and shocking condition of the old *Saladero*, or civil and political prison at Madrid; it would seem, also, that he has had his eyes somewhat opened, as regards abuses, by the disgraceful condition of the *shirts* supplied to the prisoners. *Eight thousand* shirts, destined for the inmates of the various convict establishments, were, in October, submitted to him for approval, and he found it necessary to *reject* 6400 of that number! Possibly also, there had fallen upon his ear, there had reached his heart—he bears the reputation of being a man at once clever and humane—the long, low wailing of the many hundreds of his fellow-creatures who, in many cases innocent of the crimes laid to their charge, lie in weary dulness, if not actual suffering, and pass their days amid the contaminating and degrading conversation of a Spanish prison.

It is earnestly to be hoped, that, when the Government has time to apply itself to the remedy

of abuses, the reform of prisons, and the establishment of reformatories for boys, and homes for the fallen, will occupy a large share of its attention. Strange, indeed, it is that in a country where vice triumphant is looked upon and treated with most toleration, vice fallen finds no place unto which to flee. The poor lad of thirteen years, who is noisy in the streets, creating an uproar, or who clumsily picks a pocket, is too often sent to some prison, where he must perforce herd with the worst and vilest of criminals, where his ears will hear, from morning until night, the most awful blasphemies imaginable. The poor girl, who has lost her purity, and yet would fain, if she could, become pure again, and like a little child, has no door open to receive her. True, she may become an inmate of one of those unhappy small nunneries, sparsely scattered throughout the Peninsula, in some of its largest towns, and which are probably simply nests of horror and superstition; but she shrinks, naturally enough, from the forbidding iron-barred gate, and the nun's dress that awaits her. Well she knows that, once within those portals, she can never again turn her back upon them, save to take the veil, the idea of which is abhorrent to her; or to marry; and, alas! what chance has *she*, a prisoner, of a husband!

Some idea of the severity of seclusion of these places may be formed from the fact that, during a period of many months spent in visiting hospitals, prisons, and houses of charity, never once have I

been able to obtain admittance to the home for penitents in the capital.

And if the lad of tender years who has done wrong must go to certain ruin in the common jail; and if the erring and suffering girl has no real refuge open to her—if, I say, this is, as surely it is, so—if their cries for help go up night-long to heaven and to God; what shall we say of the cries for justice of the hundreds—one might almost say thousands—of the Spanish poor, who lie in prison year after year, unheard, unhelped, and uncondemned?

I write as a foreigner, but as a sincere well-wisher to the Spanish nation. I write on prisons neither in haste, nor in any Quixotic spirit, but in order to draw the attention of the noble, the humane, the chivalrous, throughout the length and breadth of the land, to the pressing and urgent need of a reform in their present most oppressive and unfair system. I write, with many years' experience of the prisons of Spain—an experience not sought from motives of prurient curiosity, not gained without much trouble and suffering, and at the cost of many a heart-ache, but experience sought and gained because I deem it right that, in every country where a man's lot is cast, he has a duty to the poor, the injured, and the suffering around him; because I would fain do some good to a country to which I have become attached, and to whose inhabitants I owe a debt of sincere gratitude.

From the day when, in 1783, Howard the philanthropist sought and was refused admittance to the *Cárcel de Corte*, or civil prison of Madrid (a privilege which, it must be owned, that worthy man might have gained had he adopted the proper means thereto, viz., the commission of some trifling offence against the laws of the land), the mention of a Spanish prison has conjured up before the mind's eye a picture of dirt, cruelty, misery, and mismanagement almost infernal, and a picture not wholly borne out by the accurately stated facts of the case.

That there are crying cases of injustice; that there are vile forms of crime; that there are awful abuses in and connected with the Spanish prison-system, no one who has spent a year in visiting prisons, in becoming conversant with their inmates, and in studying the records of crime and the criminal classes, can for a moment doubt. But even from the Spanish prison system something may be gained of instruction as well as of serious and awful warning.

It is my desire to introduce both the English and the Spanish public to the prisons of this country, as they are to-day; as alas! I fear they may be to-morrow!

The word *prison* is, after all, only a generic, not a specific term. As in England there is the lock-up, the county jail, the convict establishment, and until recently there was the penal settlement, so now in Spain, there is the *prevencion*, the *cárcel*,

the *presidio*, and the convict settlement on the African Coast, called *presidios de fuera*, to which last the worst criminals are sent. Now, first of all, as regards the lock-up, called indiscriminately *prevencion* or *cárcel*. Most of the small provincial towns possess one of these. It is under the authority of the *alcalde*, or mayor of the town, and is in the hands of the Civil Guards and the town-police. This stone building, which you enter by an open-barred iron gate, against which some prisoners are idly leaning, smoking their paper cigarettes, consists of two or three stone-flagged chambers above, and the same number below stairs. The upper chambers are devoted to women; the lower, to men caught *in flagrante delicto*, who await there the mandate of the authorities, which shall either free, or send them to the nearest prison, or *cárcel* proper, there to lie, herded with a host of malefactors, until their trial shall be concluded—to lie there, it must be for years, and it may be for ever! For, alas, many a suspected person—his weeping, black-eyed wife, you might almost call her widow, coming daily to visit him—has, within my own knowledge, during the last two years, only been liberated after thirteen years of detention. Good God! it makes one's blood boil with just indignation that such acts of cruel injustice can be!

You will ask, how do the prisoners in these lock-ups fare? Very badly. In the summer, scorched with heat, eaten up with vermin; in

the winter, sleeping without either bed or rug upon the cold stones; with one meal per diem, of coarse *rancho*, or pottage, supplied to them; they lean against the bars, scoffing at the passers-by in the street; they curse, swear, gamble away their clothes, and call on God and Heaven and the omnipotent Virgin to deliver them.

They are kept there, perhaps for but a few days; perhaps for six or seven years. Their relations find them out, and bring them their bed and their rug; and each day—for the intensity of love among members of the same family in Spain is touching and beautiful in the extreme—some friend or relation brings the bunch of grapes, the loaf of coarse bread, the scrap of dried fish, the halfpenny packet of tobacco. The conversation is awful, made up of blasphemy and obscenity; the dirt, appalling; the allotted food, wretched. And, after all, are the men all guilty? No! Many are brought to these dens of filth and obscenity, merely as suspected accomplices of some crime; they are kept there, and thus hardly treated, *until they shall have confessed all they know*. With the women, the hard treatment, the exposure, the absence of decency, often bring about the desired effect, and they confess, and betray all they know. With the men, a good sound flogging, coupled with this bad fare, and all the rest of it, often extracts a confession. Wonderfully do the Spanish poor hang together. Believing justice to be, as too often is the case, oppression

and injustice, they are leagued against that law which has robbed, but never befriended them, they hang together like bees, and do all they can to thwart the authorities.

This is the natural result of the long-continued mal-administration of justice.

Surely some amount of decency, or even comfort should obtain in a place where the person detained may, by the morrow's examination, be proved innocent of the crime of which he has been suspected ?

Thus much as to the small jail, *cárcel* or *prevencion*. Cold in winter, burning in summer, ill-drained, ill-ventilated, the food supplied within its walls coarse in quality, and insufficient in quantity, it will be seen that this temporary prison has absolutely nothing to recommend it. The pure and good are there thrown with the impure and base ; the young lad with the hoary old blaspheming thief or assassin ; and thus, from these places, a tide of pollution and contamination is flowing perpetually throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Most of the small provincial towns have one of these temporary prisons within their walls.

The following is a fair analysis of the cases and crimes of the inmates of one of these places, containing forty prisoners, undergoing or awaiting examination at the hands of the judge. Horse-stealers, 5 ; stabbers, 7 ; suspected as accomplices, 3 ; disorderly, 8 ; drunkards, 4 ; run-away recruits, 3 ;

found “*without papers*,” 5 ; women, 8 ; men, 32 ; other five cases various. The class called “*sin papeles*” (without papers) or “*indocumentados*” forms a very numerous and hapless class just now in the prisons of Spain. Every one is, by law, obliged to carry a *cédula de vecindad*, or title of neighbourhood. This is a paper signed by two householders of the town in which you reside, and countersigned by the *alcalde*. Besides this, every young man must carry either (1) a certificate of his having served his time as a soldier, or (2) a certificate that he is, either owing to his being a widowed mother’s support, or to a physical disqualification, or from having drawn a lucky number, free from serving as a soldier. All found without such papers are liable to imprisonment until they shall have established their identity. Hosts of honest fellows, who are on the tramp for work, are thus kept in prison for days, if not for weeks.

Take this little jail on a feast-day, at early morning, when the brilliant sun first gilds its crumbling stone walls, and streams through the open portals upon the dirty stone-flagged floor. Divest your mind, for a moment, of the tales of suffering and of injustice which these walls, had they voice to speak, could tell, and the scene is most picturesque. Those of the prisoners who possess them are rolling up their *petacas*, or coarse beds, and placing them against the wall to serve as seats ; the men are making their morning’s cigarette ;

the two prisoners who are told off as cooks are bringing in the huge tub of *rancho* (pottage made of rice, red pepper, tomatoes, and chick-peas), and soon the crowd presses round, each man with wooden platter in hand, to claim his share of the savoury mess, the red pottage which delighted the heart of an Esau of old. When finished, friends and relations come to give a part of their own homely store of fruit, etc., to their unhappy friends; then in comes the "street letter-writer," to ply his trade. Be it known, that in the marketplace of each provincial town sits the wise man of the parish, his little table before him, covered with rough letter-paper and stamps. He composes letters for the poor who cannot write; writes a love-letter for the love-sick swain, or girl whose lover has "gone to the North;" enters the hospital to take the dying man's last message to his distant relations; sits in the prison to write to the relations of the prisoner; and, altogether, plays an important part in the affairs of the poor.

Should you be disposed to usurp his office, within the prison walls, your offer will be gratefully accepted, especially if you do it gratis!

From this small jail, we turn to the *cárcel* proper, or prison where those sentenced to imprisonment for short terms, such as a year, a year and a half, and less sentences, are detailed; these are found in the larger provincial towns, or, at least, in most of them.

These buildings are larger and better-ordered

than the last described. Many of them have once been convents, or monasteries; for Spanish buildings see strange changes—yesterday a church, to-morrow a guard-room; last year a monastery, this year a prison; and the stone cloisters, once paced by holy fathers, who shrank from the very touch of the outer world and the breath of its poison; and the courtyard, where once hung aloft the image of the Crucified, now paced and spat upon by the hapless sons of those whom they neglected, echo with the obscene jest, the most awful blasphemy, the oath that curdles the blood: and the whitewashed chambers where the pious slept, and prayed, but never strove to better the condition of their fellow-men, are now (strange satire that it is!) used as dungeons for the refractory, the *calabozos* of the ignorant or the violent.

It is not my purpose, here, to enter into the system of trial, but a few lines must be inserted to give a fair view of the sorrows of the poor in Spain. The suspected person, on entering the smaller prison, had, be it understood, a hearing in the office of the judge, personally or by papers. (I should say that, if merely arrested for a trifling offence such as brawling, etc., a prisoner would get a summary conviction, and sentence of a few days' or weeks' detention in jail.) Here, then, comes the first hardship: the papers are bad, or doubtful; the man must be remanded, and remanded he is, from week to week, or, too often, from month to month.

The judge is generally anxious to do justice, but his work is immense, his pay very small; and in trials where the documents bearing on the case multiply without number, it is absolutely impossible for him to do justice. Hence the cruel and oppressive system of constant remands.

But let us say that the poor man's cause is read through, mastered, finished, and that the judge has all but made up his mind to acquit or condemn him. Well, the expectant prisoner, whose wife and family are starving for lack of the bread-winner, and for want of out-door relief, rises on the day when his cause is to be finally settled, hopeful and expectant. Says the jailer to him (kindly enough, for the jailers are humane men), "José, the judge is changed: an order from Madrid has come, nominating a new man to this judgeship." And the new judge commences to wade through all the papers, and wholly new to this and other cases awaiting him, must take time to come to a decision. Thus the unhappy wretch is thwarted of his expectation, and becomes a moody, reckless, malevolent fellow, who believes in the justice neither of God nor man.

The judges are so constantly shifted, Heaven knows why, from one judgeship to another, that more than one judge, in a year, has occupied the same chair!

Another fertile source of injustice, connected with these frequent remands, is as follows. A man,

say, is robbed, and on his own responsibility gives the person he suspects into custody. Now, what follows? Until the *sospechoso* is convicted, the prosecutor is liable to pay for the prisoner's keep in jail! Or, if he does not pay all, at least he pays part of the sum needful. Assassins and robbers of a bad type are chiefly taken by the Government officials, who, as a rule, are very active; and, in such cases, of course the government of the town pays for the prisoner, and he is publicly prosecuted.

Knowing that he is liable for his keep in jail, the poor man very rarely gives the robber into custody; or, if he does so, he "retires from the prosecution," and leaves the matter to take its own course.

Regular assizes, trial by jury, the publication in newspapers of evidence and of sentences passed, are unknown. Castelar made an earnest and noble but ill-timed effort to institute trial by jury, but, although existent in statute, this noble institution is unknown in practice.

We must now once more betake ourselves within the walls of the common prison, or *cárcel*, after this digression.

There are from eighty to two hundred prisoners, of the following classes:—1. Those convicted by the judge and sentenced to terms of imprisonment varying from seven days to one or two years. 2. Those who have been or are being tried, and will be passed on to the *presidio*, or

convict establishment, or sent off to the penal settlements in Africa. 3. *Indocumentados* (see above), a very numerous class. 4. *Profugos*, or run-away conscripts, who will be sent to serve for a long period in the "Condemned Regiment" of Ceuta, a regiment which is made up of run-aways and bad characters, and, save in cases of great emergency, is hardly ever allowed to leave Africa. 5. Men and women awaiting trial, as described above, and whose proper place would be the smaller prison. 6. Condemned convicts, who are being passed on by the *Guardia Civil* from one *presidio* to another.

We enter the stone-flagged *patio*, or courtyard. The men are sitting, lying, standing about, idly smoking, seldom chatting. They are fondling a fledgling that has tumbled down from the roof; they are knitting stockings; they are petting a dog-fox from the Sierra. Some, but not many, of the faces bear the stamp of the adroit villain; more, that of the passionate, daring assassin, who will surely be sentenced to ten years of *presidio* for his act of manslaughter; but most of them wear a look of blank indifference, or utter brutality.

Separation at night is not the custom. The men sleep in batches of ten or twenty, in long, vaulted, brick-floored, or stone-flagged chambers. All around the walls are rough straw palliasses and the *mantas*, or rugs, their nightly covering. A *cabo imaginario*, or volunteer sergeant, keeps order in each room at night.

The few women, who are awaiting trial, sit in an upper chamber with much the same surroundings—sewing, knitting, or suckling their children; for, as male-prisoners are allowed the humanizing influence of a stray dog or bird among them to excite their interest and pity, and awake their better feelings, so women sentenced to small terms of imprisonment are allowed to have with them their sucking babes.

Discipline is preserved by a wholesome dread of the *calabozo*, or dungeon, into which a prisoner may be put for forty-eight hours, either to force him to confess a crime of which he is supposed to be guilty, or to punish him for having committed some breach of prison discipline. I once visited a prison whither had been brought a suspected murderer. The fellow was in the dark cell, crying aloud on God and all the saints, and blubbering like a baby. His probation finished, it was found that he was the wrong man, after all!

Now and then a knife, or some other deadly weapon, is smuggled into the prison by stealth; a fight takes place, and one or two are wounded.

Sometimes, as was the case in the same jail, the prisoner, from having only one meal in the twenty-four hours, and no bed, makes a desperate effort to escape. In the case to which I allude, with a crowbar the men picked a hole in the wall; and just as the aperture was large enough to admit the head and shoulders of the

ring-leader into the street, the Guards observed the move. Drawing their sabres, they rushed in, slashed right and left; and the results were seen during my visit in the bandaged heads, and arm in sling, of three of the prisoners.

But, as a rule, ill-fed, ill-clad, bedless, with depressing surroundings, with neither priest nor friend to visit them, the fellows behave well enough; you are safe in their company; and, if you bestow a cigar on each, they collect in an orderly group to receive the present, and when you depart, say in unison, "*Muchas gracias por la visita.*"

Their sleeping-rooms are sometimes on the ground-floor, and, in winter, are cold and damp for half-naked men to sleep upon.

Here is a typical bed-room at night: seven men and two boys caged in, with or without beds; a cat—the remnants of the mid-day's bread being pulled to pieces and eaten; the glowing ashes of the final cigarette; a dreary song half drowsily sung; a most unpleasant and unwholesome smell. Five of the nine will perhaps have a rug.

The women generally have a bed given them.

The food next commands our attention.

The principle on which men are fed in the *cárceles* is as follows.

The prisoner is asked, "Will you have an allowance from the authorities (the prison allowance) of fifteen farthings per diem, and buy your own bread, and pottage, or vegetables; or

the usual prison-fare, which is as follows: one meal per diem, consisting of twenty ounces of good white bread; one platter of warm *rancho*? ” *Rancho* is stew—oil, haricot-beans, tomatoes, etc., all mashed up together.

The diet varies in the different jails, as follows: sixteen ounces of good bread once per diem; two platters of *rancho*.

At five out of the seven jails where I spent the day, two meals were given. This shows how much is in the favour of the authorities. It is also just to say that in three the walls were cleanly whitewashed; each man had bed and rug; the floors were clean; the air sweet, and only four slept in each room.

Now, then, how is the prisoner to improve his condition? Any one will see that on four-pence he cannot live: so not five per cent. accept the offer. But where five live in one room, they accept it, club together, and share the common repast thus provided.

Next, every prisoner may have his last, etc., if a shoemaker, his needle and clothes, if a tailor, and so on, brought to him in jail, and ply each his several trade. The jail officials sell the work, and bring the man his money; he gives to his wife a few farthings, to the jail official part, and keeps the rest. The fruit-seller comes to the door, and he buys his oranges, tomatoes, radishes, etc., and thus ekes out his scanty store. Wine is strictly prohibited.

The master of a jail, or *alcaide*, receives from fifty to eighty pounds per annum; the turnkey, about 1s. 8d. a day. The wife of one of these last lives in the jail, and acts as female warder.

One master of the jail, four turnkeys, one female warder, and one policeman or guard, would form the staff of a jail containing fifty prisoners. Sentries from the regular army are posted around the prison walls. Two "good-conduct" prisoners do the cooking; the prisoners themselves sweep and clean the rooms and corridors.

When a man enters the prison as a prisoner, his knife and money are taken from him. As regards the former, it is forfeited; for the latter, he receives a receipt, and when he leaves, if freed, he receives it intact: if sentenced, it is placed to his account at the prison to which he is sent. So long as it holds out, he can draw 2½d. per diem for additional luxuries. But very few have many "two-pence-half-pennies" upon their person when taken.

While speaking of prison privileges, let me say, that a prisoner can be bailed out by a man of property, *i.e.*, one who is known not to be a man of straw. Indeed, whenever I have entered a prison with a gentleman of the same town, two or three prisoners have taken him aside into one of the corridors, and, in a whisper, begged of him to "stand godfather," as it is called, and bail them out. Of course, this can only be done before they are sentenced. Another privilege is, I fear, gained

sometimes by the bribe of a few dollars offered by the relations to the doctor; a prisoner gets a certificate that his health is suffering by the prison air and the confinement, and is liberated. But, generally, he comes up honestly enough, for judgment, at the required period. And a last privilege allows every man who can afford it, while under remand, to have a private room—a bare, whitewashed chamber—and to bring thither his bed and books. And this last appears to me to be a wise and wholesome indulgence. The punishment of sleeping with a dozen dirty men from the *campo* would be severe to a gentleman put in jail because suspected of some political offence.

The king's birthday threw a ray of comfort into some prisons in and near Madrid, when each inmate received a rug, a pair of sandals, and a sum of two reals; and a general reduction of severe sentences was passed.

The hospitals in the prisons are fairly good, and a bad case would be sent to the town hospital. The dormitories are good, or vile, as the case may be; but all arrangements of a sanitary nature are neglected. Nothing like decency exists. Each prisoner wears his provincial, peculiar, and oftentimes picturesque costume, as Government provides no special prison-dress for short periods, and there is no cropping of hair. The doctor receives a salary of from fifty to sixty pounds per annum, and visits twice a week. The priest gives no private ministrations whatsoever: never

preaches ; but says mass each Sunday in the jail chapel.

In one of the smaller jails visited by me, the oratorio, or chapelry, had been closed ever since the last Republic. The altar and altar-piece were finely painted and adorned ; the massive brass candlesticks stood dusty and rusting on the altar. The voice of prayer had not been heard there for years.

Once, only, do these poor fellows see any witness to their Church and their God, in the whole year, that is when, in early spring, the priests and canons, bearing the Host to the prison, walk in stately procession down the streets of the town. Then, balconies are decorated in honour of this magnificent act of devotion to the poor ; then, bouquets of flowers are showered upon saintly, shaven heads ; then, a band of music, and a guard of police clear the way for the succourers of the poor, the converters of the bad ! The oratory is opened and cleansed ; one hour's office, and the chapel doors are closed, to be opened no more, save to gratify some passing visitor's curiosity, until another spring ; the gorgeous vestments are folded up and laid by ; the altar-piece is veiled ; and religious ministrations are at an end for twelve months !

A great work of religious, or rather, *moral* reformation is needed in these prisons ; nay, it is loudly called for. That work, the Church, which does nothing save for money, will not do. It is to

be hoped humane *laymen* will take it up, and carry it out. That these fellows in prison, stupid, indifferent, and brutalized as they are, are open to good impressions, may be seen by the following anecdote, related to me by the vice-consul of a well-known seaport-town. Hearing one of his labourers blaspheming in the most horrible manner, he explained to the man, kindly and carefully, that in heaping curses on Christ, he was "cursing his best and only friend." The man listened awhile; burst into tears; and from that day until his death, never cursed his Redeemer again.

I can personally vouch for the truth of this anecdote.

It is my duty to devote a few lines to another, larger, and more important jail of the same class, viz., the well-known *Saladero* of Madrid. Lazarus always lies at the gate of Dives; and in striking contrast with the luxury, the glitter, the round of amusements, and ephemeral life of the capital, is the squalor, the darkness, the wearing routine of enforced idleness and hopelessness, the stern reality of bitterness of its chief prison.

Over the iron-barred portals of many of the country jails is written the touching maxim, "Abhor crime; show compassion to the criminal." I do not remember to have read these words over the door of the *Saladero*, when I entered it, to pass a day within its walls, on a hot September

morning. Certainly, if present outside, the maxim, within the walls, is forgotten.

The *Saladero* is an old, crumbling, grey-walled, straggling stone edifice, used as a jail for those condemned to short terms of imprisonment, a resting (or rather, halting) place for those condemned to one or other of the various convict establishments of Spain, or Africa, and also, as a political prison. It is, as its name betokens, the old "Salting House," used in the time when salt was a monopoly.

It is situated on rocky, crumbling ground, on the outskirts of Madrid. Sentinels are pacing around its walls by day and by night. Entering those barred doors on a Sunday or feast day, when visitors are admitted, the sight, as you pick your way, with careful feet, up the dirt-littered stone staircase, to gain admittance at the inner door, is a strange one—a sight, in truth, for the pencil of a Frith, the pen of a Hogarth, the satire of a Thackeray, the poetic talent of a Calderon.

What do they here, these poor, pretty, handsome, poorly dressed girls, with their baskets of bread, and sweets, and fruits? What do they here, these graceful daughters of Madrid, with steps high-born and stately, who sweep, past their poorer sisters, up the stairs, their rich black-silk dresses trailing on the stones, their bouquets of flowers in their hands?

Pass in; and you will see. Remember, this is

not only a common jail, or *cárcel*, but also a political prison.

Very difficult is it to describe, as it deserves to be described, the interior of the *Saladero*. It is a two-storied building; but there are vaults underground, where common felons are confined.

The iron gates swing back; your stick or umbrella is taken from you; you stumble down the dark, time-eaten, filthy staircase, and find, in the courtyard below ground, some twenty or thirty of the very scum of the capital herding together, smoking, singing obscene songs, lying stretched out on the stones, or, worse than this, recounting and boasting of their crimes. Some few are reading; for there is a regular criminals' cheap literature current, called the literature of the *Saladero*. I never, in my whole life, have seen faces of so bad and brutalized a type as those which swarmed at every iron grating. The place was terribly dirty; wet, dirt, and litter strewn stairs and courtyard. Thence to the sleeping places: vaulted chambers; half-moon apertures admitting a ray of light, just enough to show the filthiness of the place; stone-flagged floor, wet, and reeking with dirt; long rows of sloping boards, eaten up with vermin, along the walls, for beds; while only over one or two hung the dirty rug, which showed that the sleeper had some covering at night; the heat great; the smell insupportable.

We passed above; I was glad to leave so foul a sight, to gaze no more upon vice and sufferings which I was powerless to relieve, and breathe a purer air. On the first story were a number of small dark rooms. Within them, sitting chatting, breakfasting, or reading the daily papers by the dim light of a tin lamp, sat men and women—nay, gentlemen and ladies: the rich black coats of the men, costly dresses of the ladies, showed that these were the little apartments of the “*distinguidos*,” i.e., prisoners of wealth and position, placed here for political offences. Above, in the second story, some twenty boys—mostly pickpockets—were learning to read and write. In 1875 the ruffianly class in this prison broke out into open mutiny; dungeon-keeper, cook, sweeper, aid, prison-crier, all refused to work. The guards, however, made short work of the matter, and the riot was speedily quelled. The mutiny arose from the enforcement of some more stringent rules as to the *locutorios*, or hours and places of speaking with relations.

It is said that much of the false money in the country is coined within these walls. Indulgences are few; but a system of going out for a few hours on parole is allowed to the better class of prisoners, as well it may be! On the king's birthday each poor prisoner received a rug.

Such is the *Saladero* of to-day! And to think that men of high standing and office—nay, many virtuous men—have been there confined!

Those who read these pages will say, where are the women-prisoners? They have a separate jail, and by the courtesy of an official I was allowed to visit the women's prison at Madrid, and can only say that, although but a temporary prison, its condition does credit to all who are connected with it. Clean, sweet, airy, cheerful, with iron bedsteads, and ample bed-covering, and plenty of food, it leaves little to be desired. Some eighty or ninety women—chiefly servants—were here confined. If convicted, a woman is sent to the large convict establishment for women at *Alcalá de Henares*.

Just about the time that the mutiny was raging in the underground dens of the *Saladero*, the whole batch of prisoners in the large *presidio* of Seville, consisting of several hundred convicts sentenced to hard labour for terms varying from two to one hundred years, were drawn up in order. The commandant came forward; took the king's *Indulto*, or commutation of the various sentences, from his breast, and read it aloud, in a clear, loud voice that rung, while it trembled from emotion, throughout the quadrangle. The men listened in silence; then, when many who had served their *twenty* years, say, having been condemned for *thirty*, heard that they were soon to be free, a third part of the remainder, or one half, of their sentence being taken off, the tears rolled down the faces of these worn, hopeless, rough sons of crime; and when the reading was

concluded, a perfect roar of “*Viva el Rey Alfonso!*” filled the courtyard, and almost deafened the spectators!

CONVICT ESTABLISHMENTS, OR PRESIDIOS, OF SPAIN.

I have already described at some length the common jails of Spain, in which prisoners awaiting trial, or remanded *sine die*, or those condemned to short terms of imprisonment are confined. I now take my readers to some of the convict establishments, where those sentenced to longer terms of seclusion, or to hard labour, etc., are confined.

The best average specimen of one of those is that of Cartagena, where, when I visited it last autumn, nine hundred and forty-four prisoners were confined.

I will first attempt to give a bird's-eye view of the prison, and then some statistics, furnished to me by the highest authority.

The *presidio* of Cartagena is a stone building, with two or three quadrangles, not a stone's throw from the famous dock-yard and arsenal. Passing to it, the stranger hears the clank of chain, and the measured tread of convicts; and half a dozen prisoners, chained two-and-two, guarded by two warders, pass him. They wear a coarse brown jacket, and trousers of coarse cloth. Each holds up, in one hand, his own share of the chain by

which they are manacled round the ankle; and, in the other, the broom with which he has been sweeping the road. These are some of the worst murderers, men who are condemned to the *cadena perpetua*, or perpetual chain. Before entering its gates, one feels the influence of the depressing prison atmosphere!

These convicts are punished, as follows: for each offence, an extra 14lbs. of iron is placed on the chain, adding considerably to their difficulty in walking and working.

The gate is guarded by a picket of soldiers of the line; this passed, you enter the office of the *comandante*, or chief of the *presidio*, which is hung with paintings, rude ornaments, etc.—presents offered to him by the prisoners, either as a mark of gratitude or, possibly, to try and gain some little indulgence.

You ask permission to spend the day among the prisoners; and it is courteously given, one attendant, with no arm but an ordinary sword-stick, accompanying you. At the inner gate, haggling with the prisoners about the price of prickly-pears, which, being cheap as dirt, form the prisoner's luxury in autumn, as *bellotas de la Sierra* (mountain acorns) form his Christmas luxury, sit a few girls and children in their flaming, gaudy, red and yellow Murcian dress. Within, lying on little rugs, sacks, or blankets, sleeping and smoking, rarely conversing, were about one hundred and fifty rough, stupid-looking fellows,

evidently *campo* men (country-men), each wearing his working dress, and generally unkempt and rugged. Many of these were in for two years, for thefts. Some twenty or thirty were knitting stockings; eight or nine, weaving baskets of reed or esparto-grass. Mingling with the dull and motley throng, they told me they were not badly treated; wanted a little more money for tobacco—"a cigar, for God's sake!" Given, the rejoinder was, "God will repay you; the blessed Virgin give you good health for ever!"

These men appeared to me to be of the lowest and most ignorant class, as witness the following answers: "I am two Napoleons:" "I am two and a half dollars." The lowest class in Spain reckon their ages by reals, the current coin; and thus, two Napoleons means thirty-eight reals, *i.e.*, thirty-eight years of age; two and a half dollars means fifty years! This reckoning would puzzle one unused to the Spanish poor; but, as an index of character, it is interesting: a sordid love of money, a thought for nothing but money, a love of having, without working for, money—this, alas! is a characteristic of these classes.

All around the courtyard are spacious rooms—rather dark, pitched with stones, and sufficiently cold in winter, but not dirty or uncomfortable—wherein shoemakers, tailors, smiths, basket-makers, carpenters, etc., are at work. You enter one, that of the sandal-makers for the army, and in a moment a dozen men have clustered round

beseeching you to buy. Fifty men were in one shed, making these hempen sandals.

Money again! The turnkey stands quietly by, smoking his cigar; you pay the sum asked for the pair of sandals, and as you pass on, he says, "*Ca!*—you might have got them for one half the sum you have given!"

The priests have set the example of grasping, grovelling, and even lying for money; the poor, their apt disciples, have followed it only too readily; and there is now, throughout Spain, hardly a man who will not, if he can, cheat you in this way. This is what a bad Government has made of the noblest people under God's sun.

Money is the god and the only god of the Church and the people. There is not a poor man who makes you a present of a small gin-barrel (*barilita*) who will not come to your house to-morrow, saying, "Let me have it painted for you!" and, when you accede to his request, he gets the work done by some son, or brother, and charges you for the painting, the price of the whole thing!

The present, therefore, is no present; or, at least, one you have to pay for dearly. How should the poor do otherwise? The Government, selfishly cruel, set the first example. A poor man must pay, on the salt-cod he is taking to his wife or mother, a penny for every four fish. The rich merchant, who lives in Cadiz or Malaga, and receives from England goods (eatables and drinkables) of the value of £300 has £90 to pay as war-tax and

custom-house dues upon them! This last case, happened within my own knowledge, and within the last two weeks!

Then, the priests do nothing—save for money. They never visit the poor; they give them no burial at all if they cannot pay; even baptism and the Holy Sacrament are only given to the poor when paid for.

And, following in the wake of the worthy (?) Government, and the still worthier Church, come the rich gentry and noblemen of Spain. Of these, there is hardly one man in two hundred who has the slightest care for the poor. They seldom give alms, save at the door; as to giving work to the starving poor—and starving they are, God knows—it is a thing unheard of!

Thus, by the oppression of the Government; by the cruel levies of the Church; by the utter indifference and vile selfishness of the rich and the great, the poor are driven to desperation, and often are impelled to rob by sheer hunger!

The sheds full of workers at their various handicraft, presented a busy and interesting spectacle. The men appeared contented, and, in some cases, even cheerful; and a good sign was, that there seemed among them a generous rivalry and emulation as to which could turn out his work most neatly done; and, as a rule, the goods they proffered for sale were exceedingly well made.

One shed, called “miscellaneous,” struck me

particularly: it was filled with men making various articles of *vertu*. One, a forger, who was undergoing a sentence of sixty years' confinement, was painting lithographic specimen boards, for sale to the various card-shops; and very beautifully were they executed. The dormitories, above stairs, in each of which sleep four hundred prisoners, although rather dark, and flagged with stone, were not dirty. Each man has a rough mattress, and a brown rug for bedding. At 8.30 they are marched to bed; at nine, the overseers, or sergeants (themselves prisoners) proclaim silence. Each man receives a rough night-shirt, and a certain amount of clothes, roughly made and insufficient, every two years, or, if needed, more frequently. But many struck me as wretchedly clad.

At six in summer, seven in winter, the men rise; at 11 a.m. have their first meal; at 6.30, their second and last.

The diet is as follows: 1 lb. or $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. black bread per diem; stew, with small piece of coarse bacon—or, in lieu of bacon, oil.

In the hospital, one young ruffian, of eighteen years, burst with laughter on telling me he had murdered a man with the knife. I never saw a more daring-looking young villain. He was undergoing six years' imprisonment with hard labour.

Various maxims, images, pictures, adorned the hospital walls; such maxims as "Bear thy chastisement patiently, and God will be gracious to you," etc.

The herding together of a lot of old and young, of unbridled passions, leads constantly to quarrels and fights. The solitary system I deem to be unfit for the Spanish character—it would, I am convinced, lead to lunacy; but a certain amount of privacy might be secured. Bullying the weak is carried on to a fearful extent. In visiting one of these large convict establishments, two horrible sights presented themselves. Several of the beds were placed just over the *cabinets d'aisance*, and the stench in which some twelve of the felons had to pass the night was amply sufficient to create a fever, or vomit. The other abuse was, the filthy state of one den in which those temporarily detained were confined: the stench was fearful, the floor one reeking mass of filth.

The schools for the prisoners in the *presidio* of Cartagena, are exceedingly well managed; and the school-masters struck me as at once kindly and intelligent. Sixty-nine men were learning to read and write. In the eighteen months past, eighty had learned, and could read the papers. But, alas! beyond a few school-books—or the papers which they are allowed to buy—there is not a book or pamphlet for them to read: a most crying evil. One of the causes that now operates most injuriously on the Spanish poor, is the absence of an amusing and wholesome cheap literature. A society like the Christian Knowledge Society, if once established in this country, now that educa-

tion is on the increase, would effect a marvellous reform among the lower classes.

Most of the work of the prison is done by the prisoners. In a prison of, say, eight hundred, the staff of paid officials would be about sixteen, exclusive of the commandant, two doctors, and two chaplains.

Two striking sights may now and then be witnessed within the walls of one of those *presidios*.

On feast-days, a brass band (of prisoners) plays its way into the inner court-yard, and there takes its stand. From workshop, and sleep, and smoke, the motley groups come hurrying to catch this little gleam of light in their dull and weary lives. They form an orderly semicircle, beat time, sing a little, and thoroughly enjoy the blare and rattle of their rough music.

The other sight is of a sadder character. At night a prisoner, under sentence of death on the morrow, is pinioned, handcuffed, and a crucifix put between his bound hands. He is led to the chapel, seated in front of the altar, a clergyman receives his confession, and he then sits through the weary night-watches, waiting for that sun to rise, of which his eyes may never behold the setting.

The capital sentence, however, even at this last awful moment, is constantly, by the intervention of the Church, commuted to that of the *cadena perpetua*, by a telegram from the king; thus, the

other day, the following paragraph appeared in the Madrid papers: "The Alcalde of Valencia, in the name of the town council, sent yesterday a telegram to court, asking an *indulto* for Antonio Pastor, who was in the chapel, awaiting his execution on the morrow. Following the dictates of his generous heart, His Majesty King Alfonso commuted the sentence to that of the perpetual chain."

Sentence of death is rarely, however, carried out, save by the summary process of shooting a prisoner on the march, by the Civil Guard: and, when one considers that a man may be for a year or two on trial for his life; that all indignation has subsided by the time the execution takes place; and that little or no publicity is given to the trial by the press, it may be a question whether, in the present state of the law, the carrying out of the capital sentence in any other way than that of the summary shot would have any marked effect for good.

The capital sentence is carried out by the *garroté*, the prisoner being pinioned and strangled in a waste spot outside the city. It takes place at sunrise, and is in public.

The general prison-system seems to be as follows: Each convict has the option of working at his own trade; but if a criminal of a bad class, sentenced to manacles, temporarily or for ever, he has to work on the roads, in the arsenal, and the like, for a while, at hard labour. Each prisoner is

thus supposed to be self-supporting, and his gains are thus divided :—

If a first class workman he pays to Government 30 reals per month ;					
„ second	„	„	„	20	„ „
„ third	„	„	„	16	„ „

the remainder of his monthly earnings being thus divided—a part placed to his credit in the savings' bank; the remainder given to him to purchase what he may need, in the way of food and clothing.

The following is a list of the questions I asked, with answers appended.

I. How often, in this prison, are the relations of prisoners allowed to come and see them?—Sundays and feast-days always; but the wives of the principal convicts come daily at nine and four to bring them materials for work, and orders from any one in the town.

II. Is there anything corresponding to the ticket-of-leave system? and can a prisoner become free before his sentence has expired?—No.*

III. Do many die in the prison?—Very few : perhaps one per cent. per annum.

IV. Do the prisoners save money?—Yes; those who work.

V. Do they gamble?—Not allowed or supposed to exist.

* For all this, hundreds *do* get free before the expiration of their sentence, by royal indulgence, or for ill health, or through the interest of friends. Only the poorest and most friendless die in prison.

VI. Are the prisoners often refractory? and do they fight and quarrel?—No; generally well-behaved. Fightings, and even deaths, however, have been known.

VII. What are the punishments?—Dungeons, and chaining to the wall without food or bed, and other minor punishments, such as flogging.

VIII. Any such thing as hard labour, answering to our crank and treadmill?—Nothing of the kind.

IX. Do the prisoners buy much food for themselves?—No; very little.

X. What are the rewards for good conduct?—Good-conduct men are made foremen; those sentenced to a period of chain, have it taken off; permission is given to communicate with their family; cleaning duties are taken off; sometimes the convict may communicate with his family as an *indulto* (freely).

XI. Under what circumstances may prisoners go out of the prison?—Chained; for any special purpose, and with a guard, foremen and good-conduct men go out to get work.

XII. Where are buried those who die?—In the public cemeteries.

XIII. As to inspection of prison?—Judge's inspection every six months; that of commissioner, every month.

XIV. Are some prisoners better off than others?—Equality is the law for all; those who are good workmen are of course best off.

XV. Of the 944, how many can read and write?—Five hundred and ninety-nine.

XVI. From what ranks do the convicts chiefly come?—348 agricultural labourers; 286 miners; 30 blacksmiths; 29 woollen-workers; 29 bricklayers; 6 men of letters; 1 officer in army; 1 priest; 3 Carlists; 6 cantonals. The rest are men of various trades: butchers, bakers, tailors, fishermen, etc.

XVII. What is the proportion of married to unmarried men?—398 bachelors; 482 married; 64 widowers; total, 944.

XVIII. For what offences are most of them confined?—For offences against the person (*i.e.*, stabbing and violence and robbery), 591; for military offences, 42; for arson, 1; for rape, 1; for offences against public order, 29; rest, various.

XIX. Give me some account of the terms of imprisonment remaining before expiration of the sentence of each prisoner?

The following table was put into my hand:—

Those whose sentences expire within 6 months...	39
" " " 1 year ...	26
" " " 2 years ...	63
" " " 4 " ...	110
" " " 8 " ...	227
" " " 12 " ...	283
" " " 20 " ...	171
" " " 30 " ...	13
" " " 45 " ...	8
" " " 60 " ...	4
" " " " "	
Those whose sentences are more than 60 years ...	7

And 48 are in for their natural life, making up the total number of 944.

XX. Give me some account of the several ages of prisoners ?

Under 20 years	15
„ 25	„	133
„ 30	„	195
„ 35	„	135
„ 40	„	126
„ 45	„	109
„ 50	„	78
„ 55	„	56
„ 60	„	43
„ 65	„	26
„ 70	„	20
Over 70	„	8
Total					944
Number of those who work					902
Useless					42

The *presidios* in Spain best known are at Seville, Granada, Cartagena, Burgos, Valladolid, and Alcala.

The *presidio* of Valladolid has a most unenviable notoriety: the climate is fearfully severe in winter; the work (chiefly quarrying) is very hard; the diet, bad. Many die of cold, and pulmonary diseases. I knew a case of a fisherman, a young fellow, who drew his knife upon a carbineer in a southern seaport, in a drunken fit. For this, he was sentenced to ten years of *presidio*. Having no one to speak in his behalf, he was marched from Cadiz to Valladolid; and in three weeks had died of inflammation of the lungs. The way in which the prisoners are taken to their destined

place of confinement is also very severe and trying : be it ten miles, or four hundred, they have to walk the whole distance on foot, doing it at the rate of ten to fifteen miles daily, according to the distance of the nearest prison or lock-up on the line of march. The prisoners start, guarded by the Civil Guards, who conduct them to a prison, say, fifteen miles off, on the line of march to the *presidio*. They hand them over to the jailer, receive a "receipt," and return. Next morning, two of the *Civiles* of the town take the prisoners on to the next prison, and so on.

Any one who has money, and can afford to pay railway fare for himself, and railway fare and return for two Civil Guards, is at liberty to go by rail.

During the "halt" for the night the prisoners fare hardly indeed. Constantly they have no bed : and a crust and a morsel of pottage is all their food ! All this part of the system I look upon as cruelly and needlessly severe, and even, at times, barbarous.

Now and then, on the march, a man tries to escape ; but he is sure to fall beneath the unerring fire of the *Guardia's* rifles !

A few lines relative to the various sentences passed, and the proportion borne by them to the crimes committed, will be expected of me ; and I therefore attempt an outline of this matter with much diffidence.

There are, in most of the convict establish-

ments, two separate classes of prisoners; viz., those who have been sentenced under what is called "the old (or ancient) penal code" (they are, however, but few in number), and those sentenced under the existent code.

Under the old code, there were three scales of punishment: first, for lighter offences, a term of "*correccional*," or imprisonment, varying from one to six years; secondly, hard labour in the Peninsula; and, lastly, for bad crimes, hard labour in Africa.

Under the existing code, the scale of punishment is as follows:—

For the worst crimes, such as murder or manslaughter, a prisoner may be sentenced to death, or the *cadena perpetua* or *cadena temporal*, i.e., perpetual or temporary chain.

The felons work for the State; they always carry a chain from the waist to the ankle; are called "*confinados*;" and, unless by good conduct they gain the privilege of the chain being taken off, they are allowed no help from without, and, I believe, may not even purchase provisions. I am led to believe that they cannot gain any wages.

When once a man is thus sentenced, he is sent to any *presidio*, whether in Spain or in Africa.

For bad, but not the worst, crimes a prisoner may be sentenced to *reclusion perpetua* or *temporal*, in which case, I believe, he cannot be taken out of the Peninsula, and may work at his own trade.

Next, there is what is called *presidio mayor*, and

presidio correccional. These are for men sentenced for very bad, but not the worst crimes. They work, not by choice, but *de fuerza* (by force), inside the *presidio*, and the money they gain is thus applied : (1) to repay the civil responsibility of their crime ; (2) to pay for their keep ; (3) what is over is put into the prison savings' bank, and honestly handed to them when, their term of durance expired, they are set at large.

Lastly, some are sentenced, for lighter crimes, to *presidio mayor*, and *presidio correccional*. These men work at their own trade ; and, a part of their gains being taken for their expences, the rest remains their own.

Now, then, it will be asked, what is the difference between *presidio mayor* and *presidio correccional* ; and between *prision mayor* and *prision correccional* ?

The difference, I answer, is in the duration of the sentence passed.

The sentence of *presidio mayor*, or *prision mayor*, varies from six years and one day to twelve (12) years ; that of *presidio correccional* and *prision correccional* from six months and one day to six years.

No prisoner sentenced to *correccional* can be taken out of the Peninsula.

It will be seen that in theory the Spanish system is vastly superior to that in vogue in England.

It is, on paper, the most beautifully graduated

scheme conceivable. For, here we have, in the same prison, four distinct classes of felons, undergoing four several classes of punishment.

First, the murderer, in the first degree (*de la primera marcha*, as we say here), chained, without luxuries, working for the State, with a possibility of his chain being taken off if, by a long course of good conduct, he shall prove himself worthy of the indulgence.

Secondly, we have a class, not so bad, working within the prison walls, and yet not allowed to purchase luxuries, etc.; but not forced to hard labour on road and canal, in arsenal and dockyard, like the last; but still forced to work at a trade.

Thirdly, we have those sentenced to mere detention, who yet, to live, must work at something.

And, *fourthly*, we have a class who are confined, but who work at their own several handicraft, and merely forfeit a third part of their earnings.

Not wielding the pen of the "ready writer," but being merely a compiler of facts, I leave it to abler hands than mine to descant upon the merits of so delicately graduated, and so beautifully proportioned, a code of sentences.

But, like all things in Spain, the theory is perfect, the working defective.

The laws of the Peninsula are unequalled, as written; as administered, they are faulty and unequal.

I have now taken my reader from the lock-up to the jail; from the jail to the convict establishment. With me he has shared the unhappy felon's mess of red pottage; he has seen the prison chapels unopened, the images dusty and rusting; the battles with the knife within the prison walls; the prisoners gambling, day and night, until some have gambled away all their rations, and are foodless for forty-eight hours; the utter want of occupation in the jails, and absence of any *private* ministrations of religion in the large convict establishment (alas! alas! of what value is one mass said, per week, in Latin to poor brutalized men who do not even understand their mother-tongue?), and has seen even the public saying of the *misa* denied by the Church in some of the jails or smaller prisons.

If any one is curious as to the sentences pronounced, I can but tell him that, murder is punished with from seventeen years, four months, and one day to death; rape, with from six months and one day to four years and two months; robbery, very much according to the value of the articles stolen.

In proportion to the population, the number of criminals in the various jails, prisons, and convict establishments is enormous; but marvelously few women are found in prison.

It only remains for me to take my readers across the "silver line" that separates sunny Spain from still sunnier Africa, ere I say Farewell; merely

asking them to take henceforth an interest in all that relates to Spanish prisons and the criminal classes of Spain.*

THE SPANISH-AFRICAN PENAL SETTLEMENTS.

Passing on my way to visit the Spanish-African penal settlements,† to which are sent the dangerous assassins, the authors of repeated robberies, the Cuban revolutionists, and the determined murderers from every town in Spain, I stayed to visit the jail of a small town by the way, and there found the already-told tale of injustice and oppression realized to the full. The inmates were but twenty-one in number; ragged, dirty, covered with vermin, left without

* The following statistics from the *Gaceta* are official:—

On the last day of March, 1877, the penal population of Spain numbered 14,937 men, and only 634 women.

Of this number only 5,821 knew how to read; and only 13,265 were able to work. Of these 13,265, 3,217 worked at their several trades, and 3,479 on public works, such as road or canal making.

Of these prisoners, 7,948 were under sentence for offences against the person; 4,061 for offences against property; 900 for offences connected with military service; 567 for offences against public order; 308 for forgery; 216 for offences against the public safety; 169 for certain classes of embezzlement; 80 for corruption in public employ; 76 for arson; 67 for rape and indecent assault; 63 for State offences; 57 for reckless conduct and attempted suicide; and 5 for confirmed vagrancy. Of the whole number 924 were sentenced to penal servitude for life!

† I beg here to offer my thanks to the authorities of *The Times*, by whose liberality I was enabled to extend my prison researches to Spanish Africa.

human aid or help to rot away slowly and without hope to the grave. There were two Gibraltar lads, who had been eleven months under lock and key awaiting trial; one old grey-haired respectable-looking peasant, who had been a prisoner for five years. I asked of him his crime, and he said, "*Una muerte*," i.e., a death. "I did not do it, but my two sons did. I let them escape; for a man does not give up the children of his blood (*los hijos de su sangre*; and here I shall be for ever."

"And where are they?" I asked.

"*Andando por el campo: que sé yo, hombre!*"

In two of the cells, which were filthily dirty, were six prisoners confined. They crowded to the grating for a cigar. They had no beds to lie upon. The cell was nearly pitch dark, the floor exceedingly damp. They were awaiting trial. In one of the cells was a tidy-looking man, neatly dressed, hiding his face and crying. Up from the floor, his great black eyes staring quite savagely, rose a fine-looking old Malagueño, his tattered bright-coloured rug coiled over his head and shoulders. The man looked so utterly inhuman, so like a wild beast, that I half feared his teeth in thrusting a cigar through the gratings. But he took it thankfully enough, saying, with a bitter irony, "Here you have your house. Will you partake of bread?" He had slain a man, and was *en route* to Granada to serve out his sentence of eighteen years' penal servitude. Already he had suffered severely, his right thumb

being nearly severed from the hand by the knife of his adversary.

There are five Spanish penal settlements along the northern coast of Africa, namely Ceuta, Velez de la Gomera, Melilla, Alhucemas, and the *Islas Chafarinas*, or *Zephyrine Islands*, which last are the most easterly, being almost opposite the Spanish Province of Almeria; places which are, in fact, about as bad as bad can be—mere nests, festering nests of crime, misery, and horrors of every description. They have long enjoyed a bad name, and it is well-merited.

“Which is my way to the *presidios*?” I asked of a young Spanish officer, landing on the quay at Ceuta.

“There are no *presidios*?” was his thrilling answer, “but dens of wickedness, and nurseries of thieves!”

Here are scenes more harrowing by far than any to be met with in the prisons of Spain. In *them*, there is a smile and a laugh, if there be no God; for while the Andaluz is under trial he has hope, although hope deferred for many years; and while he can hope, he can laugh! In *them*, there is a touch of human affection, for he is in his own province; and even black bread, eaten in bitterness and in bars, is sweet if given by the brown hand and watered by the tearful eyes of the sorrowing hoyden whom he loves. But in Ceuta, the prisoner is alone. Separated from his friends, without a God to love or hope in, without any

religious consolation or education whatsoever, he drags and curses throughout his weary, suffering life; then lies down and dies, with a blasphemy upon his lips for the God whom he never was suffered to know, but who, he fancies and says, "has forsaken him altogether!"

In the autumn of 1837 an English gentleman—now holding Her Majesty's commission as vice-consul in a well-known town in Spain—was riding between Puerto Santa Maria and Sanlucar de Barrameda. One thousand convicts, called *presidarios*, or inmates of the nearest *presidios*, were at work, making the road which, watered with these poor wretches' blood, is now one of the best in Spain.

"The sight that I saw," says he—and I give his own words—"curdled and froze my blood. These thousand men were lent by the Government to the contractor who had engaged to make the road; and were beaten most awfully. They worked, driven to it by blows from the thick sticks of other prisoners made "*cabos*," or sergeants, because stronger and more brutal than themselves, from morning until night, on one scanty mess of pottage!"

Nearly three thousand were employed; and the old *presidio* still stands, a ruin on the San Lucar road. The contractor set up a vermicelli manufactory in San Lucar, and fed the poor prisoners with the dregs. They all worked chained two-and-two! He says they came into his vineyard;

and his vine-dressers killed a sheep—the sheep was big with young; they cast the entrails among the vine, and the poor prisoners picked them up and ate them raw.

The winter of 1837-1838 passed along, unusual in its severity, much such a winter as we have just experienced in Spain. The wind swept in fury across the low, aguish flats of San Lucar. My friend expostulated with the superintendent, and said, “This is not even human; it is fiendish—it is hellish—to treat human beings thus!”

“I cannot help it,” was the answer; “the contractor does as he chooses.”

My friend passed by once more. An overseer rode by on horseback. One of these poor, half-starved fellows came crouching to his stirrup, to supplicate for mercy. He loosened his right foot from the stirrup, and struck the man’s naked breast so fearful a blow that the blood gushed from his mouth; he rolled over on the earth, and was carried off a corpse.

“Ever since that fell and awful sight,” said the narrator, “when I had occasion to pass those *presidarios*, I set spurs to my horse, and galloped away from the spot!”

There is a mound in the burial ground of San Lucar, which, had it but voice—could but its rotting and rotted inhabitants speak—could tell a tale of awful suffering hardly equalled in these latter days. There sleep five hundred of those thousand ragged, reckless, wicked men who were

placed by the Government of Madrid "at the disposition of their road-contractor."

Cold, privation, blows, and want of clothing did their fell work. No ear heard these sons of crime cry out; no ear bowed down to listen to their complaint; they never knew of any ear that would hear; and so they passed away, by fives and by fifties, and a little lime and chalk dissolved the tale, and the road was made, and the remnant of the band, "not the one thousand," were drafted back to their respective prisons.

It may be, nay it was said, "These are such awfully depraved, such lost sons of crime, that it is best to kill them." Possibly; but not, under the pretence of offering them life and work, to give them death and slavery. A friend of mine was wont to give the poor fellows *cuartos* to buy bread, when they thronged around him and pleaded their hunger. Said one overseer (a humane one) to him, "It is no good; they won't buy bread with your farthings; they will only gamble, and lose all the rags they have to one another!"

The end of this narrative is instructive enough. The merciless Government-contractor died in great poverty, and, on his deathbed, repented aloud of his inhumanities. Before his death he had been brought to trial for murder, but was acquitted, although one judge, the first before whom his case came, said, "I will leave no stone unturned to bring that man to the gallows."

I have given this history, which is a true

one and not overdrawn, in order to introduce my readers gently to the picture of suffering and depravity and cruelty which exist now in the African penal settlements.

It is hard to say where on earth could be found two rocks, frowning defiance at each other, more utterly corrupt than Gibraltar and Ceuta. To pass from the peaceful, harmless Spanish smuggling village of Algeciras, with its graceful women, with their queenly walk ; its peaceful fruit market, the stones all strewn with rose-buds at early morn, and yellow with oranges ; its courteous sons ;—to pass from this to Gibraltar, with its noisy streets, its money-loving, money-lending, repulsive-looking Jews ; its drunken English sailors parading the streets ; its smuggling population ; its sprinkling of ungraceful English women, with hats stuck on the back of their heads, strutting along as though the whole place were their own ; its swaggering English soldiers ;—to Gibraltar, whither the poor, pretty Spanish girls are brought in shoals, by vile *alcahuetas*, at the age of fourteen or fifteen years, to their ruin. My heart is often touched, when one of these poor girls hears that her friend is in prison, or under arrest, to see her come with her hardly-saved basket of eggs and fruit, walking up and down, at a safe distance from the guard, to have a chance of inquiring news of him, and sending him some little present.

Yes ! Gibraltar is bad enough—a very curse of

Spain. True, the Spaniard has learnt to disuse the knife; to hate the tyranny of priestcraft; to not only sigh but strive for justice and order: but then, he has also learnt to drink!

And as for Ceuta! You take the mail steamer from Algeciras, which starts at 12 a.m. daily; a comfortless, crazy, weak boat it is; you sit down on deck, awaiting what other passengers may come.

"Have you any prisoners to carry across?" said I. "I hope not," was the stoker's answer. "We have already, for many years past, carried very many, *una barbaridad*."

But of course prisoners came on board—five dirty, sullen-looking assassins, guarded by two warders, with fixed bayonets. They went to the end of the vessel, spread out their rugs, would not speak, but lit their cigarettes, went to sleep, and so dozed away their unhappy journey.

Sometimes, now and then, one of them woke up, and came down to the cabin for a drink of water. The warder, who, seated under the water-butt, and lazily picking fleas out of his boot ("*Pican como el demonio*," he said), always chatted gaily with the convict and gave him leave to drink, and draw water for his comrades.

The voyage is a beautiful one: the fine, bold, but sloping and gently rounded hills, the white villages nestling in their side; then the broad, blue, open sea; and, at last, the shrouded coast of Africa, where a mist for ever seems to hang, with

its fine, bold, rounded hills, crested with Moorish, or, as you approach Ceuta, Spanish watch-towers—together form a picture of quiet beauty.

Ceuta harbour is poor; the shipping, nothing at all. Some few boats, chiefly *faluchos*, lie at anchor, idly rocking in the tiny bay. One boat, and only one, puts out to meet and take to shore some fifty passengers and boxes. You ask, “Why no more boats?” and the answer is, “It is not permitted.” So heavily laden was this boat, that the waves, rolling to the shore, broke over and into the stern; the shipper bade his oarsmen “not pull at all.” At last we drifted to the quay-steps.

To attempt to describe Ceuta and its prisons, as they deserve to be described, would be presumptuous and vain in one who has lost much of the power of expressing himself in forcible English: Frith would find a congenial subject for his dramatic pencil in the gambling scenes in some of the awful prison barracks; Hogarth would be at home in its narrow, tortuous, prisoner-infested streets.

To the left of the landing-place rises up a perfectly precipitous barren steep, perched on the top of which is a watch-tower, and several rows of fortifications and barracks; this is the *Hacho*, where the worst malefactors are confined—the very key of the fortress. To the right, rise, in gentle blending succession, steep and lofty but rounded hills, sloping down to the water’s edge, each crested with its lonely watch-tower, and vested with a

pale green verdure, where the herdsman tends his goats that house and fatten on the grass and the aromatic herbs.

In front lies Ceuta—at once the Gibraltar, the Botany Bay, and the garrison town of African Spain. Its tortuous, narrow, mountainous streets spread in straggling scantiness over its seven hills. It has now a population of some eighteen thousand civilians, four thousand soldiers, and three thousand convicts; in all some twenty-five thousand souls.

Hearing, as one lands, the blare of trumpet and quick rattle of kettle-drum, as a company of smart-looking Spanish infantry pass, at quick-step, the stone bridge above the landing-place, one can hardly fancy that this was the place from which the Moorish army embarked on its first and successful invasion of the opposite Peninsula.

Landing, amid a crowd of convicts, soldiers off duty, and wharfinger loiterers, with a good background of Moorish costumes, the stranger becomes aware that he is in a convict settlement; he is conducted to the police office, deprived of passport, and has to give some account of his business and destination.

So full were the barracks, that officers filled the hotel, but they generously gave me a shake-down in the room which they tenanted.

Officers and their servants were “brushing up,” as on the morrow, Sunday, there was to be a *misa de la campaña*, or open-air service for the

whole garrison, followed by a review, in the white, open, breeze-swept Moorish country, outside the fortifications.

I asked, who were the soldiers just then passing by. "A battalion of *Castigos*," was the answer, *i.e.*, soldiers sent hither for punishment.

Convict atmosphere, indeed! I much question whether any one could, if he tried, be good and honest at Ceuta, always excepting the landlady of the *Fonda Italiana*.

One of the officers' servants said to me, "I fancy you have come here about an *estafa* (hoax); anyhow, don't let any one here know your name, or your family will be addressed by letters, and you will be robbed."

More convict atmosphere! I could hardly pass up a single street without being accosted by women of bad character, with faces one mass of paint.

At the close of the first day at Ceuta, I went to the office of one of the notables of the place to make some inquiries as to the fate of a child of fifteen, the daughter of a brigadier in the Carlist army, whose father was said to have died in Ceuta prison, and found that the whole thing was a hoax.

The facts of the case were, briefly, as follows. An Irish family had received a letter from Ceuta, in which the writer said that he was *cura* of one of the parish churches; had attended this brigadier, who was a near relation of the family to whom the letter was addressed, in his last

moments, and been by him entrusted with the guardianship of a child. The letter mentioned the names of the witnesses to the will, and of the notary who had drawn it up, the last name only being partially correct. The letter ended by supplicating sufficient money to send the child to England. The money was sent to the address of a woman in whose care the child was said to be; and, it is needless to say, neither child nor money were ever heard of afterwards. Upon this, the family solicited the aid of a well-known English consul in the south of Spain, who gave me the needful documents to prosecute the inquiry.

The moment I entered the office of the notary, and commenced to explain my mission, he said, without hesitation, "Another hoax; another hoax. A brigadier dead! Of course; all are *brigadiers*; all are hoaxes."

He then showed me a bundle of letters and telegrams, from all parts of Europe, from which I learned that certain persons in Ceuta employ their spare time, and gain their vile livelihood, in the following manner. They find out (in what manner, is, and must for the present remain, a mystery) the address of some family in England or on the Continent, whose brother or cousin has been serving in the Carlist army; they write saying that this brother or cousin—he is sure to be a "*brigadier*"—has lately died in Ceuta, and left this child, and some property, etc.

In the course of the last twelve months I

gathered that no less than some £300 or £400 had been extracted from various families by these sharpers! This gave me some idea of the nature of the place, and the character of its population. Nor was my impression weakened, when, in endeavouring to trace out the author of this especial fraud, the Spanish detective who accompanied me pointed out every now and then some individual who had been in prison for these frauds. "There is another *estafa*," he said continually, after passing, with a smile and a kindly greeting some man or woman lounging at the doorway, and looking out in the dingy street.

The ascent to the *Hacho*, or chief prison, is a long and severe one. The silence and desolation, as one approaches the summit, are extreme. On either side spreads the blue gleaming sea, flecked with scarce a passing sail. Away to the eastward a mass of white cloud, rising up as though out of the waves, hides the deformity of the *English Ceuta*. A few prisoners out on leave, rough-looking specimens of the eight or nine hundred confined in the *Hacho*, passed us. They were on their way to the town to cater for provisions, or obtain work for the coming week, for to-day was Sunday. The distant strains of the fifes and kettle-drums were borne to us on the breeze; and the eye could just discern the troops, a dusky column, wending their way to the review ground, where the altar for the field *misa* was already set up on a knoll of rising ground.

The prisoners in this fortress number from eight hundred to one thousand. They live in various sheds, thinly dotted over the slopes of the fortress. They are allowed to ply their several trades, but many seemed to be too much gone in health, hopes, and spirits to perform any active duties. Of the money earned by them a certain proportion, as before stated, is reserved by Government to pay the expenses of their maintenance. Some make stockings, some shoes and other articles. But they are, for the most part, old and worn-out. Clad in soldier's tattered red breeches, or often nearly naked, they totter in and out of the wretched shed which they call their home; devour and quarrel like hyænas over their wretched insufficient fare; smuggle knives into the fortress, and fight and kill one another like wild beasts. They sleep in unfurnished sheds, open to the roof; one or two hundred in each shed. The sheds are floored with earth, or pitching stones; the vermin creep over the walls. Few have beds; hardly any a bedstead. These men are under no order nor discipline; they have not enough to eat; they have nothing whatever to raise them above the misery and filth in which they grovel. They get one—possibly two—meals a day, but the vile system of contract prevails, and the Government contractor gives these poor wretches pulse and water, instead of pulse and oil or bacon. On what is given, they cannot live; and so they die, rotting away month by month; and very glad

they are when the Master calls and they must not say No. Most of them, with their downcast faces, and weary expressionless eyes, seemed too sullen to hold any prolonged conversation.

There is—or is said to be—a roll-call twice or three times a day. Sometimes one escapes to the wild Moorish country, but the Moors, the hereditary enemies of the Spaniards, immediately go in pursuit, and bringing back the prisoners with blows and imprecations, eagerly claim the five dollars offered as a reward by the authorities of Ceuta for the apprehension of an escaped convict.

Language fails to paint the darkness, the filth, the seething corruption of these dens of convicts—dens into which no speck of sunlight, Divine or human, ever finds its way, and where nothing is heard or seen but assassination and cruelty on the one hand—misery, starvation, and obscenity on the other.

From the *Hacho*, passing through batches of prisoners idling about the streets, I went to the prison hospital. There lay five old convicts, with tangled beard, unkempt hair, and dirty soiled surroundings, slowly dying of asthma. Two were laid up with stabs gained in the prison; others were ill of pneumonia, for what with slow starvation, high ground, no bedding, and little clothes, these poor wretches rot off by the dozen, of chest diseases. There was a chapel in the hospital; but, so far as I could make out, no private ministrations to the sick. As to

hygienic appliances, beyond dirt and darkness, there were none. I tasted the rations : about one or two ounces of meat, and some pulse—*that* seemed about all the nourishment provided for these unhappy men. The master of the hospital seemed a kindly, well-disposed man, but probably had no funds to do better than he was doing, for who would go out of his way to help or alleviate the sufferings and smooth the death-pillow of a Spanish convict?

Sick at heart, I left the close-smelling, dirty wards, and passed on to the “dark-arches,” where, under surveillance, but not confined, sleep and work some hundreds of the semi-free prisoners. These are men who have served for a time, and borne a good character. Glad to get rid of them at any price, and save the rations they would otherwise be consuming, they have been allowed, to the number of several hundreds, to tenant a long dark underground vault near the wharf; and thither I went to visit them.

The place is pitch-dark and very damp; vault succeeds to vault, as you stumble along the narrow passage between the bedsteads of the prisoners, your path only lit by a tiny oil lamp here and there suspended from the ceiling. Many of these poor fellows were sitting on their bedsteads (for that luxury nearly all, by sweat of brow, have obtained), making shoes, knitting stockings, or making the hempen sandals (*alpargatas*) worn by the Spanish infantry. They take a pride

in their work, and, considering the surroundings, some of them seemed fairly clean and happy; but the bedsteads are packed so close that they touch one another, and, in summer, the heat and smell must be unbearable. In winter, the men told me, as I chatted with them, a policeman remains on guard at the entrance. The proximity of these beds makes the place warm enough; otherwise, it would be cold as well as damp.

The aspect of these vaults—bare, dark, and dreary as they are—serves as a striking comment on the value and beneficial effect of the ticket-of-leave system. These last-mentioned men wander about the town from sunrise to sunset, getting and selling their work; thus they take an interest in life, have a certain amount of freedom, and can club together to obtain some trifling necessities, although never allowed to leave the rock.

It would weary the reader to carry him from prison to prison; from one tale of suffering, guilt, and misery to another; or to recount the many abuses that are seen on all sides in the Spanish-African penal settlements.

One more scene will suffice to complete a picture, which, from its nature, is harrowing in the extreme, and on which, perhaps, I have already dwelt too much at length.

There is a tumble-down quadrangular building, out in the wild grey Moorish *campo*, where barren hills alone meet the eye, where nothing is heard but the croak of the carrion-crow, and the tinkle

of the goat-bell. This is the *presidio del campo*, or field convict establishment, the place of punishment of some hundreds of the worst prisoners, who work in chains upon the public roads, canals, or other works.

I passed a Sunday afternoon among these abject, unhappy, abandoned sons of crime. It was a feast-day, and, jaded and beaten out, hardly able to drag one leg behind the other, like mules or horses when loosened from the plough, the poor wretches were crawling about the open court-yard of the quadrangle. All the week they had worked hard upon the roads, often in chains. They are beaten severely, to keep them to their work—shot down if they attempt to escape. At the door of the quadrangle, which was open, stood, on guard, in rags, a *cabo*, or sergeant, himself a prisoner, with a thick cudgel in his hand. Only three or four of the sheds appeared to be tenanted, and you will ask—of what kind was the accommodation, and of what sort the tenants?

The sheds had no floor save the earth. They were quite dark, filthy to a degree indescribable on paper, and open to the roof. Fearfully cold must they be in winter. The men had rough sleeping settles, and a coarse, tattered old rug apiece. The majority of them, coiled in their rugs, worn out with hard labour and hunger, were fast asleep. Some stared vacantly at me as I approached their bedside, and merely answered my questions by

silence, and a wolfish stare, or by the words, "I am hungry."

They say the language in this prison is awful; I did not hear an oath, a coarse jest, or an obscene expression. No; the whole atmosphere of the scene was of silent, dark, sullen hopelessness and despair.

These men were, for the most part, assassins; and were of the lowest class. Their faces wore a low, half-cunning, half-idiotic, wholly brutalized expression; their clothes were tattered garments of odds and ends; some were barefoot; some had nothing but a torn rug tied round the waist with a cord.

On a rough settle—and a most pathetic, most heart-rending sight it was—on a rude settle, where the half-open door let in a ray of God's sun, was placed a dirty board, covered with eatables for sale. In fact, this was the prisoner's canteen. About two dozen dried herrings, one dozen cakes of coarse bread, some heaps of pulse of various kinds, such as *cetufas*, *lentejas*, *avellanas americanas*, and the like, and a few bunches of coarse spring onions—that was all the Ceuta prisoners' Sunday store, the *cantina* of that festive Sabbath. And oh, the eager staring eyes, the open mouths, the outstretched dirty hands, the trembling pointing fingers, those black, guilt-hardened animal faces, those eyes staring with hunger, quite wolfish in their glaring eagerness, I shall never forget! I never saw so painful a sight. So hungry were they, so faint, I

verily believe nigh unto death, that there was not a man among that motley crew who would not have stabbed his fellow to the heart for a fragment of the black bread, and a ration of the stinking herring.

I gave what loose money I had about me, indiscriminately to those nearest me; and bitterly regretted my want of presence of mind, when I remembered that I might have bought the whole cantine for the few shillings I gave away, and so have given food to each one of that hungry crowd.

Further down, a domino board was placed upon a bed, and an eager crowd was watching the play. Two men had saved a few farthings, and were venturing them, one by one. The dominoes were of coarse black wood, an inch and a half long; the board was stained black, and all was in sombre keeping with the darkness of the place. Among the ring, I saw Cubans (blacks), Chinese, and men of other nations; and the game, one of the men told me, was American, not Spanish dominoes. I turned away truly thankful to see that a little excitement was kindled by this game. Gambling should, surely, be fostered and encouraged in these seething nests of misery and hopelessness, or the men will become wholly idiotic. They have no education; no ideas, or talk, save of obscenity and crime: the few farthings they get are their own, and, in risking them, they are doing no injury to brother, sister, child, wife, or mother.

Another scene presented a solitary ray of light

—a prisoner was being shaved by the prison-barber, amid a ring of his fellows, who stood wondering at and enjoying the sight of this unwonted luxury!

Lastly, I went to a tumble-down shed to taste, as these poor fellows asked me, their evening meal. Four large cauldrons, filled with garbanzos, cabbage, and a small proportion of rice, with various kind of pulse, were simmering on the fire. The wooden bowls were brought, and filled with this pulse and hot water; and, into each bowl, fairly and leisurely, the cooks put two or three small pieces of bacon. The poor convicts crowded round, straining their great, sunken, lack-lustre eyes, to see what proportion of fatty matter the evening's meal should afford. Alas! it was but very little. I took a little of the food, lest I should offend them, and I can testify what miserable stuff was their husky pulse and hot water.

My companion—a man well versed in prisons—said, “It is impossible to sustain life, much more to do hard labour on such stuff.”

“My God!” said I, “do they wish to kill the fellows?”

“Yes;” said he; “these prisoners are a set you cannot do anything with; they can never be amended. The next generation may be improved, these never. All they care for is to fight, and to gamble; all that they stand in dread of are the *palos* (blows with a stick): in fact, it is deemed best that they should die as quickly as possible.”

And, as we turned to walk homeward, he said (and my own heart responded to his simple words), "It makes one's heart bleed to see, and I cannot help them; I therefore never come to look upon these *infelices*!" *

* An English gentleman, having seen a paragraph, of which I append a translation, in the *Correspondencia* of Madrid, has asked me for some explanation of the various grades and classes of imprisonment referred to therein. The paragraph is as follows:—

"His Majesty the King of Spain has signed decrees, to take effect from date, commuting the sentence of twelve years of *reclusion*, imposed on Fulano, for homicide, by the *Audiencia* of Granada, to that of nine years of *prision mayor*.

"Also that of thirteen months of *prision correccional*, imposed on Fulano So-and-so, the king has been pleased to commute to six months and a half.

"Also the King has been pleased to commute the sentence of two years four months and one day of *presidio correccional* imposed upon Bartolomé, to three months of *arresto*.

"Also his Majesty has commuted the sentence of *cadena perpetua*, imposed upon José, for the homicide of his wife, to that of eighteen years of *cadena temporal*."

For an explanation, I append the following graduated scale of Spanish punishments, as they exist in theory:—

1. *Arresto menor*, or shorter arrest—arrest from one day to one month.
2. *Arresto mayor*, or longer arrest—arrest from one month to six months.
3. *Destierro*, or banishment from a certain district—from six months to six years.
4. *Prision correccional*—imprisonment from six months to six years in the common jails of the towns.
5. *Prision mayor*—imprisonment from six years to twelve years in the common jails of the towns.
6. *Presidio correccional*—from six months to six years in the convict establishments of Spain, with working at a trade.
7. *Presidio mayor*—from six years to twelve years in the convict establishments of Spain, with working at a trade.
8. *Confinamiento*—from six months to six years in the Canary or Balearic Isles.

9. *Extranamiento temporal*—banishment from Spain, for a period not under twelve nor exceeding twenty years.

10. *Extranamiento perpetuo*—the same, for life.

11. *Relegacion temporal*—banishment to the Spanish colonies for a period of from twelve to twenty years.

12. *Relegacion perpetua*—the same, for life.

13. *Reclusion temporal*, and (14) *Reclusion perpetua*—confinement in jail or convict establishment, with greater severity of treatment.

15. *Cadena temporal*, and (16) *Cadena perpetua*—the temporary, or the perpetual chain. These are the severest punishments next to death. The convict works in chains in Cartagena, Africa, or the colonial prisons, on the roads, etc., and is cut off from all privileges.

Although there is no ticket-of-leave system in Spain, there is something very much like it, introduced by the frequent *indultos* given. Thus, on the King's birthday, twenty convicts condemned to death, or the perpetual chain, are freed of part of their sentence; and others condemned, say, to six years, will have what remains of the sentence taken off.

On Good Friday, too, when his Majesty adores the Holy Cross, the names of prisoners presented for pardon are brought to him at the foot of the cross, and signed there and then.

END OF VOL. I.

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